Ces nouuelles dalbyon
Sil vous en plaist escoutez
mon fleve et mon cõmandemẽt

LONDON IN THE TIME OF HENRY VII.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

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FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES

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LADY NAIRNE (CAROLINA OLIPHANT)

(1766–1845)

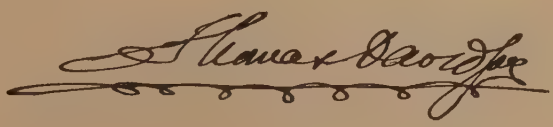
BY THOMAS DAVIDSON

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, better known as Lady Nairne, or the Baroness Nairne, the sweetest and tenderest of all the Scottish singers, was born at the house of Gask in Perthshire, on August 16th, 1766. Her family, whose original name was Olifard, had been distinguished for courage and loyalty from the middle of the twelfth century. In the civil wars of 1715 and 1745 they took part with the "Pretenders," and suffered grievously in consequence. Carolina was named after "Prince Charlie." From her earliest childhood she was remarkable for beauty, sweetness of disposition, and mental ability. She was especially fond of poetry and music, at which several of her ancestors had tried their hands. She knew all the old ballads and songs, and delighted to play and sing them. As she grew up, she became a universal favorite with high and low, and was celebrated in song as the "Flower o' Strathearn." She was a gay, robust, rollicking girl, extremely fond of dancing, riding, and all healthy amusements. In 1797, when she was in Durham, she received an offer of marriage from a royal duke, but declined it, being already engaged to her cousin Major (afterwards Lord) Nairne. Meanwhile, having observed that many of the beautiful, simple tunes sung by the Scottish peasantry were accompanied with words of doubtful tendency, and being also encouraged by the example of Burns, she began to consider whether she might not do good by writing better words. Her first effort was 'The Plowman,' whose immediate success encouraged her to further effort. Soon after this she wrote most of her humorous and Jacobite songs. In 1798, on the death of the only child of a friend of her girlhood, she wrote the song by which she is best known, 'The Land o' the Leal'; which, for tenderness and genuine pathos, has no equal in any language. It is sung to almost the same tune as Burns's 'Scots Wha Hae.' About this time, the deeply loyal and religious tendency in her nature manifested itself in a genuine "conversion," which made her a Christian, in the deepest and best sense, for the rest of her life. She used to say, "Religion is a walking and not a talking concern;" and so she did her good deeds by stealth.

In 1806 she married her cousin, Major Nairne, then Inspector-General of Barracks for Scotland; and settled in Edinburgh, where her only child, named William Murray, was born in 1808. Though she might have mixed with the best fashionable and literary society of the Scottish capital, she preferred to live a retired life and to keep the secret of her authorship to herself. She did not even communicate it to her adored husband, lest in his pride of her "he micht blab." She did not even cultivate the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, although her sister married a relative of his. She did, however, take the lead in a committee of ladies who undertook to help Mr. Purdie, an Edinburgh music-publisher, to bring out the 'Scottish Minstrel,' a purified collection of Scotch songs and airs. In doing so, she assumed the name of Mrs. Bogan of Bogan; and by this alone she was ever known to Mr. Purdie, who was carefully cautioned not to divulge it. And he didn't. The 'Minstrel' was completed in 1824, in six octavo volumes. The same year Major Nairne was raised to the peerage, which his family had lost through loyalty to the Stuarts; and so his wife became Lady Nairne. He died in 1829; and then on account of her son's health she removed first to Clifton, near Bristol, and then to Ireland, where she made many friends, and took a deep interest in the people. In 1834, after a brief visit to Scotland, she crossed over, with her sister, son, and niece, to the Continent. After visiting Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Geneva, Interlaken, and Baden, the party wintered at Mannheim; and thence, in the spring of 1837, went to Baden-Baden, where young Lord Nairne was seized with influenza, which turned into consumption. He died on the 7th of December, and was buried in Brussels. Lady Nairne, now seventy-two years of age, never recovered from this blow; nevertheless, she refrained from complaining, and devoted the rest of her life to doing good. After visiting Paris, Wildbad, Stuttgart, and other places, she settled for a time in Munich. She then traveled for four years in Germany, Austria, and France, never meaning to return to her own country. But in 1843, yielding to the wishes of her nephew, James Blair Oliphant, now proprietor of Gask, she was induced to return to the scenes of her childhood; though she could not return to the "auld hoose," since that had been pulled down in 1819. Here she spent her time communicating with old friends, arranging family papers, praying, reading, and distributing her money among worthy causes,—always with the proviso that her name was not to be mentioned. She passed quietly away on the 26th of October, 1845, and was buried in the private chapel at Gask,—a shrine thenceforth for all lovers of poetry.

There are few lives on record in which one would not wish to see something otherwise than it was; but Lady Nairne's is one of them.

Indeed it is difficult to conceive a life more simply, nobly lived. She was adorned with every grace of womanhood: beauty, dignity, tenderness, loyalty, intelligence, art, religion. She was not only a model daughter, sister, wife, and mother, and a charming conversationalist and correspondent, but she was also an admirable artist and musician, and she wrote the finest lyrics in the Scottish language. Her charity also was bounded only by her means. And yet, when she went to her grave, there were probably not more than three or four persons in the world who knew that she had ever written a line of poetry, or expended a sovereign in charity. Dr. Chalmers, however, who had been to a large extent her almoner, considered himself relieved from his promise of secrecy by her death, and told of the large sums he had received from her; while her sister and niece, assuming a similar liberty, allowed the world to know that she had written over seventy of the best songs that ever were composed,—songs pathetic, humorous, playful, martial, religious. Thus her literary fame was entirely posthumous; but it has grown steadily, and will continue to grow. In the world of lyric poetry she stands, among women, next to Sappho. There is something about her songs that has no name,—something simple, natural, living, inevitable. The range of her work is not equal to that of Burns; but where she could go, he could not follow her. She knew where the heart-strings lie, and she knew how to draw from them their deepest music. In handling the Scottish language, she has no equal. She spoke from her heart, in the heartiest of languages, and her words go to the heart and remain there.



THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'M WEARIN' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,—
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, John:
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John:
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John:
This warld's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh! it's owre the Border awa, awa,
It's owre the Border awa, awa,
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men?

Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away,
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfoundered, the English saw—they saw—
Dumfoundered, they heard the blaw, the blaw;
Dumfoundered, they a' ran awa, awa,
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

CALLER HERRIN'

WHA'LL buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin':
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie:
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Neebor wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in ye're dealin',—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonny fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

THE AULD HOUSE

Oh, the auld house, the auld house,—
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa':
How mony cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse,—
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house;
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The bluebells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,—
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree
The bairnies liked to see;
And oh, how aften did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now:
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame:
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird!
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Sheltered by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
How glorious it gaed doon;
The cloudy splendor raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon.
The auld dial, the auld dial!
It tauld how time did pass:
The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well:

M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked-hat:
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she came ben he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know:
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na";
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie:
He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen—
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, author of 'Marriage.' They are not unworthy of being preserved with the original.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landit Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin:
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, etc.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma,
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye, Wha but Charlie?
Come through the heather, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan'
But vows baith late an' early,
She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han'
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete an' early;
His very name our heart's blood warms:
To arms for Royal Charlie!

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin;
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

BONNIE Charlie's now awa',
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie;
They kent you hiding in the glen,
Your cleadin' was but barely.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

English bribes were a' in vain;
An' e'en though puirer we may be,
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning gray;
Though thirty thousand pounds they'd gie,
Oh there is nane that wad betray.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

GUDE-NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'

THE best o' joys maun hae an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The langest day will wear away,
And I maun bid farewell to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu';
For words, gin they hae sense ava,
They're broken, faltering, and few:
Gude-nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

Oh, we hae wandered far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands o' firth and fell,
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
And twined it wi' the heather bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot-house and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak a last farewell:
Gude-nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

My harp, fareweel: thy strains are past,
Of gleefu' mirth, and heart-felt wae;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
But, oh! where sorrow canna win,
Nor parting tears are shed ava,
May we meet neighbor, kith and kin,
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward — away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me:
Fly time, fly speedily,
Come life and light.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

(1861–)

THE great aid which science combined with common-sense can render in overcoming the difficulties and dangers of arctic exploration is illustrated in the expedition of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. His book 'Farthest North' is the record of this expedition, the success of which was the result of adequate preparations both in the vessel and its equipment for a voyage towards the Pole.

Dr. Nansen was born in Christiania, Norway, on October 10th, 1861. In 1880 he entered the university of his native city, devoting himself to the study of zoölogy. In 1882 he made a voyage to the Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen seas, for the purpose of observing animal life in high latitudes; and in the same year he was appointed curator in the Natural History Museum at Bergen, Norway. He took his degree in 1888. In 1888–9 he crossed Southern Greenland on snow-shoes. Subsequently he was appointed curator of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy in the University of Christiania. As early as 1884 Dr. Nansen had conceived the idea that there must be a current flowing at some point between the Pole and Franz Josef Land, from the Siberian Arctic Sea to the east coast of Greenland. The starting-point of his conjecture was the fact that certain articles belonging to the ill-fated Jeannette, which had foundered in the drift ice north of the New Siberian Islands, had been found afterwards upon the southwest coast of Greenland, bearing evidence to a hitherto unsuspected current in the arctic seas. In an address before the Christiania Geographical Society in 1890, Dr. Nansen set forth his theory; and proposed that he should place himself at the head of an expedition which should endeavor, by taking advantage of this current, to reach Greenland by way of the Pole. The success of the expedition would depend largely on the design of the vessel. Former arctic explorers had employed ordinary ships,—ill adapted, as events proved, to resist the enormous pressure of the ice in the polar regions. Nansen proposed to have a ship built of

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

such a shape as to enable it to withstand the ice pressure. In its construction two points were to be especially studied: (1) that the shape of the hull be such as to offer as small a vulnerable target as possible to the attacks of ice; (2) that it be built so solidly as to be able to withstand the greatest possible pressure from without in any direction whatsoever. More attention was to be paid to making the ship a safe and warm stronghold while drifting in the ice, than to endow it with speed or good sailing qualities. These designs were carried out in building the Fram, the vessel in which Nansen made his voyage. The sides of the Fram were so well rounded that at no portion of its frame could the ice take firm hold upon it. Its adaptability to the conditions of the Arctic Sea was well proven. After the vessel had left the open sea, its strength and its peculiar shape enabled it to resist the ice pressure. It was lifted by the ice out of the water, and borne upon the drifting floe in the direction of the Pole. Nansen did not accomplish all that he set out to do, but he did traverse the unknown polar sea northwestward from the New Siberian Islands, and he did explore the region north of Franz Josef Land as far as 86° 14′, the highest latitude yet reached by man. His success was largely due to the construction of the Fram. The first volume of 'Farthest North' contains the account of the building of the Fram, and of its voyage to the eighty-fourth parallel. The second volume tells of the sledge journey still farther north, undertaken by Dr. Nansen and one companion. Both accounts are rich in scientific observations, and in details of the daily lives of the explorers. Dr. Nansen's passion for science has absorbed neither his humanity nor his capacity for poetry. His record of his travels is lightened by his appreciation of the little pleasantries possible within four degrees of the Pole, and by his sensitiveness to the ghostly beauty of a shrouded world. He writes of his inner life of hope and ambition and frequent depression, and of his outer life of adventure, with the ease and charm of a man so completely under the sway of his subject that literary graces are the natural accompaniment of his record.

AN EVENING'S AURORA

From 'Farthest North.' Copyright 1897, by Harper & Brothers

DECEMBER, 1893.— As we were sitting at supper about 6 o'clock, pressure suddenly began. The ice creaked and roared so along the ship's sides close by us that it was not possible to carry on any connected conversation; we had to scream, and all agreed with Nordahl when he remarked that it would be

much pleasanter if the pressure would confine its operations to the bow instead of coming bothering us here aft. Amidst the noise we caught every now and again from the organ a note or two of Kjerulf's melody, 'I Could not Sleep for the Nightingale's Voice.' The hurly-burly outside lasted for about twenty minutes, and then all was still.

Later in the evening Hansen came down to give notice of what really was a remarkable appearance of aurora borealis. The deck was brightly illuminated by it, and reflections of its light played all over the ice. The whole sky was ablaze with it, but it was brightest in the south; high up in that direction glowed waving masses of fire. Later still Hansen came again to say that now it was quite extraordinary. No words can depict the glory that met our eyes. The glowing fire masses had divided into glistening, many-colored bands, which were writhing and twisting across the sky both in the south and north. The rays sparkled with the purest, most crystalline rainbow colors, chiefly violet-red or carmine and the clearest green. Most frequently the rays of the arch were red at the ends, and changed higher up into sparkling green, which, quite at the top, turned darker and went over into blue or violet before disappearing in the blue of the sky; or the rays in one and the same arch might change from clear red to clear green, coming and going as if driven by a storm. It was an endless phantasmagoria of sparkling color, surpassing anything that one can dream. Sometimes the spectacle reached such a climax that one's breath was taken away; one felt that now something extraordinary must happen,—at the very least the sky must fall. But as one stands in breathless expectation, down the whole thing trips, as if in a few quick, light scale-runs, into bare nothingness. There is something most undramatic about such a dénouement, but it is all done with such confident assurance that one cannot take it amiss; one feels one's self in the presence of a master who has the complete command of his instrument. With a single stroke of the bow he descends lightly and elegantly from the height of passion into quiet, every-day strains, only with a few more strokes to work himself up into passion again. It seems as if he were trying to mock, to tease us. When we are on the point of going below, driven by 61 degrees of frost (−33.9 C.), such magnificent tones again vibrate over the strings that we stay until noses and ears are frozen. For a finale, there is a wild display of fireworks

in every tint of flame,—such a conflagration that one expects every minute to have it down on the ice, because there is not room for it in the sky. But I can hold out no longer. Thinly dressed, without a proper cap and without gloves, I have no feeling left in body or limbs, and I crawl away below.

THE POLAR NIGHT

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MONDAY, December 25th (Christmas Day), 1893.—O Arctic night, thou art like a woman, a marvelously lovely woman. Thine are the noble, pure outlines of antique beauty, with its marble coldness. On thy high, smooth brow, clear with the clearness of ether, is no trace of compassion for the little sufferings of despised humanity; on thy pale, beautiful cheek no blush of feeling. Among thy raven locks, waving out into space, the hoar-frost has sprinkled its glittering crystals. The proud lines of thy throat, thy shoulders' curves, are so noble, but, oh! unbendingly cold; thy bosom's white chastity is feelingless as the snowy ice. Chaste, beautiful, and proud, thou floatest through ether over the frozen sea; thy glittering garment, woven of aurora-beams, covering the vault of heaven. But sometimes I divine a twitch of pain on thy lips, and endless sadness dreams in thy dark eye.

Oh, how tired I am of thy cold beauty! I long to return to life. Let me get home again: as conqueror or as beggar, what does that matter? but let me get home to begin life anew. The years are passing here, and what do they bring? Nothing but dust, dry dust, which the first wind blows away; new dust comes in its place, and the next wind takes it too. Truth? Why should we always make so much of truth? Life is more than cold truth, and we live but once.

THE NEW YEAR, 1896: OUR DAILY LIFE

From 'Farthest North.' Copyright 1897, by Harper & Brothers

WEDNESDAY, January 1st, 1896. −41.5° C. (42.7° below zero, Fahr.).—So a new year has come, the year of joy and home-coming. In bright moonlight 1895 departed, and in bright moonlight 1896 begins; but it is bitterly cold,—the coldest

days we have yet known here. I felt it, too, yesterday, when all my finger-tips were frost-bitten. I thought I had done with all that last spring.

Friday, January 3d. Morning.—It is still clear and cold out of doors. I can hear reports from the glacier. It lies up there on the crest of the mountain like a mighty ice-giant peering down at us through the clefts. It spreads its giant body all over the land, and stretches out its limbs on all sides into the sea. But whenever it turns cold—colder than it has hitherto been—it writhes horribly, and crevice after crevice appears in the huge body; there is a noise like the discharge of guns, and the sky and the earth tremble so that I can feel the ground that I am lying on quake. One is almost afraid that it will some day come rolling over upon one.

Johansen is asleep, and making the hut resound. I am glad his mother cannot see him now. She would certainly pity her boy, so black and grimy and ragged as he is, with sooty streaks all over his face. But wait, only wait! She shall have him again, safe and sound and fresh and rosy.

Wednesday, January 8th.—Last night the wind blew the sledge to which our thermometer was hanging, out over the slope. Stormy weather outside—furious weather, almost taking away your breath if you put your head out. We lie here trying to sleep—sleep the time away. But we cannot always do it. Oh, those long sleepless nights when you turn from side to side, kick your feet to put a little warmth into them, and wish for only one thing in the world—sleep! The thoughts are constantly busy with everything at home; but the long, heavy body lies here trying in vain to find an endurable position among the rough stones. However, time crawls on, and now little Liv's birthday has come. She is three years old to-day, and must be a big girl now. Poor little thing! You don't miss your father now, and next birthday I shall be with you, I hope. What good friends we shall be! You shall ride a-cockhorse, and I will tell you stories from the north about bears, foxes, walruses, and all the strange animals up there in the ice. No, I can't bear to think of it.

Saturday, February 1st.—Here I am down with the rheumatism. Outside it is growing gradually lighter day by day; the sky above the glaciers in the south grows redder, until at last one day the sun will rise above the crest, and our last winter

night be past. Spring is coming! I have often thought spring sad. Was it because it vanished so quickly, because it carried promises that summer never fulfilled? But there is no sadness in this spring: its promises will be kept; it would be too cruel if they were not.

It was a strange existence, lying thus in a hut underground the whole winter through, without a thing to turn one's hand to. How we longed for a book! How delightful our life on board the Fram appeared, when we had the whole library to fall back upon! We would often tell each other how beautiful this sort of life would have been, after all, if we had only had anything to read. Johansen always spoke with a sigh of Heyse's novels: he had specially liked those on board, and he had not been able to finish the last one he was reading. The little readable matter which was to be found in our navigation table and almanac, I had read so many times already that I knew it almost by heart — all about the Norwegian royal family, all about persons apparently drowned, and all about self-help for fishermen. Yet it was always a comfort to see these books: the sight of the printed letters gave one a feeling that there was, after all, a little bit of the civilized man left. All that we really had to talk about had long ago been thoroughly thrashed out, and indeed there were not many thoughts of common interest that we had not exchanged. The chief pleasure left to us was to picture to each other how we should make up next winter at home for everything we had missed during our sojourn here. We felt that we should have learned for good and all to set store by all the good things of life,— such as food, drink, clothes, shoes, house, home, good neighbors, and all the rest of it. Frequently we occupied ourselves, too, in calculating how far the Fram could have drifted, and whether there was any possibility of her getting home to Norway before us. It seemed a safe assumption that she might drift out into the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland next summer or autumn, and probability seemed to point to her being in Norway in August or September. But there was just the possibility that she might arrive earlier in the summer; or on the other hand, we might not reach home until later in the autumn. This was the great question to which we could give no certain answer; and we reflected with sorrow that she might perhaps get home first. What would our friends then think about us? Scarcely any one would have the least hope of seeing us again, not even our comrades

on board the Fram. It seemed to us, however, that this could scarcely happen: we could not but reach home in July, and it was hardly to be expected that the Fram could be free from the ice so early in the summer.

THE JOURNEY SOUTHWARD

From 'Farthest North'

On Friday, June 12th, we started again at 4 A. M. with sails on our sledges. There had been frost, so the snow was in much better condition again. It had been very windy in the night, too, so we hoped for a good day. On the preceding day it had cleared up so that we could at last see distinctly the lands around. We now discovered that we must steer in a more westerly direction than we had done during the preceding days, in order to reach the south point of the land to the west. The lands to the east disappeared eastward, so we had said good-by to them the day before. We now saw, too, that there was a broad sound in the land to the west, and that it was one entire land, as we had taken it to be. The land north of this sound was now so far away that I could only just see it. In the mean time the wind had dropped a good deal; the ice, too, became more and more uneven,—it was evident that we had come to the drift ice, and it was much harder work than we had expected. We could see by the air that there must be open water to the south; and as we went on we heard, to our joy, the sound of breakers.

At 6 A. M. we stopped to rest a little; and on going up on to a hummock to take a longitude observation, I saw the water not far off. From a higher piece of glacier ice we could see it better. It extended towards the promontory to the southwest. Even though the wind had become a little westerly now, we still hoped to be able to sail along the edge of the ice, and determined to go to the water by the shortest way. We were quickly at the edge of the ice, and once more saw the blue water spread out before us. We soon had our kayaks lashed together and the sail up, and put to sea. Nor were our hopes disappointed: we sailed well all day long. At times the wind was so strong that we cut through the water, and the waves washed unpleasantly over our kayaks; but we got on, and we had to put up with

being a little wet. We soon passed the point we had been making for; and here we saw that the land ran westward, that the edge of the unbroken shore ice extended in the same direction, and that we had water in front of us. In good spirits, we sailed westward along the margin of the ice. So we were at last at the south of the land in which we had been wandering for so long, and where we had spent a long winter. It struck me more than ever that in spite of everything, this south coast would agree well with Leigh Smith's map of Franz Josef Land and the country surrounding their winter quarters; but then I remembered Payer's map and dismissed the thought.

In the evening we put in to the edge of the ice, so as to stretch our legs a little; they were stiff with sitting in the kayak all day, and we wanted to get a little view over the water to the west by ascending a hummock. As we went ashore the question arose as to how we should moor our precious vessel. "Take one of the braces," said Johansen: he was standing on the ice. "But is it strong enough?" "Yes," he answered: "I have used it as a halyard on my sledge sail all the time." "Oh, well, it doesn't require much to hold these light kayaks," said I, a little ashamed of having been so timid; and I moored them with the halyard, which was a strap cut from a raw walrus-hide. We had been on the ice a little while, moving up and down close to the kayaks. The wind had dropped considerably, and seemed to be more westerly, making it doubtful whether we could make use of it any longer; and we went up on to a hummock close by to ascertain this better. As we stood there, Johansen suddenly cried, "I say! the kayaks are adrift!" We ran down as hard as we could. They were already a little way out, and were drifting quickly off; the painter had given way. "Here, take my watch!" I said to Johansen, giving it to him; and as quickly as possible I threw off some clothing, so as to be able to swim more easily. I did not dare to take everything off, as I might so easily get cramp. I sprang into the water; but the wind was off the ice, and the light kayaks, with their high rigging, gave it a good hold. They were already well out, and were drifting rapidly. The water was icy cold; it was hard work swimming with clothes on; and the kayaks drifted farther and farther, often quicker than I could swim. It seemed more than doubtful whether I could manage it. But all our hope was drifting there; all we possessed was on board—we had not even a knife with us: and whether I got

cramp and sank here, or turned back without the kayaks, it would come to pretty much the same thing; so I exerted myself to the utmost.

When I got tired I turned over and swam on my back, and then I could see Johansen walking restlessly up and down on the ice. Poor lad! He could not stand still, and thought it dreadful not to be able to do anything. He had not much hope that I could do it, but it would not improve matters in the least if he threw himself into the water too. He said afterwards that these were the worst moments he had ever lived through. But when I turned over again and saw that I was nearer the kayaks, my courage rose, and I redoubled my exertions. I felt, however, that my limbs were gradually stiffening and losing all feeling, and I knew that in a short time I should not be able to move them. But there was not far to go now; if I could only hold out a little longer we should be saved — and I went on. The strokes became more and more feeble, but the distance became shorter and shorter, and I began to think I should reach the kayaks. At last I was able to stretch out my hand to the snow-shoe which lay across the sterns. I grasped it, pulled myself in to the edge of the kayak — and we were saved!

I tried to pull myself up, but the whole of my body was so stiff with cold that this was an impossibility. For a moment I thought that after all, it was too late: I was to get so far, but not be able to get in. After a little, however, I managed to swing one leg up on to the edge of the sledge which lay on the deck, and in this way managed to tumble up. There I sat, but so stiff with cold that I had difficulty in paddling. Nor was it easy to paddle in the double vessel, where I first had to take one or two strokes on one side, and then step into the other kayak to take a few strokes on the other side. If I had been able to separate them, and row in one while I towed the other, it would have been easy enough; but I could not undertake that piece of work, for I should have been stiff before it was done: the thing to be done was to keep warm by rowing as hard as I could. The cold had robbed my whole body of feeling; but when the gusts of wind came, they seemed to go right through me as I stood there in my thin wet woolen shirt. I shivered, my teeth chattered, and I was numb almost all over; but I could still use the paddle, and I should get warm when I got back on to the ice again.

Two auks were lying close to the bow, and the thought of having auk for supper was too tempting: we were in want of food now. I got hold of my gun and shot them with one discharge. Johansen said afterwards that he started at the report, thinking some accident had happened, and could not understand what I was about out there; but when he saw me paddle and pick up two birds, he thought I had gone out of my mind. At last I managed to reach the edge of the ice; but the current had driven me a long way from our landing-place. Johansen came along the edge of the ice, jumped into the kayak beside me, and we soon got back to our place. I was undeniably a good deal exhausted, and could barely manage to crawl on land. I could scarcely stand; and while I shook and trembled all over, Johansen had to pull off the wet things I had on, put on the few dry ones I still had in reserve, and spread the sleeping-bag out upon the ice. I packed myself well into it, and he covered me with the sail and everything he could find to keep out the cold air. There I lay shivering for a long time, but gradually the warmth began to return to my body. For some time longer, however, my feet had no more feeling in them than icicles, for they had been partly naked in the water. While Johansen put up the tent and prepared supper, consisting of my two auks, I fell asleep. He let me sleep quietly; and when I awoke, supper had been ready for some time, and stood simmering over the fire. Auk and hot soup soon effaced the last traces of my swim. During the night my clothes were hung out to dry, and the next day were all nearly dry again.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

ITS LITERARY GRANDEUR

BY FREDERICK W. FARRAR

THERE may possibly be some who think that the Bible has nothing to do with literature, and that it is almost a profanation to regard the New Testament on its literary side. Certainly this would be a correct view if we pretended to judge of our sacred books *simply* from their literary aspect. Wordsworth professed boundless contempt for the man who could peer and botanize upon his mother's grave; and we should be guilty of a similar callousness if we were capable of approaching the most sacred utterances in the world exclusively or mainly in the attitude of literary critics. But the case is widely altered when our sole object is to find, and to point out, fresh glories and perfectness even in the human form into which the divinest of all lessons are set before us. It is something to observe the glories of the wheels and wings of the Divine chariot, though they only move as the Spirit moves them.*

And when we thus approach the subject «with meek heart and due reverence,» there will be real gain in calling attention to the supremacy of the New Testament even in the points of comparison which it offers to purely human writings. For after all, the Divine Word is here also present among us in human form and vesture; and the highest thoughts of man would never be so penetrating and diffusive if they were not enshrined in the noblest types of expression. It was one of the wisest sayings of the Rabbis that «The Law speaks to us in the tongue of the Sons of Men.» Something would be lacking to any revelation which proved itself, even in outward expression, inferior to other human writings. The object of language is indeed primarily to express thought; and if this be done effectually, style is a secondary consideration. But words are necessary as the vehicle of thought; and we should have lost much if, in spite of the animating spirit, the wheels were cumbrous, and the wings feeble and broken. Two books may express essentially the same convictions, and yet the one may be found dull and repellent, while the other, by its passionate force or its intrinsic grace and finish, may win

*Ezek. i. 20. This chapter was called by the Jews «the chariot» (*chagigah*); cf. xi. 2.

rapturous attention. Great orators — C. J. Fox, for instance — have sometimes repeated with incomparable effect the very arguments which they borrowed exclusively from previous speakers who — though with *them* the materials were original — produced no effect whatever. The force of this consideration was keenly felt by Father Faber, when he became a Romanist, and had to give up our Authorized Version for the Vulgate and the Douai Bible.

«Who will not say,» he asks, «that *the uncommon beauty and marvelous English* of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music which can never be forgotten — like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. *Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words.* It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant, with one spark of seriousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.»

Now, it is an additional proof that the spirit of man, which speaks to us through the pages of the New Testament, is indeed also the Spirit of the Lord, and that the breath and pure effluence of the Almighty gave inspiration to its writers, if we can show that the same consummate qualities are found in its *modes of utterance* as in its essential messages.

It might be supposed that the literary glory of the New Testament is at once bedimmed by the fact that the dialect in which it is written is not the perfect Greek of Thucydides and Plato, but a form of Greek known as «Hellenistic»; that is, Greek spoken by foreigners who acquired it as a secondary language. Hellenistic Greek is a somewhat decadent form of the old classic language; and it was universal as a *lingua franca*, especially round the Mediterranean coasts. It is not unmixed with Hebraisms; a certain disintegration is perceivable in its grammatical forms; it has lost much of its old synthetic terseness; it has not all the exquisite nicety and perfection of the best Attic. Nevertheless one dialect may be less ideally perfect than another, and yet may be available for purposes of the loftiest eloquence. The Latin, for instance, of Tertullian and St. Augustine is, in many respects, inferior as a language to that of Cicero: yet the treatises of Tertullian glow with a hidden fire of eloquent passion, which has caused them to be compared to the dark lustre of ebony; and the exquisite antitheses and images of St. Augustine linger in the memory more powerfully than the most impassioned appeals of Tully. Since they had to express new conceptions and ideas, the Apostles *gain* rather than lose by their possession of a type of speech, which, though showing signs of deterioration, had been rendered

plastic for the reception of fresh impressions. The seething ferment of the new wine could no longer be contained in old bottles, however perfect their external finish.

In reading the New Testament we have, as in the Old, the wealth and blessing of *variety*. We have not the monotonous work of one mind, as in the Zend-Avesta, the Qu'ran, or the Analects of Confucius. The New Testament writers differed widely from each other. The Evangelists, even from the days of St. Irenæus, were compared to "the fourfold-visaged four" of Ezekiel's cherubic chariot: they were one, yet diverse; and though all moved alike under the impulse of the Lord of Life, each has his separate semblance and characteristics. St. Matthew, the Galilean publican, sets before us the fulfilled Messianic Ideal of Olden Prophecy. St. Mark, an inhabitant of Jerusalem, the "son" and "interpreter" of St. Peter, is intense, rapid, concise, and reveals the energetic touches which could only have come from the Chief Apostle. St. Luke, probably of Gentile birth, and varied experience, softens his whole picture with the sweetness and tenderness — the love for the poor, the fondness for childhood, the passion of humanity, combined with a certain ascetic austerity — which have earned for his Gospel, even from the French skeptic, the title of "the most beautiful book in the world." St. John stamps on every verse the inimitable individuality of one who was at once the Son of Thunder and the Apostle of Love; and while he soars heavenward as on the pinions of a great eagle, "reflecting the sunlight from every varying plume," he yet recalls the dove who is "covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold." From each Evangelist we derive details of inestimable preciousness; yet only from the combination of the four can we obtain the perfect picture which portrays the all-comprehensive and Divine Humanity of the Son of Man and the Son of God.

When we pass to the remainder of the New Testament, it is no small gain to us that it mainly consists of epistles. No form of literature was better calculated, in the Divine economy, to give full sway to the *personal* element,— the confidentialness, the yearning emotion, the spontaneity, the touches of simple, familiar, informal reality, which enable us to feel that we are in closest contact with the sacred writers. The unchecked individuality of utterance which marks an epistle renders it impossible for us to regard the Apostolic writers as abstractions; it enables us, as it were, to lay our hands upon their breasts, and to feel the very beating of their hearts. We are won by the sense that we are listening to the teaching of friends, not to vague voices in the air. The intensity, for instance, the exquisite sensitiveness, the biographical digressions, the pathetic experiences, the dauntless courage, the yearning for sympathy, the flashes

of emotion which we constantly find in Paul the man, induce us all the more readily to consider the logic and listen to the arguments of Paul the thinker, the controversialist, the converted Rabbi, the former Pharisee, the Preacher of the Gospel. We are charmed at once by the manly naturalness of St. Peter and the uncompromising moral forthrightness of St. James. The "brief quivering sentences" of St. John become more individualistic as they are addressed to friends and converts; and in the letters of the other writers we feel that we are not studying dull compendiums of theology, but "the outpourings of the heart, and the burning messages of prophecy," even when they are uttered by fishermen and publicans — by peasants originally unlettered and untrained in scholastic lore — as with the "stammering lips of infancy." And so at last we come to the Apocalypse of St. John; which, though probably one of the earliest of the Christian writings in date, now shuts up the whole sixty-six books of Revelation, and the acts of their "stately drama" (as Milton calls it), "with the sevenfold chorus of Hallelujahs and harping symphonies." And the Apocalypse illustrates in a remarkable manner the fact to which I have already called attention,— that the loftiest ranges of human eloquence are not incompatible with the use of inferior dialects; for the language of the Apocalypse exhibits the very worst Greek in the whole New Testament,— the most uncouth, the most deeply dyed with Hebraisms, and in some instances even the most glaringly ungrammatical,— and yet many of its paragraphs are of matchless power and beauty. I once heard the late Lord Tennyson dwell on the tremendous impression which we derive from the words —"And again they said Hallelujah: and her smoke riseth up for ever and ever." It may be doubted whether any passage in our greatest writers can equal the magic and haunting charm of the last chapter of Revelation, with its lovely opening words: —

> "And he shewed me a pure river of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the Tree of Life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the nations."

It is to this element of variety that the New Testament — considered for the present only in its outward form — owes something of its universal efficacy. It has everything for some minds, and something for every mind. The human individuality of the writers was not extinguished, but only elevated, inspired, intensified, by the inspiration which dilated their ordinary faculties. We have to do with the writings of men as widely diverse as passionate enthusiasts and

calm reasoners; unlearned fishermen and Alexandrian theologians; philosophers who deduced truth from argument, and mystics who saw by intuition; prophets who were enlightened by direct inspiration, and practical men who learnt by long experience the truths of God. Touched by one or other of these many fingers, so variously skillful, our hearts cannot but respond. If St. Paul be too difficult for us, we have the practical plainness of St. Peter and the uncompromising ethics of St. James. If St. John soar into an empyrean too spiritual for our incapacity, we can rejoice in the simple sweetness of St. Luke.

But what gives fresh force and charm to this marked variety is, that these diverse minds are nevertheless dominated by an overpowering unity. They revolve like planets around the attracting force of one central Sun. Though they are many, they are yet, in a higher sense, one in Christ; and they all might use the words which the poet puts into the mouth of St. Paul:—

> «Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through sinning,
> Christ shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed;
> Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
> Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.»

When we consider what Christ the Lord of Glory was in his «*kenosis*,»* — in the «*exinanition*» of his Eternal Power, when he humiliated himself to become man, — does it add no additional force to the argument that this Son of Man was in very truth the Son of God, if we consider the all-penetrative, all-diffusive, all-comprehensive perfectness of his words? He said himself, «The *words* which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.» Even the officers sent to arrest him in the Temple were so overawed by his majestic and thrilling utterance as to return with nothing accomplished, and to bear to the sacerdotal conspirators of the Sanhedrin the unwilling testimony, «*Never man spake like this man.*» I am not now dwelling on the Divine *originality* of his revelations, but on the matchless beauty which lies in their unparalleled compression and simplicity. There is no phenomenon so striking in all the literature of all the world. I will not take, by way of specimen, those last discourses to his loved ones on the night he was betrayed, «so rarely mixed,» as Jeremy Taylor says, «of sorrows and joys, and studded with mysteries as with emeralds»; but I will take two brief and familiar specimens of his every-day discourse. One is from the Sermon on the Mount. «Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God

*Phil. ii. 5–7: ἀλλ' ἑαυτὸν ἐκένωσεν.

so clothed the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?»

Is there a passage like this in all the previous literature of the whole human race? Observe the unwonted sympathy with the loveliness of the outer world which it conveys. That sympathy was but very little and very vaguely felt, even by the refined intellects of exquisite Athens. There is but one brief description of scenery in all the 'Dialogues' of Plato. It is at the beginning of the 'Phædrus'; and it sounded so odd to the youth to whom Socrates addressed it as to provoke an expression of amused surprise.* It was Christ who first taught us to find in the beauty even of little and unnoticed things a sacrament of goodness, and to read in the flowers a letter of the very autograph of the love towards us of our Father in Heaven. Yet in what few and simple words, in what concrete and homely images, is this instruction — which was to be so prolific hereafter for the happiness of the world — set forth! and how full of far-reaching and perpetual comfort is the loving tenderness of God's Fatherhood here demonstrated for our unending consolation!

> «O purblind race of miserable men!
> How many among us, at this very hour,
> Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves
> By taking true for false, and false for true,
> Here in the dubious twilight of the world
> Groping — how many, till at last we reach
> That other where we know as we are known!»

But the consolation which Christ here imparted was to support us in this world also, by showing that the *invisible* things of God are — to quote St. Paul's striking paradox — *clearly seen* in the things that do appear, apart from the hopes of what death may have in store.

As one other specimen of this supremacy of Christ's words, even regarded in their outward aspect, take the parable of the Prodigal Son. It forms part of the most beautiful chapter of «the most beautiful book in the world.» It may well be called the flower and pearl of parables, and the *Evangelium in Evangelio.* It occupies less than a page; it may be read aloud in four minutes: yet can we adduce from all the literature of all the world any passage so brief — or indeed any passage at all — which has exercised one fraction of the eternal influence of this? Dante and John Bunyan have touched thousands of human souls; but this parable has been precious to *millions* of every age and every tongue, who never so much as heard of the

*Baron Humboldt in his 'Cosmos' shows at length that the «romantic» love of the beauties of nature is quite a modern phenomenon in the world's literature.

'Divina Commedia' or the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The works of fiction in the world can be counted by tens of thousands: which of them all has ever produced the minim of an impression so intense and so world-wide as this brief parable? On this subject it is worth while to adduce the opinions of three of the most popular and eminent writers of fiction in our own generation.

Charles Reade was an earnest and constant student of Scripture. Accustomed to study and exhibit character in his novels, he gave it as his deliberate judgment that no ordinary, no uninspired human skill or genius could rival the marvelous brevity, the "swift fresco strokes" with which again and again Scripture, as it were undesignedly and unconsciously, with only a word or two, makes the characters of men stand out vividly before us, and live in our memory so that we might almost seem to have seen and known them. Not even in Shakespeare do we find so marvelous a power. And yet in other writers this graphic skill — this endeavor *πρὸ ὀμμάτων ποιεῖν* — is a main object, whereas in Scripture it is entirely secondary, and so to speak, accidental.

Similarly Robert Louis Stevenson, speaking of the matchless verve and insight displayed in the delineation of characters in the Bible, — a point respecting which a novelist can give an instructed judgment, — says: —

"Written in the East, these characters live for ever in the West; written in one province, they pervade the world; penned in rude times, they are prized more and more as civilization advances; a product of antiquity, they come home to the 'business and bosoms' of men, women, and children in modern days. Then is it any exaggeration to say that 'the characters of Scripture are a marvel of the mind'?"

Once more, Mr. Hall Caine says, in McClure's Magazine: —

"I think that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it; and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the Prodigal Son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah."

I should like to give some further instances of the power of words as illustrated in the Bible.

If there be one lesson on which all our great poets and thinkers most insist in modern days, it is, that upon "self-mastery, self-knowledge, self-control" depends all the dignity of life. It is in effect Plato's old lesson of the tripartite nature of man, as consisting of a Man, a Lion, and a Many-headed Monster: in which synthesis the

Man, who represents the Reason and the Conscience, must sit supreme in tranquil empire over the subjugated Lion, who represents the passions of Wrath and Pride,—passions to be controlled and made to subserve noble uses, but not to be destroyed; the Monster, which represents the concupiscence of the flesh, must be crushed into completest subjection. Is not the essence of this world-famous allegory compressed into the single verse of the Psalmist, as it is represented in glorious sculpture on the west front of the Cathedral of Amiens, —"Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet"? Now take all the high instruction upon this subject contained in Ovid's—

"Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor;"

(I see the better way, and I approve it,
Yet I pursue the worse;)

and in Dante's—

"I crown and mitre thee over thyself;"

and in Shakespeare's—

"I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial;"

and in Fletcher's—

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all life, all influence, all fate;"

and in Milton's—

"Converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal;"

and in Sir Henry Wotton's—

"This man is free from servile bonds
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all;"

and in Wordsworth's—

"This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms would wish to be;"

and in Matthew Arnold's—

"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery;"

and in Clough's —

> «Seek, seeker, in thyself, and thou shalt find
> In the stones bread, and life in the blank mind;»

and in Christina Rossetti's —

> «God, harden me against myself,—
> This traitor with pathetic voice
> That craves for ease, and rest, and joys;»

and in many more which might be quoted: and I venture to assert that the inmost quintessence of all this Divine philosophy is expressed — and is even expressed with a new and deeper element of thought absolutely and unapproachably original — in *a single word* of Christ our Lord, — «In your endurance ye shall *acquire* your souls.»* In our version the word is rendered «*possess*»; but it connotes something more than «self-possession,» — namely, self-*acquisition*. It teaches us that to *be* we must *become;* and we cannot become «lords of ourselves» — except indeed as «a heritage of woe» — without our own strenuous endeavors. Here, in one word, lies the secret of all noble life. That which is essentially eternal within us — the inmost *reality* of our beings — is not given to us *with* our being, but has to be attained and achieved by us. And here it is worth while to observe how very often even the early copyists and translators of the New Testament miss its essential point. If ever they venture to interfere between the sacred writer and his readers they invariably deface and vulgarize; because, without adequate understanding, they endeavor to interpret or to amend. Take but one specimen. In Hebrews x. 34 we read in our Authorized Version, «Ye took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing *in yourselves* that ye have *in heaven* a better and enduring substance.» Now, if that was the correct reading of the original, it would convey the very true but very ordinary topic of consolation that heaven would redress the uneven balances of earth. But it is almost certain that «in yourselves» is the correction of an unapprehensive scribe for «yourselves» (ἑαυτούς); and that «in heaven» is an explanatory gloss added by those who were unable to understand that the real consolation offered to the Hebrews is not a distant expectation, but the fact that here and now they possessed something — even «themselves» — which far outweighed any treasure of which they had been despoiled, and that they were

> «Richer possessing such a jewel
> Than twenty seas, though all their sands were pearl,
> Their waters crystal, and their rocks pure gold.»

*Ἐν τῇ ὑπομονῇ ὑμῶν κτήσεσθε (*or* κτήσασθε) τὰς ψυχὰς ὑμῶν.— Luke xxi. 19.

When Dean Stanley visited Heinrich von Ewald, a little Greek Testament lay on the table, and it accidentally fell on the ground. Ewald picked it up, and as he laid it on the table, exclaimed with indescribable enthusiasm, «In this little book is contained all the best wisdom of the world.» Was he not right? Take the five classics of Confucius, the 'Vedas,' the 'Tripitaka,' the whole collection of the 'Sacred Books of the East,' the 'Dialogues' of Plato, the 'Ethics' of Aristotle, the moral treatises of Cicero, the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus, the letters of Seneca to Lucilius, the 'Thoughts' of Marcus Aurelius, the Qu'ran of Mahommed—all that represents the very crown and flower of Pagan morality; then turn to Christian literature, and cull every noble thought you can find in the Fathers, in the Schoolmen, in the Mystics, in the 'Imitatio Christi,' in the Puritan divines, in Tauler and John Bunyan, in Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, or Butler, in the 'Whole Duty of Man,' and the writings of the early Evangelicals: and while in all pagan and some Christian books you may find imperfect and even pernicious elements, you will *not* find, either before or after Christ, one single fruitful rule or principle of morals (to say nothing of the deepest truths of religion), for which we could not quote deeper reasons and a more powerful enforcement from the brief pages of the New Testament alone. Does not this undoubted fact,—as well as the universal adaptability of the Book to all classes and conditions of men in every age, in every clime, of every nationality, at every period of life, in every stage of culture or ignorance,—does it not show, apart from all else that might be said about it, the supreme and unapproachable literary force and grandeur of the New Testament? No one has expressed this truth more strikingly than the American poet J. G. Whittier:—

«We search the world for truth: we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.»

And indeed it is a most memorable proof of that Indwelling Presence of the Spirit of the Almighty in human souls which we call Inspiration, that, owing to the supreme literary force and beauty of the New Testament, we find *direct* traces of its influence on the pages of all the best poets,—who are the loveliest as well as the deepest teachers of moral wisdom. Read them—whether, like Dante, Milton, George Herbert, Cowper, Tennyson, Browning, they speak no word that does not make for righteousness; or whether,

like Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Burns, Byron, they had learnt by bitter experience of evil that good is best, and that unfaithfulness —

«Hardens all within
And petrifies the feeling»:

and you will find, alike from the poems of the sinners in their shame and penitence, and of the saints whose singing robes were white and their garlands of heaven's own amaranth, that, apart from what they learnt from the Apostles and Evangelists, they would have but little of what is supremely good and noble left. «Bring me the book,» said Sir Walter Scott, as he lay upon his death-bed. «What book?» asked his son-in-law, Lockhart. «*The* book — the Bible,» answered Sir Walter: «there is but one.»

Let us put this assertion of the supreme sufficiency of Scripture to a partial test. In this age, which shows so many symptoms of greed, of struggle, of unbelief, of retrograde religious teaching, there are three lofty souls to whom we turn most often, and to whom we specially look up as to «moral light-houses in a dark and stormy sea,» — Dante, Shakespeare, Milton. How deep is the influence of the New Testament on each of them! How impossible it would have been that its books should have exercised this influence without the perfectness of their literary form!

Dante himself practically explains to us that the true meaning of his 'Divina Commedia' is «Man as liable to the Reward or Punishment of Eternal Law; — Man according as, by the freedom of his will, he is of good or ill desert.» Like the parable of the Prodigal Son, the 'Divine Comedy' is nothing more nor less than the life history of a human soul, redeemed from sin and error, from lust and worldliness, and restored to the right path by the reason and the grace which enable it to see the things that are, and to see them as they are. The three great divisions of the poem might be called, — not 'Hell,' 'Purgatory,' 'Paradise,' but 'Guilt,' 'Repentance,' 'Regenerate Beatitude.' Hell is simply self without God; Penitence is the soul's return to God; Heaven is self lost in God: and the three cantos do but expand and enforce these three texts: —

«The end of those things is Death.»

«Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.»

«This is life eternal, — to know thee, the only God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.»

Let us next take Milton. He has left us in no doubt as to the sources of his own inspiration. His 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' are of course avowedly his comments on the Fall and the Redemption; but in his 'Comus' he teaches the lesson, which he

has also expressed in such matchless prose, that «if the love of God, as a fire to be kept alive upon the altar of our hearts, be the first principle of all Godly and virtuous actions in men, the pious and just honoring of ourselves is the second, and the fountain-head whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth.» The inmost meaning of 'Comus' lies in the lines —

> «He that hath light within his own clear breast
> May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
> But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
> Benighted walks under the midday sun:
> Himself is his own dungeon.»

What is this high teaching but «If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness»? and «I am tied and bound with the chain of my sins»? Or take Milton's last and most intensely characteristic poem, the 'Samson Agonistes.' Its meaning is summed up in the last lines: —

> «All is best; though we oft doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose
> Or highest wisdom brings about,
> And ever best found in the close.»

Could Milton have arrived at this lofty and all-consoling truth if he had never read the words «What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter»?

And now turn to Shakespeare. One commentator says of him, «It has been remarked that Shakespeare was habitually conversant with the Bible.» And another that «he had deeply imbibed the Scriptures.» The late Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews showed in an interesting volume that Shakespeare was not uninfluenced by the grammar, by noticeable words and noticeable forms of speech, with which the English Bible had made him familiar; that he is full of allusions to the historical facts and characters of the Bible; and that his religious principles and sentiments on almost all the chief subjects of human concern, moral no less than spiritual, — and indeed the dominant spirit of his poetry, — were derived from the volume of Holy Writ, against the abuse and the wrong use of which he has yet uttered such strong and wholesome warnings. Shakespeare was one of the few who «saw life steadily and saw it whole.» Goethe rightly said of him that «his plays are much more than poems. The reader seems to have before him the books of fate, against which is beating the tempest of eager life so as to drive the leaves backward and forward with violence.» Yet what did Shakespeare know which he had not learnt from the New Testament? Take but two instances. Does not 'King Lear,' that tragedy of tragedies, set forth

the absolute triumph of a faith and love which burns bright even amid apparently irremediable failure; and is not this the lesson set forth already, even more supremely, in the Epistles, in the Apocalypse, above all in the Gospel narratives? Is it not the lesson of the cross of Christ himself? Can even Shakespeare's genius do more than set in new light the truth that all *must* be well with those who are obedient to, and are supported by, the Eternal Laws? Or take the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' which sets before us in such lurid illumination the horror of an avenging conscience. What is it but the concrete presentment of the eternal tragedy of the guilty soul? It is—like the stories of Adam and Eve, of Balaam, of Achan, of David, of Judas—the picture of crime through all its stages: temptation; glamour; the spasm of guilty act, the agony of awakenment; the haunting of shame; the permanence of sorrow; last of all, retributive catastrophe and unutterable despair. And yet may we not say, with simplest truthfulness, that in the New Testament alone do we find the ultimate solution, the sovereign and revealing utterance respecting those fundamental convictions which Dante and Shakespeare and Milton can but illustrate by throwing upon them the illuminating splendor of their heaven-bestowed genius and insight? Is it not proved, therefore, that we find the New Testament still inestimably precious when we consider it only in its literary aspect?

I will conclude with one swift glance at the natural order of the books of the New Covenant.

In St. Matthew we have the Gospel of the Jew and of the Past,—the setting forth of the Messiah of olden prophecy; in St. Mark the Gospel for the Roman, the Gospel of the Present; in St. Luke the Gospel for the Greek, the Gospel of the Future; in St. John the Gospel in its most spiritual aspect, the Gospel for Eternity;—and the Past, the Present, the Future, the Eternal, are all summed up in Christ.

In the Acts we have the book of beginnings; the story of the foundation of the Church; the earliest and best of all ecclesiastical histories. Then follow twenty-one most precious Epistles of great Apostles, each marked by its special topic. The two to the Thessalonians turn mainly on the near Second Advent of Christ. The first to the Corinthians is on Christian Unity in faith, and worship, and life; the second is mainly the Apostle's *Apologia pro vita sua*. The Epistles to the Galatians promulgate the indefeasible rights of Liberty; that to the Romans sets forth, among other topics, the true meaning of justification by faith; that to the Philippians shows us the glory of love and exultations, burning bright amid apparently overwhelming defeat and calamity; that to the Colossians turns chiefly on the subject of Christ as all in all; that to the Ephesians is the Epistle of the Ascension, the Epistle of "the Heavenlies"—the

Epistle of Christ in the midst of the ideal, eternal, universal Church; that to Philemon is the earliest charter of emancipation to the slave; the first Epistle to Timothy, and that to Titus, constitute the best Pastor's Manual; the second to Timothy, amid its affectionate counsels, exhibits the completeness of the Christian's victory in the apparent defeat of lonely death. The powerful and interesting, but anonymous, Epistle to the Hebrews sets forth Christ as the end and fulfillment of the law,—the Eternal and all-sufficient Savior. St. James writes the sternly passionate letter of Christian morality; St. Peter's is the Epistle of Hope, St. John's of Love. Finally the radiant and impassioned imagery and visions of the Apocalypse, though they come among the earliest in time, form the fitting literary conclusion of this Book of Books — the last gem of this Urim and Thummim upon that Ephod of Humanity "whereon should be inscribed the one word God." Could we possess a more priceless treasure? "What problem do these books leave unexamined? what depth unfathomed? what height unscaled? what consolation unadministered? what heart untouched? what conscience unreproved?" May we not say with our Translators of 1611: "If we be ignorant, the Scriptures will instruct us; if out of the way, they will bring us home; if out of order, they will reform us; if in heaviness, comfort us; if dull, quicken us; if cold, inflame us. *Tolle, lege; tolle, lege* — Take and read! take and read!"

"For many books I care not; and my store
Might now suffice me though I had no more
Than God's Two Testaments, and then withal
That mighty volume which 'the world' we call."

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

From the Gospel according to St. Matthew

AND Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people. And the report of him went forth into all Syria: and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils, and epileptic,

and palsied; and he healed them. And there followed him great multitudes from Galilee and Decapolis and Jerusalem and Judæa and *from* beyond Jordan.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when *men* shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do *men* light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house. Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed *the righteousness* of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire. If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art with him in the way; lest haply the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou have paid the last farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, that every one that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body be cast into hell. And if thy right hand causeth thee to stumble, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body go into hell. It was said also, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, that every one that putteth away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, maketh her an adulteress: and whosoever shall marry her when she is put away committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil *one*.

Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, Resist not him that is

evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more *than others?* do not even the Gentiles the same? Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them: else ye have no reward with your Father which is in heaven.

When therefore thou doest alms, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.

And when ye pray, ye shall not be as the hypocrites: for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee. And in praying use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into tempta-

tion, but deliver us from the evil *one*. For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may be seen of men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face; that thou be not seen of men to fast, but of thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall recompense thee.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also. The lamp of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is the darkness! No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature? And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his

righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye; and lo, the beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine, lest haply they trample them under their feet, and turn and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone; or if he shall ask for a fish, will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many be they that enter in thereby. For narrow is the gate, and straitened the way, that leadeth unto life, and few be they that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do *men* gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord,

Lord, did we not prophesy by thy name, and by thy name cast out devils, and by thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Every one therefore which heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon the rock. And every one that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall thereof.

And it came to pass, when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching: for he taught them as *one* having authority, and not as their scribes.

FROM THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK

And they brought unto him little children, that he should touch them; and the disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein. And he took them in his arms, and blessed them, laying his hands upon them.

And as he was going forth into the way, there ran one to him, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? none is good save one, *even* God. Thou knowest the commandments, Do not kill, Do not commit adultery, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Do not defraud, Honor thy father and mother. And he said unto him, Master, all these things have I observed from my youth. And Jesus looking upon him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me. But his countenance fell at the saying, and he went away sorrowful: for he was one that had great possessions.

THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

From the Gospel according to St. Luke

AND behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? Jesus made answer and said, A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, which both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on *them* oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee. Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

From the Gospel according to St. Luke

AND he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of *thy* substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to

feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf *and* kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out and intreated him. But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and *yet* thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive *again;* and *was* lost, and is found.

ON THE SABBATH

I

From the Gospel according to St. Mark

AND it came to pass, that he was going on the Sabbath day through the cornfields; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn. And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is

not lawful? And he said unto them, Did ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungred, he, and they that were with him? How he entered into the house of God when Abiathar was high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which it is not lawful to eat save for the priests, and gave also to them that were with him? And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: so that the Son of man is lord even of the Sabbath.

And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had his hand withered. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse him. And he saith unto the man that had his hand withered, Stand forth. And he saith unto them, Is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good, or to do harm? to save a life, or to kill? But they held their peace. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved at the hardening of their heart, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he stretched it forth: and his hand was restored.

II

From the Gospel according to St. Luke

And he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath day. And behold, a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years; and she was bowed together, and could in no wise lift herself up. And when Jesus saw her, he called her, and said to her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands upon her: and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God. And the ruler of the synagogue, being moved with indignation because Jesus had healed on the Sabbath, answered and said to the multitude, There are six days in which men ought to work: in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the day of the Sabbath. But the Lord answered him, and said, Ye hypocrites, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering? And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan had bound, lo, *these* eighteen years, to have been loosed from this bond on the day of the Sabbath?

DISCIPLESHIP

From the Gospel according to St. John

I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away: and every *branch* that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it, that it may bear more fruit. Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so neither can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for apart from me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and they gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and *so* shall ye be my disciples. Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and *that* your joy may be fulfilled. This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you. No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you. Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and *that* your fruit should abide: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you. These things I command you, that ye may love one another. If the world hateth you, ye know that it hath hated me before *it hated* you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own: but because ye are not of the world, but I chose you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you. A servant is not greater than his lord. If they persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they kept my word, they will keep yours also. But all these

things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me. If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no excuse for their sin. He that hateth me hateth my Father also. If I had not done among them the works which none other did, they had not had sin: but now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father. But *this cometh to pass*, that the word may be fulfilled that is written in their law, They hated me without a cause. But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, *even* the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me; and ye also bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

THE CONVERSION OF PAUL

From the Acts of the Apostles

But Saul, yet breathing threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and asked of him letters to Damascus unto the synagogues, that if he found any that were of the Way, whether men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem. And as he journeyed, it came to pass that he drew nigh unto Damascus: and suddenly there shone round about him a light out of heaven: and he fell upon the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And he *said*, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest, but rise, and enter into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. And the men that journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing the voice, but beholding no man. And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw nothing; and they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and did neither eat nor drink.

Now there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and the Lord said unto him in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I *am here*, Lord. And the Lord *said* unto him, Arise, and go to the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one named Saul, a man of Tarsus: for behold, he prayeth; and he hath seen a man named Ananias coming in, and laying his hands on him, that he might receive

his sight. But Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard from many of this man, how much evil he did to thy saints at Jerusalem: and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call upon thy name. But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel: for I will shew him how many things he must suffer for my name's sake. And Ananias departed, and entered into the house; and laying his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, *even* Jesus, who appeared unto thee in the way which thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mayest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And straightway there fell from his eyes as it were scales, and he received his sight; and he arose and was baptized; and he took food and was strengthened.

And he was certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus. And straightway in the synagogues he proclaimed Jesus, that he is the Son of God. And all that heard him were amazed, and said, Is not this he that in Jerusalem made havoc of them which called on this name? and he had come hither for this intent, that he might bring them bound before the chief priests. But Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is the Christ.

And when many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel together to kill him: but their plot became known to Saul. And they watched the gates also day and night that they might kill him: but his disciples took him by night, and let him down through the wall, lowering him in a basket.

And when he was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples: and they were all afraid of him, not believing that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how at Damascus he had preached boldly in the name of Jesus. And he was with them going in and going out at Jerusalem, preaching boldly in the name of the Lord: and he spake and disputed against the Grecian Jews; but they went about to kill him. And when the brethren knew it, they brought him down to Cæsarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

From the First Epistle to the Corinthians

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have *the gift of* prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, *and* is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall be done away; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

IMMORTALITY

From the First Epistle to the Corinthians

BE NOT deceived: Evil company doth corrupt good manners. Awake up righteously, and sin not; for some have no knowledge of God: I speak *this* to move you to shame.

But some one will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each

seed a body of its own. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one *flesh* of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the *glory* of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual *body*. So also it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul. The last Adam *became* a life-giving spirit. Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is of heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

HE IS RISEN.

Photogravure from a painting by Kiessling.

FROM THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JUDE

But Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing judgment, but said, The Lord rebuke thee. But these rail at whatsoever things they know not: and what they understand naturally, like the creatures without reason, in these things are they destroyed. Woe unto them! for they went in the way of Cain, and ran riotously in the error of Balaam for hire, and perished in the gainsaying of Korah. These are they who are hidden rocks in your love feasts when they feast with you, shepherds that without fear feed themselves; clouds without water, carried along by winds; autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; wild waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, for whom the blackness of darkness hath been reserved for ever. And to these also Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold, the Lord came with ten thousands of his holy ones, to execute judgment upon all, and to convict all the ungodly of all their works of ungodliness which they have ungodly wrought, and of all the hard things which ungodly sinners have spoken against him. These are murmurers, complainers, walking after their lusts (and their mouth speaketh great swelling *words*), showing respect of persons for the sake of advantage.

But ye, beloved, remember ye the words which have been spoken before by the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ; how that they said to you, In the last time there shall be mockers walking after their own ungodly lusts. These are they who make separations, sensual, having not the Spirit. But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Spirit, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. And on some have mercy, who are in doubt; and some save, snatching them out of the fire; and on some have mercy with fear; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.

Now unto him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of his glory without blemish in exceeding joy, to the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, *be* glory, majesty, dominion and power, before all time, and now, and for evermore. Amen.

THE VISION

From the Revelation of St. John the Divine

And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, the great and the small, standing before the throne; the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is *the book* of life: and the dead were judged out of the things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and Hades gave up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and Hades were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death, *even* the lake of fire. And if any was not found written in the book of life, he was cast into the lake of fire.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, *and be* their God: and he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away. And he that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. . . .

And there came one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls, who were laden with the seven last plagues; and he spake with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the wife of the Lamb. And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high, and shewed me the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: her light was like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal: having a wall great and high; having twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels; and names written thereon, which are *the names* of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: on the east were three gates; and on the north three gates; and on the south three gates; and on the west three

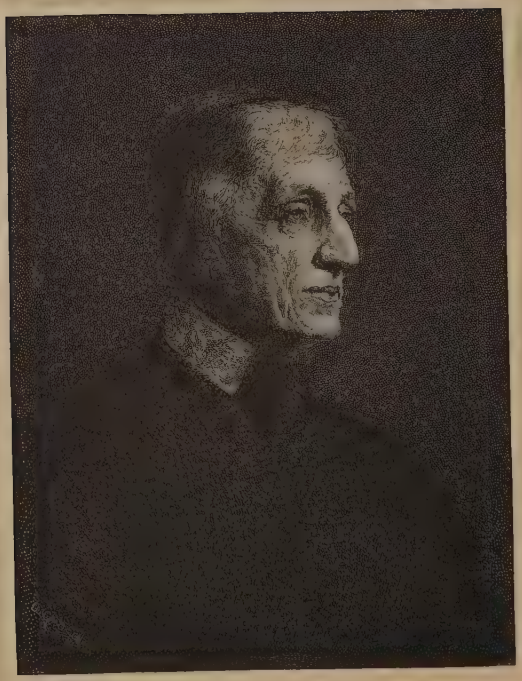
gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and on them twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. And he that spake with me had for a measure a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth foursquare, and the length thereof is as great as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs: the length and the breadth and the height thereof are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred and forty and four cubits, *according to* the measure of a man, that is, of an angel. And the building of the wall thereof was jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto pure glass. The foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, topaz; the tenth, chrysoprase; the eleventh, jacinth; the twelfth, amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; each one of the several gates was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof. And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof *is* the Lamb. And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it. And the gates thereof shall in no wise be shut by day (for there shall be no night there): and they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it; and there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie; but only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve *manner of* fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no curse any more: and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein; and his servants shall do him service; and they shall see his face; and his name *shall be* on their foreheads. And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me, These words are faithful and true and the Lord, the God of the spirits of the prophets, sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly come to pass. And behold, I come quickly. Blessed is he that keepeth the words of the prophecy of this book.

And I John am he that heard and saw these things. And when I heard and saw, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things. And he saith unto me, See thou do it not: I am a fellow-servant with thee and with thy brethren the prophets, and with them which keep the words of this book: worship God.

And he saith unto me, Seal not up the words of the prophecy of this book; for the time is at hand. He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteousness still: and he that is filthy, let him be made filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him do righteousness still: and he that is holy, let him be made holy still. Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to render to each man according as his work is. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. . . .

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take the water of life freely.



CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

(1801–1890)

BY RICHARD HOLT HUTTON

N 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' Cardinal Newman — though all his writings were more or less closely connected with religion, even the lectures on University Education being chiefly intended to show that no university education could be complete which did not treat the knowledge of God as the keystone of all human science — cannot be denied a very important place; for it was in great measure the form and grace and variety of his literary gifts that secured for him the attention of all English-speaking peoples, and that made him one of the princes of the Church before he died. Cardinal Newman himself fixes on one of the most striking of his literary gifts, — the delicacy of his feeling for words, and for the fine distinctions between related words of the closest affinity, — when he attributes to the influence of Dr. Hawkins (subsequently provost of Oriel) and of Dr. Whately (subsequently Archbishop of Dublin) the habit of delicate discrimination which he acquired under their guidance, and for which he was at one time censured as though it had been in him a latent Jesuitism. As a matter of fact, however, if Newman owed this faculty in any degree to the training or suggestion of Hawkins and Whately, he soon far surpassed his teachers. For undoubtedly Newman founded a literary school in Oxford; the school of which in later days Matthew Arnold, with totally different religious convictions, was one of the most distinguished members. The avowed admiration of the great poet for Newman's style, — for its lustre, and clearness, and grace, for the «sweetness and light» of its manner, the beauty of its rhythm, and the simplicity of its structure, — drew the attention of numbers of less distinguished men to the secret of its charm; and from that time onwards the Oxford school, as we may call them, — men like the late Principal Shairp and the late Lord Bowen, — have more or less unconsciously imbued themselves with its tenderness and grace. Matthew Arnold himself, however, never really rivaled Newman's style; for though in his prose works he often displayed his wish to approach the same standard, his hand was heavier and more didactic, and his emphasis too continuous and laborious. And in his poetry Matthew

Arnold deviated even more widely from Newman's manner; for though displaying many qualities which Newman had not, for the greater elegiac verse, he missed the exquisite lightness of Newman's touch and the deeper passion of Newman's awe and reverence. Indeed, Arnold in his nobler poems is always greatest in bewailing what he has lost, Newman in gratefully attesting what he has found.

Before I come more particularly to the nature of Newman's influence on English literature, we must just pass lightly over the story of his life. John Henry Newman was born in London on February 21st, 1801, and lived till August 11th, 1890,—more than eighty-nine years. He was the son of Mr. John Newman, a member of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman & Co., which stopped soon after the peace of 1815, but which never failed, as it discharged every shilling of its obligations. His mother's maiden name was Fourdrinier. She was a member of one of the old Huguenot families, and a moderate Calvinist, from whom Newman derived something of his early bias towards the evangelical school of theology, which he studied in works such as those of Scott, Romaine, Newton, and Milner. He early adopted Scott's axiom that holiness must come before peace, and that "growth is the only evidence of life"; a doctrine which had a considerable influence on his later adoption of the principle of evolution as applicable to theology. He early read, and was much influenced by, Law's 'Serious Call.' At the age of sixteen his mind was first possessed with the conviction that it was God's will that he should lead a single life,—a conviction which held its ground, with certain intervals "of a month now and a month then," up to the age of twenty-eight, after which it kept its hold on him for the rest of his life. He was educated at a private school, and went up to Oxford very early, taking his degree before he was twenty. He took a poor degree, having overstrained himself in working for it. In 1821 he is said to have published two cantos of a poem on St. Bartholomew's Eve, which apparently he never finished, and which has never been republished. He tells us that he had derived the notion that the Church of Rome was Anti-Christ from some of his evangelical teachers, and that this notion "stained his imagination" for many years. In 1822 Newman was elected to a fellowship in Oriel; where, though "proud of his college," which was at that time the most distinguished in the University, he for some years felt very lonely. Indeed, Dr. Copleston, who was then the provost of his college, meeting him in a lonely walk, remarked that he never seemed "less alone than when alone." Under Dr. Hawkins's influence, Newman took the first decisive step from his early evangelical creed towards the higher Anglican position. Dr. Hawkins taught him, he tells us, that the tradition of the Church was the original authority for the creed of the Church,

and that the Scriptures were never intended to supersede the Church's tradition, but only to confirm it. Combining this with his early belief in definite dogma as underlying all revealed teaching, he entered on the path which led him ultimately to Rome. But it was not till after he had formed a close friendship with Richard Hurrell Froude, the liveliest and most vigorous of the early Tractarians, which began in 1826 and lasted till the latter's early death in 1836, that his notion concerning the identity between Rome and Anti-Christ was thoroughly broken down. His book on 'The Arians of the Fourth Century' was finished in July 1832, and marked for the first time Newman's profound belief in the definitions of the Nicene Creed.

In 1832 Hurrell Froude fell ill, and Newman consented to accompany him and his father on a Mediterranean voyage, undertaken in the hope of re-establishing his friend's health. He traveled with them for four months to the African, Greek, and Italian coasts, and then for three months more, alone, in Sicily; where he caught malarial fever, and was thought to be dying by his attendant, though he himself was firmly convinced that he should not die, since he had "a work to do in England." It was during this journey and the voyage home that he wrote most of the shorter poems first published in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' and now collected in his volume entitled 'Verses on Various Occasions.' During the return voyage in an orange-boat from Palermo to Marseilles, when becalmed in the straits of Bonifazio, he wrote the beautiful little poem, so well known now to all English-speaking peoples, beginning "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on."

On reaching home he entered at once on the Tractarian movement; of which indeed he was always the leader till his own faith in the Church of England, as the best representative of the half-way house between Rome and the theory of "private judgment," began to falter and ultimately perished. It was he who elaborated carefully the theory of a *via media*, a compromise between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant view of Revelation; though he himself was one of the first to surrender his own view as untenable. In 1841, having been often hard pushed by his own followers as to what he could make of the Thirty-nine Articles, he published 'Tract 90,' the celebrated tract in which he contended that the Articles were perfectly consistent with the Anglo-Catholic view of the Church of England. Bishop after bishop charged against this tract as a final desertion of Protestantism — which it was; and also as a thoroughly Jesuitic explaining away of the Articles — which it was not, for the Articles were really intended as a compromise between Rome and the Reformation, and not by any means as a surrender to the views of the Puritan party. The tract was saved from a formal condemnation by

convocation only by the veto of the proctors, *Nobis proctoribus non placet;* and thenceforth Newman's effort to reconcile his view with Anglican doctrine began to lose plausibility even to his own mind, though he still preached for two years as an Anglican clergyman, and for another two years of silence hesitated on the verge of Rome.

On October 8th, 1845, Newman was received into the Roman Catholic Church. Within two or three years he founded the English branch of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and took up his residence in Birmingham; where in 1863 he received the attack of Canon Kingsley, accusing him of having been virtually a crypto-Romanist long before he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and while he was still trying to draw on young Oxford to his views. To this he replied by the celebrated 'Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ'; which made him for the first time popular in England, and built up his reputation as a sincere, earnest, and genuine theologian. In 1870 he was one of the greatest of the opponents of the Vatican dogma of the Pope's infallibility; not because he thought it false, but because he thought it both inopportune and premature, not believing that the limits within which it would hold water had been adequately discussed. This attitude of his made him very unpopular at the Vatican while Pio Nono was still at the head of the Church. But in 1878 Pio Nono died; and one of the first acts of the present Pope, Leo XIII., was to raise Dr. Newman to the rank of Cardinal,—chiefly I imagine, *because* he had taken so strong a part in insisting on all the guarantees and conditions which confined the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility within the limits for which the more cautious Roman Catholics contended. For eleven years he enjoyed the cardinalate; and died, as I have said, in August 1890.

Except the poems written during his Mediterranean journey, and the sermons preached in St. Mary's,—ten volumes of them, containing many of Newman's most moving and powerful appeals to the heart and mind and spirit of man,—the volumes published after he became a Roman Catholic show his literary power at its highest point; for the purely doctrinal works of his Anglican days (those, for example, on 'The Arians of the Fourth Century,' 'The Via Media,' and 'Justification by Faith') are often technical and sometimes even frigid. Not so his chief efforts as a Roman Catholic; for Newman seemed then first to give the reins to his genius, and to show the fullness of his power alike as a thinker, an imaginative writer, a master of irony, and a poet. His chief literary qualities seem to me to be the great vividness and force of the illustrations with which he presses home his deepest thoughts; the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy of his insight into the strange power and stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections; the vivacity of his

imagination when he endeavors to restore the past and to vivify the present; the keenness of his irony; not unfrequently the breadth and raciness of his humor, and the exquisite pathos of which he was master.

In relation to the first of these characteristics of his style, the power which he displays to arrest attention for his deepest thoughts, by the simplest and most vigorous yet often the most imaginative illustrations of his drift,—every volume of his sermons, and I might almost say nearly every sermon of every volume, furnishes telling examples. He wants to show his hearers how much more the trustworthiness of their reason depends on implicit processes, of which the reasoner himself can give no clear account, than it does on conscious inferences; and he points to the way in which a mountaineer ascends a steep rock or mountain-side,—choosing his way, as it would seem, much more by instinct and habit than by anything like conscious judgment, leaping lightly from point to point with an ease for which he could give no justification to a questioner, and in which no one who had not trained his eye and his hand to avail themselves of every aid within their range, could, however keen their intelligence, pretend to follow him without disaster. Or again, let me recall that happy and yet sad name which he gave to our great theological libraries, "the cemeteries of ancient faith,"—a name which suggests how the faith which has been the very life of a great thinker often lies buried in the works which he has left behind him, till it re-excites in some other mind the vision and the energy with which it had previously animated himself. Or, best of all, consider the great illustration which he gives us of the "development" of given germs of living thought or truth in the minds of generation after generation, from the development of the few tones on which the spell of music depends, into the great science and art which seem to fill the heart and mind with echoes from some world far too exalted to be expressed in any terms of conscious thought and well-defined significance. Newman's illustrations are always impressive, always apt, and always vivid.

Of the second point, which is more or less at the root of Newman's power as a preacher, the Oxford Sermons, and the 'Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations' after he became a Roman Catholic, contain one long chain of evidence. Let me refer first to the remarkable Oxford sermon on 'Unreal Words,' which should be taken to heart by every literary man, and has, I believe, been taken to heart by not a few; though it would certainly tend as much to impose severe restraints on the too liberal exercise of many great literary gifts, as to stimulate to their happiest use. Newman preached this sermon when his mind was thoroughly matured,—at the age of

thirty-eight,—and he probably never preached anything which had a more truly searching effect on the consciences and intellects of those who heard him. In it he takes at once the highest ground. He denies altogether that "words" are mere sounds which only represent thought. Since Revelation had entered the world, and the word of God had been given to man, words have become objective powers either for good or for evil. They are something beyond the thoughts of those who utter them; forces which are intended to control, and do control, our lives, and embody our meditations in action. They are "edged tools" which we may not play with, on pain of being injured by them as much as helped. Truth itself has become a "Word"; and if we do not lay hold on it so as to be helped by it to a higher life, it will lay hold on us and judge us and condemn all our superficial uses or abuses of thoughts and purposes higher than ourselves. He shows us how hypocrisy consists just as much in making professions which are perfectly true, and even truly meant by us, but which do not correspond to our actions, as in making professions which do not represent our interior mind at all. "Words have a meaning whether we mean that meaning or not; and they are imputed to us in their real meaning, when our not meaning it is our own fault." Then he goes on to give a curiously searching analysis of the hollow and conventional use which men make of great words, from the mere wish to satisfy the expectations of others, and perhaps from a sort of pride in being able to show that they can enter into the general drift of thoughts which are beyond them, though they do not really even try to make them the standard of their own practice. He points out how glibly we shuffle our words so as to make a fair impression on our teachers and superiors, without ever realizing that we are demonstrating the shallowness of our own lives by the very use of phrases intended to persuade others that we are not shallow. The reader will find two passages in these collected sermons—one from the Oxford sermon on 'Unreal Words,' the other from one of the 'Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations'—that are an illustration of Newman's pungency of style, the most striking evidence of what I have called "the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy" of Newman's studies "in the strange power and the stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections." Both of them might be used equally well for the purpose of illustrating the keenness of his irony. Yet the most serious drift of each is the insight it shows into the power of the human conscience, and the waywardness and sophistries of human self-deceit.

Passing to the vividness and vivacity of Newman's imagination when he endeavors either to restore the Past, or to realize for us with adequate force the full meaning of thoughts which pass almost

like shadows over the mind, when they ought to engrave themselves deeply upon it, may be cited the wonderful picture which he has given us in 'Callista'—his tale of Christian martyrdom—of what happened in the north of Africa during the Decian persecution of the third century. The passage in which he describes the plague of locusts is, even alone, a sufficient proof of the singular power of his vision in realizing to his readers what he himself had never seen. And I give it without further comment, because it speaks sufficiently for itself. But, impressive as that is, it goes a very little way towards illustrating Newman's great, though discontinuous, imaginative power. It was a much more difficult feat to throw himself as he did into the mind of a Greek girl, devoted, with all the ardor of a lively and eager race, to the beautiful traditions and aspirations of her own people, and to show the unrest of her heart, as well as the craving of her mind for something deeper and more lasting than any stray fragments of the more spiritual Greek philosophy. He makes us see the mode in which Christianity at once attracts and repels her, and the throes of her whole nature when she has to choose between a terrible and painful death, and the abandonment of a faith which promised her not only a brighter and better life beyond the grave, but a full satisfaction for that famine of the heart of which she had been conscious throughout all the various changes and chances of her fitful, impetuous, and not unspotted life. I know nothing much more pathetic, nothing which better reveals Newman's insight into the yearnings and hopes and moody misgivings of a heart groping after a faith in God and yet unable to attain it,—partly from intellectual perplexities, partly from disappointment at the apparent inadequacy of the higher faith to regenerate fully the natures of those who had adopted it,—than Callista's reproaches to the young Christian who had merely fallen in love with her, when she was looking to find a heart more devoted to his God than to any human passion. I give the passage to which I refer, in order to show how truly Newman could read the mind of one weary of the flattery of men, and profoundly disheartened by finding that even in the faith which she had thought to be founded in Divine truth, there was not mastery enough over the heart to wean it from the poorest earthly passion, and fix it on an object worthy of true adoration.

For another, though a very different, illustration of the same kind of power, I may refer to a passage in 'Loss and Gain': the story of a conversion to Rome, in which Newman describes the reception of his Roman Catholic convert by his mother,—the widow of an Anglican clergyman,—when he comes to take leave of her before formally submitting himself to the Church of Rome. The mixture of soreness of feeling,—the distress with which the mother realizes that

his father's faith does not seem good enough for the son,—and of tenderness for the son himself, is drawn with a master hand. Newman did not often venture into the region of fiction; but when he did, he showed how much of the poet there was in him by painting a woman even better than he painted a man. The curiously mixed feelings of this scene of leave-taking have never received adequate recognition. Imbedded as it is in a story which is hardly a story,—a mere exposition of the steps by which the craving for a final authority on religious questions at last leads a humble and self-distrustful mind to submit itself to the guidance of the Church which claims an ultimate infallibility in all matters of morality and doctrine,—very few have come across it, and those who have, have not succeeded in making it known to the world at large. The tenderness and pathos of that passage seem to me almost as great as that of the preceding one. Newman's most intimate college friend used sometimes after his marriage, we are told, to forget whether he was speaking to his wife or to Newman, and to call his wife Newman and to call Newman "Elizabeth,"—a mistake very significant of the pathetic tenderness of Newman's manner with those dear to him, and of the depth of his feelings. Another very touching illustration of Newman's tenderness will be found in the poem on the gulf between the living and the dead, however dear to each other, the last twelve lines of which were added after the death of his dear friend, Richard Hurrell Froude.

Of the raciness of his humor, many of the 'Lectures on Anglican Difficulties' bear the most effectual evidence; but the passage which has the greatest reputation in connection with this quality is that in which, just after the panic on the subject of what was then called "the Papal aggression," in 1850, Newman ridiculed in the most telling manner the screams of indignation and dread with which the restoration of the episcopal constitution to the Roman Catholic Church in England had been received. I doubt whether a real invasion of England by the landing of a foreign army on our soil would have been spoken of with half the horror which this very harmless, and indeed perfectly inoffensive, restoration of Roman Catholic bishoprics to England inspired. It was evident enough that the panic was more the panic with which the appearance of a ghost fills the heart of a timid person, than the panic with which the imminence of a physical danger impresses us. Against physical dangers the English show their pluck, but against spiritual dangers they only show their weakest side; and the great panic of 1850 was certainly the most remarkable outburst of meaningless dismay which in a tolerably long life I can remember. The result has, I think, proved that the actual restoration of the Roman Catholic episcopacy did more to remove the

ghostly horror with which the English people were seized in anticipation of that event, than any sort of reasoning could have done. We have learned now what Roman Catholic bishops are, and on the whole we have found them by no means terrible; indeed, often very excellent allies against irreligion, and in social emergencies very earnest friends. But when in 1850, Newman in his lectures on 'Catholicism in England' described with such genuine glee the "bobs, bobs royal, and triple bob majors" with which the English Church had rung down the iniquitous Papal aggression, there was absolutely no caricature in his lively description. If Newman had not been a theologian, he would probably have been known chiefly as a considerable humorist. Some of his pictures of the high-and-dry Oxford dons in 'Loss and Gain' are full of this kind of humor.

I have said nothing, of course, of Newman as a theologian,—a capacity hardly appropriate to a book on the world's best literature. I have always thought that he regarded the Christian religion as resting far too exclusively on the delegated authority of the Church, and far too little on the immediate relation of the soul to Christ. But that is not a subject which it would be either convenient or desirable to enter upon here. Say what you will of the conclusions to which Newman comes on this great subject, no one can deny that he discusses the whole controversy with a calmness and an acuteness which is of the greatest use even to those whom his arguments entirely fail to convince. But my object has been chiefly to show how great an impression he has made on English literature; an impression which will, I believe, not dwindle, but increase, as the world becomes more and more familiar with the literary aspects of his writings.

Richard Holt Hutton

THE TRANSITION

From the 'Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ: Being a History of My Religious Opinions'

I HAD one final advance of mind to accomplish, and one final step to take. That further advance of mind was to be able honestly to say that I was *certain* of the conclusions at which I had already arrived. That further step, imperative when such certitude was attained, was my *submission* to the Catholic Church.

This submission did not take place till two full years after the resignation of my living in September 1843; nor could I

have made it at an earlier date, without doubt and apprehension; that is, with any true conviction of mind or certitude.

In the interval, of which it remains to speak,—viz., between the autumns of 1843 and 1845,—I was in lay communion with the Church of England: attending its services as usual, and abstaining altogether from intercourse with Catholics, from their places of worship, and from those religious rites and usages, such as the Invocation of Saints, which are characteristics of their creed. I did all this on principle; for I never could understand how a man could be of two religions at once.

What I have to say about myself between these two autumns I shall almost confine to this one point,—the difficulty I was in as to the best mode of revealing the state of my mind to my friends and others, and how I managed to reveal it.

Up to January 1842 I had not disclosed my state of unsettlement to more than three persons. . . To two of them, intimate and familiar companions, in the autumn of 1839; to the third—an old friend too, whom I have also named above—I suppose when I was in great distress of mind upon the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric. In May 1843 I made it known, as has been seen, to the friend by whose advice I wished, as far as possible, to be guided. To mention it on set purpose to any one, unless indeed I was asking advice, I should have felt to be a crime. If there is anything that was abhorrent to me, it was the scattering doubts, and unsettling consciences without necessity. A strong presentiment that my existing opinions would ultimately give way, and that the grounds of them were unsound, was not a sufficient warrant for disclosing the state of my mind. I had no guarantee yet, that that presentiment would be realized. Supposing I were crossing ice, which came right in my way, which I had good reasons for considering sound, and which I saw numbers before me crossing in safety, and supposing a stranger from the bank, in a voice of authority and in an earnest tone, warned me that it was dangerous, and then was silent,—I think I should be startled, and should look about me anxiously, but I think too that I should go on, till I had better grounds for doubt; and such was my state, I believe, till the end of 1842. Then again, when my dissatisfaction became greater, it was hard at first to determine the point of time when it was too strong to suppress with propriety. Certitude of course is a point, but doubt is a progress: I was not near certitude yet. Certitude is a reflex action; it is

to know that one knows. Of that I believe I was not possessed, till close upon my reception into the Catholic Church. Again, a practical, effective doubt is a point too; but who can easily ascertain it for himself? Who can determine when it is that the scales in the balance of opinion begin to turn, and what was a greater probability in behalf of a belief becomes a positive doubt against it?

In considering this question in its bearing upon my conduct in 1843, my own simple answer to my great difficulty had been, *Do* what your present state of opinion requires in the light of duty, and let that *doing* tell; speak by *acts*. This I had done; my first *act* of the year had been in February. After three months' deliberation I had published my retractation of the violent charges which I had made against Rome: I could not be wrong in doing so much as this; but I did no more at the time: I did not retract my Anglican teaching. My second *act* had been in September in the same year: after much sorrowful lingering and hesitation, I had resigned my Living. I tried indeed, before I did so, to keep Littlemore for myself, even though it was still to remain an integral part of St. Mary's. I had given to it a Church and a sort of Parsonage; I had made it a Parish, and I loved it: I thought in 1843 that perhaps I need not forfeit my existing relations towards it. I could indeed submit to become the curate at will of another; but I hoped an arrangement was possible by which, while I had the curacy, I might have been my own master in serving it. I had hoped an exception might have been made in my favor, under the circumstances; but I did not gain my request. Perhaps I was asking what was impracticable, and it is well for me that it was so.

These had been my two acts of the year, and I said, "I cannot be wrong in making them; let that follow which must follow in the thoughts of the world about me, when they see what I do." And as time went on, they fully answered my purpose. What I felt it a simple duty to do, did create a general suspicion about me, without such responsibility as would be involved in my initiating any direct act for the sake of creating it. Then, when friends wrote me on the subject, I either did not deny or I confessed my state of mind, according to the character and need of their letters. Sometimes in the case of intimate friends, whom I should otherwise have been leaving in ignorance of what others knew on every side of them, I invited the question.

And here comes in another point for explanation. While I was fighting in Oxford for the Anglican Church, then indeed I was very glad to make converts; and though I never broke away from that rule of my mind (as I may call it) of which I have already spoken, of finding disciples rather than seeking them, yet that I made advances to others in a special way, I have no doubt; this came to an end, however, as soon as I fell into misgivings as to the true ground to be taken in the controversy. For then, when I gave up my place in the Movement, I ceased from any such proceedings; and my utmost endeavor was to tranquillize such persons, especially those who belonged to the new school, as were unsettled in their religious views, and as I judged, hasty in their conclusions. This went on till 1843; but at that date, as soon as I turned my face Romeward, I gave up, as far as ever was possible, the thought of, in any respect and in any shape, acting upon others. Then I myself was simply my own concern. How could I in any sense direct others, who had to be guided in so momentous a matter myself? How could I be considered in a position, even to say a word to them, one way or the other? How could I presume to unsettle them as I was unsettled, when I had no means of bringing them out of such unsettlement? And if they were unsettled already, how could I point to them a place of refuge, when I was not sure that I should choose it for myself? My only line, my only duty, was to keep simply to my own case. I recollected Pascal's words, "Je mourrai seul" [I will die alone]. I deliberately put out of my thoughts all other works and claims, and said nothing to any one, unless I was obliged.

But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions; I did not answer them: presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to answer them; and if I still kept to my resolution and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out; who in consequence were distressed that in so solemn a matter they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second; and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did

not understand that I was as perplexed as they were, and being of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, they were made ill by the suspense. And they too, of course, for the time thought me mysterious and inexplicable. I ask their pardon as far as I was really unkind to them. . . .

I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23d, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me: Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey too came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there; and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University.

On the morning of the 23d I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway.

From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor: but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption.

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles which are not found in the Anglican Creed. Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was a trial to me.

I made a profession of them upon my reception with the greatest ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now. I am far of course from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is simple fact, that for myself I cannot answer those difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of Religion: I am as sensitive of them as any one; but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. There of course may be many difficulties in the evidence; but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves, or to their relations with each other. A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer, or that a certain particular answer is the true one. Of all points of faith, the being of God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

THE LOCUSTS

From 'Callista'

They moved right on like soldiers in their ranks, stopping at nothing and straggling for nothing; they carried a broad furrow or wheal all across the country, black and loathsome, while it was as green and smiling on each side of them and in front as it had been before they came. Before them, in the language of the prophets, was a paradise, and behind them a desert. They are daunted by nothing; they surmount walls and hedges, and enter inclosed gardens or inhabited houses. A rare and experimental vineyard has been planted in a sheltered grove. The high winds of Africa will not commonly allow the light trellis or the slim pole; but here the lofty poplar of Campania has been possible, on which the vine plant mounts so many yards into the air, that the poor grape-gatherers bargain for a funeral pile and a tomb as one of the conditions of their engagement. The locusts have done what the winds and lightning could not

do, and the whole promise of the vintage, leaves and all, is gone, and the slender stems are left bare. There is another yard, less uncommon, but still tended with more than common care; each plant is kept within due bounds by a circular trench around it, and by upright canes on which it is to trail; in an hour the solicitude and long toil of the vine-dresser are lost, and his pride humbled. There is a smiling farm; another sort of vine of remarkable character is found against the farmhouse. This vine springs from one root, and has clothed and matted with its many branches the four walls. The whole of it is covered thick with long clusters, which another month will ripen. On every grape and leaf there is a locust. Into the dry caves and pits, carefully strewed with straw, the harvest-men have (safely, as they thought just now) been lodging the far-famed African wheat. One grain or root shoots up into ten, twenty, fifty, eighty, nay, three or four hundred stalks; sometimes the stalks have two ears apiece, and these shoot off into a number of lesser ones. These stores are intended for the Roman populace, but the locusts have been beforehand with them. The small patches of ground belonging to the poor peasants up and down the country, for raising the turnips, garlic, barley, watermelons, on which they live, are the prey of these glutton invaders as much as the choicest vines and olives. Nor have they any reverence for the villa of the civic decurion or the Roman official. The neatly arranged kitchen garden, with its cherries, plums, peaches, and apricots, is a waste; as the slaves sit round, in the kitchen in the first court, at their coarse evening meal, the room is filled with the invading force, and news comes to them that the enemy has fallen upon the apples and pears in the basement, and is at the same time plundering and sacking the preserves of quince and pomegranate, and reveling in the jars of precious oil of Cyprus and Mendes in the store-rooms. They come up to the walls of Sicca, and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay: they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet, or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments and the most private and luxurious chambers; not one or two, like stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle, and with the array of an army. Choice plants or flowers about the *impluvia* and *xysti*, for ornament or refreshment,—myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation,—have disappeared. They

dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gilding of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet; they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour. Unrelaxed by success and by enjoyment, onward they go; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together, as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the place; so true are their lines, and so perfect is the pattern they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cook-shops, to the confectioners, to the druggists: nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has aught to eat or drink, there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest.

CALLISTA AND AGELLIUS

From 'Callista'

For an instant tears seemed about to start from Callista's eyes; but she repressed the emotion, if it was such, and answered with impetuosity:—"Your Master!—who is your Master? what know I of your Master? what have you ever told me of your Master? I suppose it is an esoteric doctrine which I am not worthy to know; but so it is: here you have been again and again, and talked freely of many things, yet I am in as much darkness about your Master as if I had never seen you. I know he died; I know too that Christians say he lives. In some fortunate island, I suppose; for when I have asked, you have got rid of the subject as best you could. You have talked about your law and your various duties, and what you consider right, and what is forbidden, and of some of the old writers of your sect, and of the Jews before them; but if, as you imply, my wants and aspirations are the same as yours, what have you done towards satisfying them? what have you done for that Master towards whom you now propose to lead me? No!" she continued, starting up: "you have watched those wants and aspirations for yourself, not for him; you have taken interest in them, you have cherished them, as if you were the author, you the object of them. You profess to believe in One True God, and to reject every other; and now you are implying that the Hand,

the Shadow of that God, is on my mind and heart. Who is this God? where? how? in what? O Agellius, you have stood in the way of him, ready to speak of yourself, using him as a means to an end."

"O Callista," said Agellius in an agitated voice, when he could speak, "do my ears hear aright? do you really wish to be taught who the true God is?"

"No; mistake me not," she cried passionately: "I have no such wish. I could not be of your religion. Ye gods! how have I been deceived! I thought every Christian was like Chione. I thought there could not be a cold Christian. Chione spoke as if a Christian's first thoughts were good-will to others; as if his state were of such blessedness, that his dearest heart's wish was to bring others into it. Here is a man, who, so far from feeling himself blest, thinks I can bless him; comes to me,—me, Callista, an herb of the field, a poor weed, exposed to every wind of heaven, and shriveling before the fierce sun,—to me he comes to repose his heart upon. But as for any blessedness he has to show me, why, since he does not feel any himself, no wonder he has none to give away. I thought a Christian was superior to time and place; but all is hollow. Alas, alas! I am young in life to feel the force of that saying with which sages go out of it, 'Vanity and hollowness!' Agellius, when I first heard you were a Christian, how my heart beat! I thought of her who was gone; and at first I thought I saw her in you, as if there had been some magical sympathy between you and her; and I hoped that from you I might have learned more of that strange strength which my nature needs, and which she told me she possessed. Your words, your manner, your looks, were altogether different from others who came near me. But so it was: you came, and you went, and came again; I thought it reserve, I thought it timidity, I thought it the caution of a persecuted sect: but oh my disappointment, when first I saw in you indications that you were thinking of me only as others think, and felt towards me as others may feel; that you were aiming at me, not at your God; that you had much to tell of yourself, but nothing of him! Time was I might have been led to worship you, Agellius: you have hindered it by worshiping *me*."

MOTHER AND SON

From 'Loss and Gain'

CHARLES leapt from the gig with a beating heart, and ran up to his mother's room. She was sitting by the fire at her work when he entered; she held out her hand coldly to him, and he sat down. Nothing was said for a little while; then, without leaving off her occupation, she said, "Well, Charles, and so you are leaving us. Where and how do you propose to employ yourself when you have entered upon your new life?"

Charles answered that he had not yet turned his mind to the consideration of anything but the great step on which everything else depended.

There was another silence; then she said, "You won't find anywhere such friends as you have had at home, Charles." Presently she continued, "You have had everything in your favor, Charles: you have been blessed with talents, advantages of education, easy circumstances; many a deserving young man has to scramble on as he can."

Charles answered that he was deeply sensible how much he owed in temporal matters to Providence, and that it was only at His bidding that he was giving them up.

"We all looked up to you, Charles; perhaps we made too much of you: well, God be with you; you have taken your line."

Poor Charles said that no one could conceive what it cost him to give up what was so very dear to him, what was part of himself; there was nothing on earth which he prized like his home.

"Then why do you leave us?" she said quickly: "you must have your way; you do it, I suppose, because you like it."

"Oh really, my dear mother," cried he, "if you saw my heart! You know in Scripture how people were obliged in the Apostles' times to give up all for Christ."

"We are heathens, then," she replied; "thank you, Charles, I am obliged to you for this:" and she dashed away a tear from her eye.

Charles was almost beside himself: he did not know what to say; he stood up and leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, supporting his head on his hand.

"Well, Charles," she continued, still going on with her work, "perhaps the day will come—" her voice faltered; "your dear father—" she put down her work.

"It is useless misery," said Charles: "why should I stay? Good-by for the present, my dearest mother. I leave you in good hands, not kinder, but better than mine; you lose me, you gain another. Farewell for the present: we will meet when you will, when you call; it will be a happy meeting."

He threw himself on his knees, and laid his cheek on her lap: she could no longer resist him; she hung over him and began to smooth down his hair as she had done when he was a child. At length scalding tears began to fall heavily upon his face and neck; he bore them for a while, then started up, kissed her cheek impetuously, and rushed out of the room. In a few seconds he had seen and had torn himself from his sisters, and was in his gig again by the side of his phlegmatic driver, dancing slowly up and down on his way to Collumpton.

THE SEPARATION OF FRIENDS

From 'Lyra Apostolica'

Do not their souls who 'neath the Altar wait
Until their second birth,
The gift of patience need, as separate
From their first friends of earth?
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
By Eden's angel flame,
But that earth knows not yet the dead has won
That crown which was his aim.
For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
About his silent bier,
A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
And Hope and sacred Fear.
Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
Hope raised her chalice high,
And the twin sisters still his shade attend,
Viewed in the mourner's eye.
So day by day for him from earth ascends,
As dew in summer even,
The speechless intercession of his friends
Toward the azure heaven.
Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.

And other secrets too he could declare,
By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
And deepening every line.
Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain:
It were not good; a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

(At Sea, June 16th, 1833)

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

AFTER DEATH

From 'The Dream of Gerontius'

I went to sleep, and now I am refreshed:
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,—
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;

Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream: yes, some one softly said,
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room;
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite"; and they knelt in prayer—
I seem to hear him still, but thin and low
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have naught else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange: I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning, on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet— is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?

Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

ANGEL

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home;
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

(1642–1727)

IT HAS been said that the history of Sir Isaac Newton is also the history of science; yet the character of his life and work does not entirely exclude him from the category of men of letters. While his great book the 'Principia' is written in Latin and treats of mathematics, its tremendous scope and magnificent revelations entitle it to be placed without incongruity among those works which, like 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Divine Comedy,' have widened men's outlook into the universe. Milton and Dante dealt with the spiritual order of creation, Sir Isaac Newton with the material; yet to those who perceive an almost mystical significance in numbers,—to whom mathematics are, in a sense, gateways to the unseen,—the author of the 'Principia' and of the 'Treatise on Optics' will seem scarcely less a teacher than the poets.

The life of Sir Isaac Newton, in its harmony, in the smoothness of its course, in the perfection of its development, seems singularly expressive of the science to which it was dedicated. From the time when as a village boy he made water-wheels and kite-lanterns for his companions, to the hour when full of years and honors he passed away, the life of Newton was a series of orderly progresses towards a fixed goal.

He was born in Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, on December 25th, 1642. His father, who had died before his birth, had been lord and farmer of the little manor of Woolsthorpe. Newton's mother designed that he should perform the same office, removing him from Grantham School for this purpose when he was about fifteen years old. Newton soon showed that the yeoman's life was not congenial to him. He would read a book under a hedge, or construct a water-wheel for the meadow brook, while the sheep strayed and the cattle were treading down the corn. He was therefore sent back to the school, where he had already earned a reputation for industry. If the legend be true, his first stimulus to study was a well-directed kick in the stomach delivered by the boy next above him in class. It was characteristic of his gentle nature that the only path of revenge open to him was through his superior intellect. From Grantham School, Newton went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1660. His mathematical genius soon manifested itself. About the year 1663 he

invented the formula known as the Binomial Theorem, by which he afterwards established his method of fluxions. He had been admitted to Cambridge as a subsizar. He became a scholar in 1664, and in 1665 he took his degree as Bachelor of Arts. In 1667 he was made Junior Fellow, and in 1668 he took his Master of Arts degree, and was appointed to a Senior Fellowship. In 1669 he became Lucasian professor of mathematics. In the eight years between Newton's admission to the University and his promotion to this chair, the germs of his great discoveries had come into existence. During his long after life they were but brought to a perfect development. The keystone of the 'Principia,' the principle of Universal Gravitation,—that every particle of matter is attracted by or gravitates to every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances,—this principle had suggested itself to Newton as early as 1666; but the great work in which it was embodied was not presented to the Royal Society until 1687. The 'Treatise on Optics' was based on Newton's Cambridge experiments with the prism and with the telescope, which had led to his being made a member of the Royal Society in 1672. He was obliged to contend with the most noted scientists of his time for the principle of this book,—that light is not homogeneous but consists of rays, some of which are more refrangible than others. His triumph was as much a matter of course as the workings of natural law. His contemporaries accepted his conclusions when they realized that he was more deeply in the secret of the universe than any man had ever been.

The honors accorded to him were numerous. In 1688 he was elected by his university to the Convention Parliament. In 1696 he was made Warden, and in 1699 Master of the Mint. In 1701 he was again returned to Parliament. He was made president of the Royal Society in 1703. In 1705 he was knighted by Queen Anne. Upon his death in 1727, he was buried in Westminster Abbey in the state befitting his princely endowments.

The words of Newton shortly before his death, that he seemed to himself "like a boy playing on the sea-shore, diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him," are significant of his habitual humility and reverence. His soul was childlike in the presence of mysteries to which he held one key. His bequests to posterity are not only his stupendous discoveries, but the example of the scientific temper of mind which is positive rather than negative, and which seeks a spiritual order behind the veil of matter.

LETTER TO FRANCIS ASTOR IN 1669

SINCE in your letter you give me so much liberty of spending my judgment about what may be to your advantage in traveling, I shall do it more freely than perhaps otherwise would have been decent. First, then, I will lay down some general rules, most of which, I believe, you have considered already: but if any of them be new to you, they may excuse the rest; if none at all, yet is my punishment more in writing than yours in reading.

When you come into any fresh company:—1. Observe their humors. 2. Suit your own carriage thereto, by which insinuation you will make their converse more free and open. 3. Let your discourse be more in queries and doubtings than peremptory assertions or disputings; it being the design of travelers to learn, not to teach. Besides it will persuade your acquaintance that you have the greater esteem of them, and so make them more ready to communicate what they know to you; whereas nothing sooner occasions disrespect and quarrels than peremptoriness. You will find little or no advantage in seeming wiser or much more ignorant than your company. 4. Seldom discommend anything though never so bad, or do it but moderately, lest you be unexpectedly forced to an unhandsome retraction. It is safer to commend anything more than it deserves, than to discommend a thing so much as it deserves; for commendations meet not so often with oppositions, or at least are not usually so ill resented by men that think otherwise, as discommendations: and you will insinuate into men's favor by nothing sooner than seeming to approve and commend what they like; but beware of doing it by comparison. 5. If you be affronted, it is better, in a foreign country, to pass it by in silence and with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge: for in the first case, your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrel; but in the second case, you may bear the marks of the quarrel while you live, if you outlive it at all. But if you find yourself unavoidably engaged, 'tis best I think, if you can command your passion and language, to keep them pretty evenly at some certain moderate pitch; not much heightening them to exasperate your adversary, or provoke his friends, nor letting them grow overmuch dejected to make him insult. In a word, if you can

keep reason above passion, that and watchfulness will be your best defendants. To which purpose you may consider, that though such excuses as this — He provoked me so much I could not forbear — may pass among friends, yet amongst strangers they are insignificant, and only argue a traveler's weakness.

To these I may add some general heads for inquiries or observations, such as at present I can think on. As,—1. To observe the policies, wealth, and State affairs of nations, so far as a solitary traveler may conveniently do. 2. Their impositions upon all sorts of people, trades, or commodities, that are remarkable. 3. Their laws and customs, how far they differ from ours. 4. Their trades and arts, wherein they excel or come short of us in England. 5. Such fortifications as you shall meet with, their fashion, strength, and advantages for defense, and other such military affairs as are considerable. 6. The power and respect belonging to their degrees of nobility or magistracy. 7. It will not be time misspent to make a catalogue of the names and excellencies of those men that are most wise, learned, or esteemed in any nation. 8. Observe the mechanism and manner of guiding ships. 9. Observe the products of nature in several places, especially in mines, with the circumstances of mining and of extracting metals or minerals out of their ore, and of refining them; and if you meet with any transmutations out of their own species into another (as out of iron into copper, out of any metal into quicksilver, out of one salt into another, or into an insipid body, etc.), those above all will be worth your noting, being the most luciferous, and many times lucriferous experiments too, in philosophy. 10. The prices of diet and other things. 11. And the staple commodities of places.

These generals (such as at present I could think of), if they will serve for nothing else, yet they may assist you in drawing up a model to regulate your travels by. As for particulars, these that follow are all that I can now think of;—viz., 1. Whether at Schemnitium in Hungary (where there are mines of gold, copper, iron, vitriol, antimony, etc.) they change iron into copper by dissolving it in a vitriolate water, which they find in cavities of rocks in the mines, and then melting the slimy solution in a strong fire, which in the cooling proves copper. The like is said to be done in other places which I cannot now remember; perhaps too it may be done in Italy. For about twenty or thirty years agone there was a certain vitriol came from thence (called

Roman vitriol), but of a nobler virtue than that which is now called by that name; which vitriol is not now to be gotten, because perhaps they make a greater gain by some such trick as turning iron into copper with it than by selling it. 2. Whether in Hungary, Sclavonia, Bohemia, near the town Eila, or at the mountains of Bohemia near Silesia, there be rivers whose waters are impregnated with gold; perhaps, the gold being dissolved by some corrosive water like *aqua regis*, and the solution carried along with the stream that runs through the mines. And whether the practice of laying mercury in the rivers, till it be tinged with gold, and then straining the mercury through leather, that the gold may stay behind, be a secret yet, or openly practiced. 3. There is newly contrived, in Holland, a mill to grind glasses plane withal, and I think polishing them too; perhaps it will be worth the while to see it. 4. There is in Holland one Borry, who some years since was imprisoned by the Pope, to have extorted from him secrets (as I am told) of great worth, both as to medicine and profit; but he escaped into Holland, where they have granted him a guard. I think he usually goes clothed in green. Pray inquire what you can of him, and whether his ingenuity be any profit to the Dutch. You may inform yourself whether the Dutch have any tricks to keep their ships from being all worm-eaten in their voyages to the Indies; whether pendulum clocks do any service in finding out the longitude, etc.

I am very weary, and shall not stay to part with a long compliment; only I wish you a good journey, and God be with you.

FROM 'MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES'

Book iii. of the 'Principia'

This most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if the fixed stars are the centres of other like systems, these, being formed by the like wise counsel, must be all subject to the dominion of One; especially since the light of the fixed stars is of the same nature with the light of the sun, and from every system light passes into all the other systems: and lest the systems of the fixed stars should, by their gravity, fall on each other mutually, he hath placed those systems at immense distances one from another.

This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all; and on account of his dominion he is wont to be called *Lord God*, *ὁ αὐτοκράτωρ*, or *Universal* Ruler: for *God* is a relative word, and has a respect to servants; and *Deity* is the dominion of God not over his own body, as those imagine who fancy God to be the soul of the world, but over servants. The Supreme God is a Being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect: but a being, however perfect, without dominion, cannot be said to be Lord God; for we say, my God, your God, the God of *Israel*, the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords: but we do not say, my Eternal, your Eternal, the Eternal of *Israel*, the Eternal of Gods; we do not say, my Infinite, or my Perfect: these are titles which have no respect to servants. The word *God* usually signifies *Lord;* but every lord is not a God. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God: a true, supreme, or imaginary dominion makes a true, supreme, or imaginary God. And from his true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being; and from his other perfections, that he is supreme, or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration reaches from eternity to eternity; his presence from infinity to infinity; he governs all things, and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite; he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures for ever, and is everywhere present; and by existing always and everywhere, he constitutes duration and space. Since every particle of space is *always*, and every indivisible moment of duration is *everywhere*, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be *never* and *nowhere*. Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, coexistent parts in space, but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man, or his thinking principle; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man, so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially;* for virtue cannot subsist without substance. In him are all things contained and moved; yet neither affects the other: God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies;

bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God. It is allowed by all that the Supreme God exists necessarily; and by the same necessity he exists *always* and *everywhere.* Whence also he is all similar,—all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power to perceive, to understand, and to act; but in a manner not at all human, in a manner not at all corporeal, in a manner utterly unknown to us. As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen, nor heard, nor touched; nor ought he to be worshiped under the representation of any corporeal thing. We have ideas of his attributes, but what the real substance of anything is we know not. In bodies, we see only their figures and colors, we hear only the sounds, we touch only their outward surfaces, we smell only the smells, and taste the savors; but their inward substances are not to be known either by our senses, or by any reflex act of our minds: much less, then, have we any idea of the substance of God. We know him only by his most wise and excellent contrivances of things, and final causes: we admire him for his perfections; but we reverence and adore him on account of his dominion: for we adore him as his servants; and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes, is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things. All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing. But by way of allegory, God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which, though not perfect, has some likeness however. And thus much concerning God: to discourse of whom from the appearances of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy.

Hitherto we have explained the phenomena of the heavens and of our sea by the power of gravity, but have not yet assigned the cause of this power. This is certain, that it must proceed from a cause that penetrates to the very centres of the sun and planets, without suffering the least diminution of its force; that operates not according to the quantity of the surfaces of the

particles upon which it acts (as mechanical causes use to do), but according to the quantity of the solid matter which they contain, and propagates its virtue on all sides to immense distances, decreasing always in the duplicate proportion of the distances. Gravitation towards the sun is made up out of the gravitations towards the several particles of which the body of the sun is composed: and in receding from the sun decreases accurately in the duplicate proportion of the distances as far as the orb of Saturn, as evidently appears from the quiescence of the aphelions of the planets; nay, and even to the remotest aphelions of the comets, if those aphelions are also quiescent. But hitherto I have not been able to discover the cause of those properties of gravity from phænomena, and I frame no hypotheses: for whatever is not deduced from the phænomena is to be called an hypothesis; and hypotheses, whether metaphysical or physical, whether of occult qualities or mechanical, have no place in experimental philosophy. In this philosophy particular propositions are inferred from the phænomena, and afterwards rendered general by induction. Thus it was that the impenetrability, the mobility, and the impulsive force of bodies, and the laws of motion and of gravitation, were discovered. And to us it is enough that gravity does really exist, and act according to the laws which we have explained, and abundantly serves to account for all the motions of the celestial bodies, and of our sea.

And now we might add something concerning a certain most subtle Spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies: by the force and action of which Spirit the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances, and cohere, if contiguous; and electric bodies operate to greater distances, as well repelling as attracting the neighboring corpuscles; and light is emitted, reflected, refracted, inflected, and heats bodies; and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will,—namely, by the vibrations of this Spirit, mutually propagated along the solid filaments of the nerves, from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain into the muscles. But these are things that cannot be explained in few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic Spirit operates.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED

(Twelfth Century)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

The ancient epic poetry of the German race was the outcome of the vast migration of the peoples that wrecked the Roman Empire and laid the foundations of modern European civilization. That tremendous cataclysm out of which a new world slowly rose was accompanied by impressive events, profound emotions, and deeds of lofty heroism, which deeply stirred the imagination of a poetic people. It is by an inborn impulse that man seeks to give to his emotions, and to the events that call them forth, poetic expression and permanence. And thus the excited fancy began at once to play about the prominent figures and striking moments of that magnificent drama, and a rich hoard of legendary lore was stored up for future generations. With the material actually furnished by history, the gods and myths of a remoter age were naïvely blended. As the traditions grew old and were seen through the haze of years, successive generations shaped anew their ancestral heritage. All that is best in the epic traditions of the migration, winnowed by the centuries and refined by the ideals of a more polished age, is to be found in the Nibelungenlied. It is the voice of a vigorous and high-hearted people, speaking in the proud consciousness of its own substantial worth. Here beside the cruelties of a rude and martial time are also the rugged virtues which Tacitus praised. Faithfulness, loyalty, integrity, are the ornaments of the primitive Teutonic character. Its adaptability and receptivity are also manifest. In contact with the higher civilization of Rome and the teachings of Christianity, the Germans assimilated the benefits of both with their own national traits. The Nibelungenlied marks the culmination of the great process which had made Rome a German empire, and had transformed the invading hordes into a highly civilized people. Not only by reason of its splendid poetic and dramatic power, but also as a monument in the history of the human race, the Nibelungenlied takes rank among the great national epics of the world's literature.

If a comparison between the Iliad and the Nibelungenlied as poems would be a futile piece of literary conjuring,— Goethe called it a "pernicious endeavor,"—in a large historical sense they present

some interesting points of resemblance. The invulnerability of Siegfried except where the linden leaf had fallen upon his shoulder, and the invulnerability of Achilles except in the heel, have a curious similarity,—from which, however, no sure inference can be drawn. The real points of resemblance lie only in the sources and circumstances out of which the poems arose. The creative power of Homer is incomparably superior to that of the Nibelungen poet; but the obscure events in the dim dawn of history, of which the legendary materials used by the poets were the imaginative product, were in both cases connected with a great migration, in which a young and powerful people overcame an older and finer one, to receive in turn the benefits of contact with the civilization it had overthrown. Both poets had inherited a vast treasury of legends whose historical origin was already faded, and with these they blended the myths of an age still more remote; but the manners and customs and geography are those of their own time, without pretense of antiquarian accuracy. In the Nibelungenlied the conflict between two civilizations is not the theme; there are no fine contrasts such as Homer has drawn between the rude camp life of the Greek warriors and the polished social organization of the citizens of Troy: but the whole poem is in itself a witness of the ancient contact and now almost complete amalgamation between the virtues, customs, and beliefs of an old heathen race, and the softer manners of a cultured, Christianized people. Each poem stands at the beginning of its literature, and each bears evidence that it is the culmination of a long series of efforts in which the poetic genius of the people had been working upon its legendary material, until in the hands of a great artist this material finally took its monumental and lasting form. Each poem, moreover, marks the highest point reached by the folk-poetry of the respective races; with these works art had entered into literature, and thenceforth the simple songs that flowed from the lips of untaught singers lost their former dignity. After Homer, though at a long interval, came the classic age of Greek letters; after the Nibelungenlied, the Minnesingers and the glories of the Hohenstaufen time. It is furthermore interesting to observe how in more recent literary history the two currents of influence represented by the Iliad and by the Nibelungenlied have been brought into contrast. The classicism of French literature in the age of Louis XIV. was a harking back to the form and style of the ancient Greeks, and these French models dominated German literature in the eighteenth century. The revolt of Romanticism against this domination was a harking back to the mediæval and purely Germanic form and style exemplified in the Nibelungenlied. Thirteen centuries after Attila had carried terror to the gates of Rome, the poetry which had its rise in those great invasions was

made the basis of a patriotic national revival, and upon it the Romanticists proceeded to create the literature of a new time. Thus it became the mission of the Nibelungenlied, after lying for more than two centuries utterly forgotten, to strengthen anew the hearts of a late generation, which lay prostrate before Napoleon, and to remind the German people of their ancient greatness. It acted as a national liberator. Not only was this epic monument their own, but the heroes whom it celebrates were their ancestors, and in their veins still flowed the blood of the warriors who had vanquished the legions of Rome.

For two centuries and a half the Nibelungenlied lay totally neglected and forgotten. This fact is a witness to the demoralizing nature of the struggles through which Germany was forced to pass during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1500 she stood in the vanguard of the nations; in 1650 she was but the shadow of a once mighty people, now completely exhausted physically and intellectually. Incessant wars, with famine in their wake, had in thirty years reduced a population of sixteen millions to four, and had cowed and brutalized the survivors. All continuity with the fine traditions of the past was broken. In the olden time the legends of the Nibelungen were widely known. Echoes of them are heard even in the Anglo-Saxon 'Beówulf.' In the centuries after the Lied had taken the form in which we know it, its popularity was universal. But the rise of the highly elaborated court poetry had already begun to undermine the taste for the elder epic. The gradual petrifaction of the Minnesang into the Meistersang contributed to the same end, and the revival of learning in the brilliant Humanistic movement hastened the process. The intellectual upheaval known as the Reformation, although out of line with the Humanistic Renascence, also helped to subvert the old Germanic traditions, in which so many healthy heathen elements held a still persistent place. The last person who seems to have taken any interest in the Nibelungenlied was the Emperor Maximilian, who had a manuscript of it made. In the sixteenth century there is no mention of the poem, except by a few obscure historians who used it superficially and unintelligently as a historical document. Lazius, the Austrian scholar, quotes several strophes in his 'History of the Migrations.' In the seventeenth century, amid the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, it had passed so entirely from human ken that Opitz, the literary dictator of his threadbare time, had no other knowledge of it than what he had derived from Lazius; and as late as 1752 Gottsched, the literary leader of an equally threadbare period, seems not to have known that such a poem had ever existed. Just four years later the Nibelungenlied was "discovered." Inspired by Bodmer's Old German studies, a Swiss physician found at the castle

of Hohenems a manuscript of the poem which is now regarded as the oldest form in which the work has come down to us. It contains the famous 'Klage' or lamentation for the fallen heroes; and in 1757 Bodmer published the second part under the title of 'Kriemhild's Revenge.' But the work aroused no interest even among those most interested in the folk-lore and poetry of their native land. Neither Herder nor Lessing nor Klopstock recognized the national epic; Wieland too remained untouched, although when the work came out he was in daily intercourse with Bodmer. Indeed, Bodmer himself was not aware that he was dealing with a great poem, but regarded it rather as an antiquarian curiosity. The first complete edition of the Nibelungenlied appeared in 1782. Professor Myller of Berlin included it in his collection of 'Poems of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Centuries.' The fact that such a collection had found subscribers at all is evidence that some languid interest in these early ages had begun to manifest itself; but it was still an interest of curiosity rather than one of appreciation. A letter addressed to Myller by Frederick the Great will best illustrate the attitude of many cultivated readers of that time. Myller had sent a copy of his work to the King, who, writing from Potsdam in 1784, said:—«Most learned and faithful subject, dear sir: You think a great deal too much of those poems of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries which you have had printed, and which you consider of so much value for the enrichment of the German language. In my opinion they are not worth a gunshot, and did not deserve to be dragged out of the dust of oblivion. In my own library I should not tolerate such wretched stuff, but throw it away at once. The copy that has been sent to me may therefore await its fate in the great library there [Berlin]. Much demand for it cannot be promised by your otherwise gracious king, Frederick.» Goethe also received a copy of Myller's work, but it was unbound, and he did not read it; only the warning of the mermaidens to Hagen, which happened to lie on top of one of the loose signatures, attracted his attention for a moment. In after years, however, when in conversation with Eckermann he defined the classic as health and the romantic as disease, he added: «For that reason the Nibelungenlied is classic like Homer, for both are healthy and strong.» In another place he wrote: «The acquaintance with this poem marks a new stage in the history of the nation's culture.» To this larger appreciation of the importance of the Nibelungenlied in the history of civilization it was still a far cry when Myller issued his first edition; and only after the humiliation of the defeat at Jena in 1806 did the eyes of Germany turn once more to the glories of her heroic age, and to their embodiment in the national epic.

The stimulus to the true appreciation and scientific study of the Nibelungenlied came from the circle of the Romanticists. In 1802 and 1803 A. W. von Schlegel delivered a course of lectures in Berlin in which he treated of the poem in detail. These lectures were not published; but among the hearers was Von der Hagen, who caught the enthusiasm of the lecturer, and began a translation of the Lied which was published in 1807. In 1810 he issued the first critical edition of the original text. He was followed by Lachmann, whose labors in this field were epoch-making. The Nibelungen craze had broken forth in earnest, and with it came the whole unrefreshing controversy over the origins of the poem and the relative antiquity of the manuscripts. It is not to the purpose to review this strife of scholars in detail. Lachmann approached the question from a preconceived view-point which had been furnished him by Wolf's 'Prolegomena to Homer.' He differentiated in the Nibelungenlied twenty independent Lieder, all of which had been more or less modified by subsequent transcribers and interpolators. These songs, he maintained, had then been put together by one reviser or arranger, and thus was produced the composite poem which we have. Of the twenty-eight or more manuscripts of which we have knowledge, only three come into consideration; the others are transcriptions. The St. Gallen manuscript, known to scholars as B, and the Hohenems manuscript (C), which Bodmer had used, Lachmann declared to be later revisions; while the oldest form of the poem was to be found in a third manuscript, also discovered at Hohenems, which he denominated A. It was this one that Myller had used for the first part of his edition, though following Bodmer's C in the second part. All these tenets were held sacred for thirty years by the adherents of Lachmann. In 1854, however, arose one Holtzmann, who ably defended the essential unity of the poem and confuted Lachmann's reasoning concerning the manuscripts. He declared that C was the oldest; but assumed that the original form was no longer extant, and even went so far as to name its author, Konrad, the secretary of the Bishop Pilgrim of Passau, who is mentioned in the poem. Germany now had not only her Homeric question but her Nibelungen question also. The controversy reached a fierce stage, and the learned uproar tended to discredit the entire matter in the eyes of the lay observer. In 1862 Pfeiffer added new fuel. It is a well-known fact that down to the middle of the thirteenth century it was an unwritten but well-observed law among German singers that the inventor of a new strophe became its exclusive owner. The Nibelungen strophe is that used by the oldest of the Minnesingers, Kürenberg, who flourished in the thirteenth century; him, accordingly, Pfeiffer designated as the author of the original poem. To-day it is the prevailing view that

the Nibelungenlied is the work of one poet who in the present stage of our knowledge cannot be named, and that the Hohenems manuscript (C) is probably the oldest form in which it has been preserved. This is the view which the poet Uhland, seeing with clearer vision than his brother philologists, long ago maintained; and we may now be permitted to regard the poem as the product of a single genius shaping the legends of his land.

The Nibelungenlied was called a song because it was intended to be sung; it is an epic because it is a descriptive narrative of momentous events; it is also dramatic because there is a logical development in Kriemhild's character, an inevitable interaction of motives, and an irresistible and gradually accelerated movement towards the catastrophe. No outline of a work so "gigantic," to use Goethe's phrase, can give an adequate idea of its impressiveness. The poem, which is written in Middle High German, consists of two parts: the first contains nineteen Adventures, the second twenty. The first part is joyous with wooings and weddings, with festal preparations and brilliant expeditions, until the quarrel of the queens begins the tragedy which ends in the death of Siegfried. The second part is devoted to Kriemhild's revenge, which results in the annihilation of all her people. It is sombre, ominous, tragic. But from the beginning, and often in the midst of the festivities, the poet sounds the warning note that forebodes this tragic conclusion. The poem opens with a description of fair Kriemhild and the situation at the Burgundian court. Kriemhild is telling her mother of a dream she has had: a falcon which she had trained was torn to death by two fierce eagles. Siegfried's death is thus foreshadowed. In the second adventure Siegfried is introduced. He has heard of Kriemhild's beauty, and is determined to win her. Reluctantly his parents prepare an elaborate wardrobe,—a necessary preliminary to every journey, which is several times described in the poem with affectionate detail. Siegfried is cordially received by the Burgundians, whom he assists in a war against the Saxons. He grows popular, and all seek to do him honor. Kriemhild's shy growing interest in the handsome stranger is delicately indicated. For a whole year he does not reveal his purpose; not until Gunther is seized with a desire to win and wed Brunhild, the strong maiden of the north. This is a perilous enterprise, for every wooer must meet her in various trials of strength, and if unsuccessful lose his life. Siegfried promises to aid Gunther if in return he shall receive Kriemhild for his wife. They undertake the journey to Issland; and Siegfried, rendered invisible by his cloud-cloak, enables Gunther to overcome Brunhild. He then procures thirty thousand of his own Nibelungers as a royal retinue, and at Worms there are soon two bridal couples. Siegfried and Kriemhild

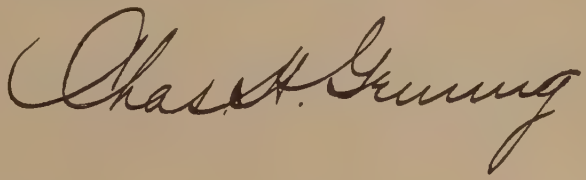
are radiantly happy, but Gunther's difficulties are not yet ended. Siegfried's supernatural power is again required to subdue the fierce northern maiden to her husband's will. The symbolic ring and girdle which Siegfried wrests from Brunhild he gives to Kriemhild. The tragedy is now in train. At the portals of the cathedral of Worms arises an unfortunate quarrel between the two high-hearted queens. Each asserts the superiority of her own husband, and claims precedence. In an unguarded moment of wrath Kriemhild reveals to her rival who it was that subdued her, and she displays the girdle and ring. The clouds begin to gather over the scene. The days of innocent merry-making are past, and Siegfried, the impersonation of sunny serenity and human happiness, is doomed. Hagen, the sombre figure who moves grim-visaged through the poem, faithful to no one but to his king, learns from Kriemhild the secret of Siegfried's vulnerable spot. At Brunhild's instigation, but with his own covetous purposes, he treacherously murders Siegfried. At the solemn funeral Siegfried's wounds, opening in Hagen's presence, reveal the murderer to Kriemhild. The Nibelungen hoard is brought to Worms and buried in the Rhine. Only Gunther and Hagen know the spot. Henceforth the Burgundians are called also the Nibelungers. So follows for Kriemhild, after her brief happiness, thirteen years of sorrow and mourning. The first part ends in the midst of gloom. In the second part Attila sends his knight Rudiger to sue for Kriemhild's hand. She with her purposes concealed becomes his wife, and the scene is transferred to the Hungarian court. Thirteen years more pass, and Kriemhild lives in honor at Attila's side; but "her home-bred wrongs again she brooded o'er." She invites her brothers on the Rhine to attend a great festival at her husband's court. In spite of Hagen's gloomy forebodings, the Burgundians go to Hungary, and in their progress thither ominous signs announce the coming woe. Hagen is warned by the wise mermaidens, but resolutely he proceeds. The entire army is ferried over the Danube, which none but the king's chaplain is destined to recross. The events now move with tragic rapidity. Hagen knows his fate and defies it, sitting in Kriemhild's presence with Siegfried's sword across his knee. Death follows death, and in the general slaughter the bodies are thrown out of the windows, the hall is set on fire, and the Nibelungers are destroyed to the last man. Kriemhild herself cuts off Hagen's head with Siegfried's sword Balmung, and with him is lost forever the secret of the fatal hoard. Incensed at this cruel act, the famous Hildebrand, Dietrich's man, slays Kriemhild, and so perish utterly the Burgundians of the Rhine.

Such is the briefly outlined story of the Nibelungers' fall. It is a song of the wrath of Kriemhild. She is the centre of interest, and upon her character the poet has bestowed his most loving care. She

appeared as the gentle, carefully guarded maid, timidly telling her mother of a dream. Siegfried gave her life new value, and love exalted her powers; proudly she walked by his side a stately queen. With his death joy departed from her life; her tenderness was hardened into a passion for revenge, and to this end she dedicated the whole strength of her character. Thenceforth she moves a threatening figure towards the great catastrophe. Siegfried's character is less complex; he is radiant, joyous, triumphant. Next to these two, Hagen, Dietrich, and Rudiger are the figures to which the most interest attaches. Hagen is the embodiment of grim fatalistic fidelity; Dietrich, large-souled and noble, preserves all the fine characteristics with which he was invested by the epic cycle of which he is the centre; Rudiger is a knight of the chivalric age, and is probably a creation of the Nibelungen poet. He is the most lovable and modern of all the group. The conflict between his duty to the Nibelungers, imposed upon him by the sacred rights of hospitality which he has given and received, and his duty to his king and Kriemhild, is a touch wholly modern. Over all the tragedy hovers mysteriously the power of the hoard, but these reminiscences of the mythical happenings of long ago serve only to create an ominous atmosphere: the course of events could not have been otherwise, for the motives are all human.

The origins of the Nibelungenlied are purely Germanic. The mythical and historical elements are clearly distinguishable. The former have faded into the background and given place to human interests; ethical motives have superseded the mythological. The curse of the hoard, Siegfried's sword and cloud-cloak, and all the marvels of that elder time, come to us in faint echoes, like the surge of a far-off ocean heard in the shells of the sea. These echoes are of the 'Elder Edda'; but they are of Germanic origin, for the Eddic myths were not indigenous to the North. The strange old heathen traditions had not altogether lost their vitality, however; for although the fundamental ideas of the Nibelungenlied are on a plane of exalted morality, it is essentially a heathen code that obtains. Nowhere is there a trace of any supreme power controlling the destinies of men. The Christian Church is purely external, and belongs to the scenery and ceremonial. Siegfried and Brunhild have brought with them from the 'Eddas' some part of their inheritance from a wonder-working age, but they are human beings; Brunhild has lost her impressiveness and grandeur, Siegfried has gained in sympathetic qualities. In the older sources the Burgundian kings come to their death not through their sister, there named Gudrun, but through Attila, who covets their treasure, and upon whom in turn, according to ancient German usage, Gudrun wreaks blood-vengeance. From historical sources we have Etzel (Attila), Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona), and Gunther (Gundicar), who with all his Burgundian people was killed in battle

with the Huns in the year 437. The Nibelungen poet has of course dealt freely with his materials, for he was a poet and not a chronicler. The fatal encounter with the Huns doubtless took place on the left bank of the Rhine and not on the shores of the Danube. It was probably not Attila who led the Huns, but his brother Bleda, who appears in the Lied as Bloedel. Dietrich is taken from another cycle of epics, of which Theodoric the Great, King of the Visigoths and of Italy, was the centre, and he belonged to a later generation than Attila. Gunther's brother Giselher also has some dim historical existence, and the already mentioned Bishop Pilgrim of Passau can be traced to a real personage. All other attempts to establish a historical basis for the characters and events of the poem have little plausibility. But the skill with which all these elements are united in an organic whole shows that epic narrative had passed out of the realm of folk poetry into the hands of the conscious plastic artist. It is a noble monument erected by a sturdy people upon the threshold of modern history, and was worthy to become a rallying-point for their patriotic posterity.



FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED (FALL OF THE NIBELUNGERS)

Translation of William Nanson Lettsom

KRIEMHILD

IN STORIES of our fathers, high marvels we are told
Of champions well approved in perils manifold.
Of feasts and merry meetings, of weeping and of wail,
And deeds of gallant daring I'll tell you in my tale.

In Burgundy there flourished a maid so fair to see,
That in all the world together a fairer could not be. [strife
This maiden's name was Kriemhild; through her in dismal
Full many a prowest warrior thereafter lost his life.

Many a fearless champion, as such well became,
Wooed the lovely lady; she from none had blame.
Matchless was her person, matchless was her mind:
This one maiden's virtue graced all womankind.

Three puissant Kings her guarded with all the care they might:
Gunther and eke Gernot, each a redoubted knight,
And Giselher the youthful, a chosen champion he;
This lady was their sister, well loved of all the three.

They were high of lineage, thereto mild of mood,
But in field and foray champions fierce and rude.
They ruled a mighty kingdom, Burgundy by name;
They wrought in Etzel's country deeds of deathless fame.

At Worms was their proud dwelling, the fair Rhine flowing by;
There had they suit and service from haughtiest chivalry
For broad lands and lordships, and glorious was their state,
Till wretchedly they perished by two noble ladies' hate. . . .

A dream was dreamt by Kriemhild, the virtuous and the gay,
How a wild young falcon she trained for many a day,
Till two fierce eagles tore it; to her there could not be
In all the world such sorrow as this perforce to see.

To her mother Uta at once the dream she told,
But she the threatening future could only thus unfold:
"The falcon that thou trainedst is sure a noble mate;
God shield him in his mercy, or thou must lose him straight."

"A mate for me? what sayest thou, dearest mother mine?
Ne'er to love, assure thee, my heart will I resign.
I'll live and die a maiden, and end as I began,
Nor (let what else befall me) will suffer woe for man."

"Nay," said her anxious mother, "renounce not marriage so;
Would'st thou true heartfelt pleasure taste ever here below,
Man's love alone can give it. Thou'rt fair as eye can see:
A fitting mate God send thee, and naught will wanting be."

"No more," the maiden answered, "no more, dear mother, say:
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never."

So in her lofty virtues, fancy-free and gay,
Lived the noble maiden many a happy day,
Nor one more than another found favor in her sight;
Still at the last she wedded a far-renownèd knight.

He was the selfsame falcon she in her dream had seen,
Foretold by her wise mother. What vengeance took the queen
On her nearest kinsmen who him to death had done!
That single death atoning died many a mother's son.

Siegfried

In Netherland then flourished a prince of lofty kind
(Whose father was called Siegmund, his mother Siegelind),
In a sumptuous castle down by the Rhine's fair side;
Men did call it Xanten: 'twas famous far and wide.

I tell you of this warrior, how fair he was to see;
From shame and from dishonor lived he ever free.
Forthwith fierce and famous waxed the mighty man.
Ah! what height of worship in this world he wan!

Siegfried men did call him, that same champion good;
Many a kingdom sought he in his manly mood,
And through strength of body in many a land rode he.
Ah! what men of valor he found in Burgundy!

Before this noble champion grew up to man's estate,
His hand had mighty wonders achieved in war's debate,
Whereof the voice of rumor will ever sing and say,
Though much must pass in silence in this our later day.

In his freshest season, in his youthful days,
One might full many a marvel tell in Siegfried's praise:
What lofty honors graced him, and how fair his fame;
How he charmed to love him many a noble dame.

As did well befit him, he was bred with care,
And his own lofty nature gave him virtues rare;
From him his father's country grace and honor drew,
To see him proved in all things so noble and so true.

He now, grown up to youthhood, at court his duty paid:
The people saw him gladly; many a wife and many a maid
Wished he would often thither, and bide for ever there;
They viewed him all with favor, whereof he well was ware.

The child by his fond parents was decked with weeds of pride,
And but with guards about him they seldom let him ride.
Uptrained was he by sages, who what was honor knew,
So might he win full lightly broad lands and liegemen too.

Now had he strength and stature that weapons well he bore;
Whatever thereto needed, he had of it full store.
He began fair ladies to his love to woo,
And they inclined to Siegfried with faith and honor true.

. . . . . .

(HAGAN'S ACCOUNT OF SIEGFRIED)

As ALL alone and aidless he was riding once at will,
As I have heard reported, he found beside a hill
With Niblung's hoarded treasure full many a man of might;
Strange seemed they to the champion, till he came to know them
right.

They had brought the treasure, as just then befell,
Forth from a yawning cavern: now hear a wonder tell,
How those fierce Nibelungers the treasure would divide;
The noble Siegfried eyed them, and wondered as he eyed.

He nearer came and nearer, close watching still the clan
Till they got sight of him too, when one of them began,
"Here comes the stalwart Siegfried, the chief of Netherland."
A strange adventure met he with that Nibelungers' band.

Him well received the brethren Shilbung and Nibelung.
With one accord they begged him, those noble princes young,
To part the hoard betwixt them; and ever pressing bent
The hero's wavering purpose till he yielded full consent.

He saw of gems such plenty, drawn from that dark abode,
That not a hundred wagons could bear the costly load,
Still more of gold so ruddy from the Nibelungers' land:
All this was to be parted by noble Siegfried's hand.

So Niblung's sword they gave him to recompense his pain;
But ill was done the service, which they had sought so fain,
And he so hard had granted: Siegfried, the hero good,
Failed the long task to finish; this stirred their angry mood.

The treasure undivided he needs must let remain,
When the two kings indignant set on him with their train;
But Siegfried gripped sharp Balmung (so hight their father's
sword),
And took from them their country and the beaming precious
hoard.

For friends had they twelve champions, each, as avers my tale,
A strong and sturdy giant; but what could all avail?
All twelve to death successive smote Siegfried's mastering hand,
And vanquished chiefs seven hundred of the Nibelungers' land

With that good weapon Balmung; by sudden fear dismayed
Both of the forceful swordsman and of the sword he swayed,

SIEGFRIED SLAYING THE DRAGON.

Photogravure from a painting by K. Dietlitz.

Unnumbered youthful heroes to Siegfried bent that hour,—
Themselves, their lands, their castles submitting to his power.

Those two fierce kings together he there deprived of life;
Then waged with puissant Albric a stern and dubious strife,—
Who thought to take full vengeance for both his masters slain,
But found his might and manhood with Siegfried's matched in vain.

The mighty dwarf successless strove with the mightier man;
Like to wild mountain lions to th' hollow hill they ran;
He ravished there the cloud-cloak from struggling Albric's hold,
And then became the master of th' hoarded gems and gold.

Whoever dared resist him, all by his sword lay slain.
Then bade he bring the treasure back to the cave again,
Whence the men of Niblung the same before had stirred;
On Albric last the office of keeper he conferred.

He took an oath to serve him, as his liegeman true,
In all that to a master from his man is due.
Such deeds (said he of Trony) has conquering Siegfried done;
Be sure such mighty puissance, knight has never won.

Yet more I know of Siegfried, that well your ear may hold:
A poison-spitting dragon he slew with courage bold,
And in the blood then bathed him; this turned to horn his skin.
And now no weapons harm him, as often proved has been.

How Siegfried First Saw Kriemhild

Now went she forth, the loveliest, as forth the morning goes
From misty clouds outbeaming; then all his weary woes
Left him, in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.
He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright;
Her rosy blushes darted a softer, milder light.
Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess
He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising outglitters every star
That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,
E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.
Well might at such a vision many a bold heart beat high.

Rich chamberlains before them marched on in order due;
Around th' high-mettled champions close and closer drew,

Each pressing each, and struggling to see the matchless maid.
Then inly was Sir Siegfried both well and ill apaid.

Within himself thus thought he: "How could I thus misdeem
That I should dare to woo thee? sure 'twas an idle dream!
Yet, rather than forsake thee, far better were I dead."
Thus thinking, thus impassioned, waxed he ever white and red.

So stood the son of Sieglind in matchless grace arrayed,
As though upon a parchment in glowing hues portrayed
By some good master's cunning; all owned, and could no less,
Eye had not seen a pattern of such fair manliness.

Those who the dames attended bade all around make way;
Straight did the gentle warriors, as such became, obey.
There many a knight, enraptured, saw many a dame in place
Shine forth in bright perfection of courtliness and grace.

Then the bold Burgundian, Sir Gernot, spoke his thought:—
"Him who in hour of peril his aid so frankly brought,
Requite, dear brother Gunther, as fits both him and you,
Before this fair assembly; th' advice I give, I ne'er shall rue.

"Bid Siegfried come to Kriemhild; let each the other meet:
'Twill sure be to our profit, if she the warrior greet.
'Twill make him ours for ever, this man of matchless might,
If she but give him greeting, who never greeted knight."

Then went King Gunther's kinsmen, a high-born haughty band,
And found and fair saluted the knight of Netherland:—
"The king to court invites you, such favor have you won;
His sister there will greet you: this to honor you is done."

Glad man was then Sir Siegfried at this unlooked-for gain;
His heart was full of pleasure without alloy of pain,
To see and meet so friendly fair Uta's fairer child.
Then greeted she the warrior maidenly and mild.

There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,
His cheek as fire all glowing; then said she modestly,
"Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!"
Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair;
Love's strong constraint together impelled th' enamored pair;
Their longing eyes encountered, their glances every one
Bound knight and maid for ever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,
I do not know for certain, but well can understand
'Twere surely past believing they ventured not on this:
Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer nor in bloom of May
Knew he such heartfelt pleasure as on this happy day,
When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride,
His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, "Would this had happed to me,
To be with lovely Kriemhild as Siegfried now I see,
Or closer e'en than Siegfried: well were I then, I ween."
Never yet was champion who so deserved a queen.

Whate'er the king or country of the guests assembled there,
All could look on nothing save on that gentle pair.
Now 'twas allowed that Kriemhild the peerless knight should kiss.
Ne'er in the world had drained he so full a draught of bliss. . . .

She now the minster entered; her followed many a dame;
There so her stately beauty her rich attire became,
That drooped each high aspiring, born but at once to die.
Sure was that maid created to ravish every eye.

Scarce could wait Sir Siegfried till the mass was sung.
Well might he thank his fortune that, all those knights among,
To him inclined the maiden whom still in heart he bore,
While he to her, as fitted, returned as much or more.

When now before the minster after the mass she stood,
Again to come beside her was called the champion good.
Then first by that sweet maiden thanks to the knight were given,
That he before his comrades so warrior-like had striven.

"God you reward, Sir Siegfried!" said the noble child,
"For all your high deservings in honor's bead-roll filed,
The which I know from all men have won you fame and grace."
Sir Siegfried, love-bewildered, looked Kriemhild in the face.

"Ever," said he, "your brethren I'll serve as best I may,
Nor once, while I have being, will head on pillow lay,
Till I have done to please them whate'er they bid me do;
And this, my lady Kriemhild, is all for love of you."

How the Two Queens Reviled One Another

One day at th' hour of vespers a loud alarum rose
From certain lusty champions that for their pastime chose
To prove themselves at tilting in the castle court;
Then many a knight and lady ran thither to see the sport.

There were the proud queens sitting together, as befell,
Each on a good knight thinking that either loved full well.
Then thus began fair Kriemhild, "My husband's of such might,
That surely o'er these kingdoms he ought to rule by right."

Then answered lady Brunhild, "Nay, how can that be shown?
Were there none other living but thou and he alone,
Then might, no doubt, the kingdoms be ruled by him and thee;
But long as Gunther's living, that sure can never be."

Thereto rejoined fair Kriemhild, "See'st thou how proud he stands,
How proud he stalks,—conspicuous among those warrior bands,
As doth the moon far-beaming the glimmering stars outshine?
Sure have I cause to pride me when such a knight is mine."

Thereto replied Queen Brunhild, "How brave soe'er he be,
How stout soe'er or stately, one greater is than he:
Gunther, thy noble brother, a higher place may claim,
Of knights and kings the foremost in merit and in fame."

Thereto rejoined fair Kriemhild, "So worthy is my mate,
All praise that I can give him can ne'er be termed too great.
In all he does how matchless! In honor too how clear!
Believ'st thou this, Queen Brunhild? At least he's Gunther's peer."—

"Thou shouldst not so perversely, Kriemhild, my meaning take.
What I said, assure thee, with ample cause I spake.
I heard them both allow it, then when both first I saw,
And the stout king in battle compelled me to his law.

"E'en then, when my affection he so knightly wan,
'Twas fairly owned by Siegfried that he was Gunther's man.
Myself I heard him own it, and such I hold him still."
"Forsooth," replied fair Kriemhild, "they must have used me ill.

"How could my noble brethren their power have so applied,
As to make me, their sister, a lowly vassal's bride?

For manners' sake then, Brunhild, this idle talk give o'er,
And by our common friendship, let me hear no more."

"Give o'er will I never," the queen replied again:
"Shall I renounce the service of all the knightly train
That hold of him, our vassal, and are our vassals too?"
Into sudden anger at this fair Kriemhild flew:

"Ay! but thou must renounce it, for never will he grace
Thee with his vassal service: he fills a higher place
Than e'en my brother Gunther, noble though be his strain.
Henceforth thou shouldst be wiser, nor hold such talk again.

"I wonder too, since Siegfried thy vassal is by right,
Since both of us thou rulest with so much power and might,
Why to thee his service so long he has denied.
Nay! I can brook no longer thy insolence and pride."

"Thyself too high thou bearest," Brunhild answer made:
"Fain would I see this instant whether to thee be paid
Public respect and honor such as waits on me."
Then both the dames with anger lowering you might see.

"So shall it be," said Kriemhild: "to meet thee I'm prepared.
Since thou my noble husband a vassal hast declared,
By the men of both our consorts to-day it shall be seen,
That I the church dare enter before King Gunther's queen.

"To-day by proof thou'lt witness what lofty birth is mine,
And that my noble husband worthier is than thine;
Nor for this with presumption shall I be taxed, I trow:
To-day thou'lt see moreover thy lowly vassal go

"To court before the warriors here in Burgundy.
Assure thee, thou'lt behold me honored more royally
Than the proudest princess that ever here wore crown."
The dames their spite attested with many a scowl and frown.

"Since thou wilt be no vassal," Brunhild rejoined again,
"Then thou with thy women must apart remain
From my dames and damsels, as to the church we go."
Thereto Kriemhild answered, "Trust me it shall be so.

"Array ye now, my maidens," said Siegfried's haughty dame:
"You must not let your mistress here be put to shame;
That you have gorgeous raiment make plain to every eye.
What she has just asserted, she soon shall fain deny."

They needed not much bidding: all sought out their best;
Matrons alike and maidens each donned a glittering vest.
Queen Brunhild with her meiny was now upon her way.
By this was decked fair Kriemhild in royal rich array,

With three-and-forty maidens, whom she to Rhine had brought;
Bright stuffs were their apparel, in far Arabia wrought.
So towards the minster marched the maidens fair;
All the men of Siegfried were waiting for them there.

Strange thought it each beholder, what there by all was seen,
How with their trains far-sundered passed either noble queen,
Not walking both together as was their wont before;
Full many a prowest warrior thereafter rued it sore.

Now before the minster the wife of Gunther stood;
Meanwhile by way of pastime many a warrior good
Held light and pleasant converse with many a smiling dame;
When up the lovely Kriemhild with her radiant meiny came.

All that the noblest maiden had ever donned before
Was as wind to the splendor her dazzling ladies wore.
So rich her own apparel in gold and precious things,
She alone might outglitter the wives of thirty kings.

Howe'er he might be willing, yet none could dare deny
That such resplendent vesture never met mortal eye
As on that fair retinue then sparkled to the sun.
Except to anger Brunhild, Kriemhild had not so done.

Both met before the minster in all the people's sight;
There at once the hostess let out her deadly spite.
Bitterly and proudly she bade fair Kriemhild stand:
"No vassaless precedeth the lady of the land."

Out then spake fair Kriemhild (full of wrath was she),
"Couldst thou still be silent, better 'twere for thee.
Thou'st made thy beauteous body a dishonored thing.
How can a vassal's leman be consort of a king?"

"Whom here call'st thou leman?" said the queen again.
"So call I thee," said Kriemhild: "thy maidenly disdain
Yielded first to Siegfried, my husband, Siegmund's son;
Ay! 'twas not my brother that first thy favors won.

"Why, where were then thy senses? sure 'twas a crafty train,
To take a lowly lover, to ease a vassal's pain!

Complaints from thee," said Kriemhild, "methinks are much amiss."
"Verily," said Brunhild, "Gunther shall hear of this."

"And why should that disturb me? thy pride hath thee betrayed.
Why didst thou me, thy equal, with vassalship upbraid?
Know this for sure and certain (to speak it gives me pain),
Never can I meet thee in cordial love again."

Then bitterly wept Brunhild: Kriemhild no longer stayed;
Straight with all her followers before the queen she made
Her way into the minster; then deadly hate 'gan rise;
And starting tears o'erclouded the shine of brightest eyes.

For all the solemn service, for all the chanted song,
Still it seemed to Brunhild they lingered all too long.
Both on her mind and body a load like lead there lay.
Many a high-born hero for her sorrow was to pay.

Brunhild stopped with her ladies without the minster door.
Thought she, "This wordy woman shall tell me something more
Of her charge against me spread so loud and rife.
If he has but so boasted, let him look to his life!"

Now came the noble Kriemhild begirt with many a knight:
Then spake the noble Brunhild, "Stop and do me right.
You've voiced me for a wanton: prove it ere you go.
You and your foul speeches have wrought me pain and woe."

Then spake the lady Kriemhild, "'Twere wiser to forbear:
E'en with the gold I'll prove it that on my hand I wear:
'Twas this that Siegfried brought me from where by you he lay."
Never lived Queen Brunhild so sorrowful a day.

Said she, "That ring was stolen from me who held it dear.
And mischievously hidden has since been many a year.
But now I've met with something by which the thief to guess."
Both the dames were frenzied with passion masterless.

"Thief?" made answer Kriemhild, "I will not brook the name.
Thou wouldst have kept silence, hadst thou a sense of shame.
By the girdle here about me prove full well I can
That I am ne'er a liar; Siegfried was indeed thy man."

'Twas of silk of Nineveh the girdle that she brought,
With precious stones well garnished: a better ne'er was wrought:
When Brunhild but beheld it, her tears she could not hold.
The tale must needs to Gunther and all his men be told.

How Siegfried Parted from Kriemhild

Gunther and Hagan, the warriors fierce and bold,
To execute their treason, resolved to scour the wold,
The bear, the boar, the wild bull, by hill or dale or fen,
To hunt with keen-edged javelins: what fitter sport for valiant men?

In lordly pomp rode with them Siegfried the champion strong.
Good store of costly viands they brought with them along.
Anon by a cool runnel he lost his guiltless life.
'Twas so devised by Brunhild, King Gunther's moody wife.

But first he sought the chamber where he his lady found.
He and his friend already had on the sumpters bound
Their gorgeous hunting raiment; they o'er the Rhine would go.
Never before was Kriemhild sunk so deep in woe.

On her mouth of roses he kissed his lady dear:
"God grant me, dame, returning in health to see thee here;
So may those eyes see me too: meanwhile be blithe and gay
Among the gentle kinsmen; I must hence away."

Then thought she on the secret (the truth she durst not tell)
How she had told it Hagan; then the poor lady fell
To wailing and lamenting that ever she was born.
Then wept she without measure, sobbing and sorrow-worn.

She thus bespake her husband: "Give up that chase of thine.
I dreamt last night of evil,—how two fierce forest swine
Over the heath pursued thee; the flowers turned bloody red.
I cannot help thus weeping: I'm chilled with mortal dread.

"I fear some secret treason, and cannot lose thee hence,
Lest malice should be borne thee for misconceived offense.
Stay, my beloved Siegfried, take not my words amiss,—
'Tis the true love I bear thee that bids me counsel this."—

"Back shall I be shortly, my own beloved mate;
Not a soul in Rhineland know I who bears me hate:
I'm well with all thy kinsmen; they're all my firm allies:
Nor have I from any e'er deservèd otherwise."—

"Nay! do not, dearest Siegfried! 'tis e'en thy death I dread.
Last night I dreamt two mountains fell thundering on thy head,
And I no more beheld thee: if thou from me wilt go,
My heart will sure be breaking with bitterness of woe."

Round her peerless body his clasping arms he threw;
Lovingly he kissed her, that faithful wife and true;
Then took his leave, and parted: in a moment all was o'er;—
Living, alas poor lady! she saw him nevermore.

How Siegfried was Slain

The noble knight Sir Siegfried with thirst was sore opprest;
So earlier rose from table, and could no longer rest,
But straight would to the mountain the running brook to find,—
And so advanced the treason his faithless foes designed.

Meanwhile were slowly lifted on many a groaning wain
The beasts in that wild forest by Siegfried's manhood slain.
Each witness gave him honor, and loud his praises spoke.
Alas, that with him Hagan his faith so foully broke!

Now when to the broad linden they all would take their way,
Thus spake the fraudful Hagan, "Full oft have I heard say,
That none a match in swiftness for Kriemhild's lord can be,
Whene'er to race he pleases: would he grant us this to see?"

Then spake the Netherlander, Siegfried, with open heart:—
"Well then! let's make the trial! Together we will start
From hence to yonder runnel; let us at once begin:
And he shall pass for winner who shall be seen to win."

"Agreed!" said treacherous Hagan, "let us each other try."
Thereto rejoined stout Siegfried, "And if you pass me by,
Down at your feet I'll lay me humbled on the grass."
When these words heard Gunther, what joy could his surpass?

Then said the fearless champion, "And this I tell you more:
I'll carry all the equipment that in the chase I wore,—
My spear, my shield, my vesture,—leave will I nothing out."
His sword then and his quiver he girt him quick about.

King Gunther and Sir Hagan to strip were nothing slow;
Both for the race stood ready in shirts as white as snow.
Long bounds, like two wild panthers, o'er the grass they took,
But seen was noble Siegfried before them at the brook.

Whate'er he did, the warrior high o'er his fellows soared.
Now laid he down his quiver, and quick ungirt his sword;
Against the spreading linden he leaned his mighty spear:
So by the brook stood waiting the chief without a peer.

In every lofty virtue none with Sir Siegfried vied:
Down he laid his buckler by the water's side;
For all the thirst that parched him, one drop he never drank
Till the king had finished: he had full evil thank.

Cool was the little runnel, and sparkled clear as glass;
O'er the rill King Gunther knelt down upon the grass;
When he his draught had taken he rose and stepped aside.
Full fain alike would Siegfried his thirst have satisfied.

Dear paid he for his courtesy: his bow, his matchless blade,
His weapons all, Sir Hagan far from their lord conveyed,
Then back sprung to the linden to seize his ashen spear,
And to find out the token surveyed his vesture near;

Then, as to drink Sir Siegfried down kneeling there he found,
He pierced him through the croslet, that sudden from the wound
Forth the life-blood spouted e'en o'er his murderer's weed.
Never more will warrior dare so foul a deed.

Between his shoulders sticking he left the deadly spear.
Never before Sir Hagan so fled for ghastly fear,
As from the matchless champion whom he had butchered there.
Soon as was Sir Siegfried of the mortal wound aware,

Up he from the runnel started as he were wood;
Out from betwixt his shoulders his own huge boar-spear stood!
He thought to find his quiver or his broadsword true;
The traitor for his treason had then received his due:

But ah! the deadly wounded nor sword nor quiver found:
His shield alone beside him lay there upon the ground;
This from the bank he lifted, and straight at Hagan ran:
Him could not then by fleetness escape King Gunther's man.

E'en to the death though wounded, he hurled it with such power,
That the whirling buckler scattered wide a shower
Of the most precious jewels, then straight in shivers broke:
Full gladly had the warrior ta'en vengeance with that stroke.

E'en as it was, his manhood fierce Hagan leveled low;
Loud all around the meadow rang with the wondrous blow:
Had he in hand good Balmung, the murderer he had slain.
His wound was sore upon him; he writhed in mortal pain.

His lively color faded; a cloud came o'er his sight:
He could stand no longer; melted all his might.

In his paling visage the mark of death he bore.
Soon many a lovely lady sorrowed for him sore.

So the lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell;
From the wound fresh gushing his heart's blood fast did well.
Then thus amidst his tortures, e'en with his failing breath,
The false friends he upbraided who had contrived his death.

Thus spake the deadly wounded:—"Ay! cowards false as hell!
To you I still was faithful; I served you long and well:
But what boots all? for guerdon, treason and death I've won;
By your friends, vile traitors! foully have you done.

Whoever shall hereafter from your loins be born
Shall take from such vile fathers a heritage of scorn.
On me you have wreaked malice where gratitude was due;—
With shame shall you be banished by all good knights and true."

Thither ran all the warriors where in his blood he lay;
To many of that party sure 'twas a joyless day;
Whoe'er were true and faithful, they sorrowed for his fall,—
So much the peerless champion had merited of all.

With them the false king Gunther bewept his timeless end.
Then spake the deadly wounded, "Little it boots your friend
Yourself to plot his murder, and then the deed deplore:
Such is a shameful sorrow; better at once 'twere o'er."

Then spake the low'ring Hagan, "I know not why you moan.
Our cares all and suspicions are now for ever flown.
Who now are left, against us who'll dare to make defense?
Well's me, for all this weeping, that I have rid him hence."

"Small cause hast thou," said Siegfried, "to glory in my fate.
Had I weened thy friendship cloaked such murderous hate,
From such as thou full lightly could I have kept my life.
Now grieve I but for Kriemhild, my dear, my widowed wife.

"Now may God take pity, that e'er I had a son,
Who this reproach must suffer from deed so foully done,
That by his murderous kinsmen his father thus was slain.
Had I but time to finish, of this I well might plain.

"Surely so base a murder the world did never see,"
Said he, and turned to Gunther, "as you have done on me.
I saved your life and honor from shame and danger fell,
And thus am I requited by you I served so well."

Then further spake the dying, and speaking sighed full deep:—
"O king! if thou a promise with any one wilt keep,
Let me in this last moment thy grace and favor find
For my dear love and lady, the wife I leave behind.

"Remember, she's thy sister: yield her a sister's right;
Guard her with faith and honor, as thou'rt a king and knight.
My father and my followers for me they long must wait,
Comrade ne'er found from comrade so sorrowful a fate."

In his mortal anguish he writhed him to and fro,
And then said, deadly groaning, "This foul and murderous blow
Deep will ye rue hereafter; this for sure truth retain,
That in slaying Siegfried you yourselves have slain."

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field.
Some time with death he struggled, as though he scorned to yield
E'en to the foe whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head.
At last prone in the meadow lay mighty Siegfried dead.

How the Margrave Rudeger Bewailed his Divided Duty

"Woe's me the heaven-abandoned, that I have lived to this!
Farewell to all my honors! woe for my first amiss!
My truth—my God-given innocence—must they be both forgot?
Woe's me, O God in heaven! that death relieves me not!

"Which part soe'er I foster, and whichsoe'er I shun,
In either case forsaken is good, and evil done;
But should I side with neither, all would the waverer blame.
Ah! would He deign to guide me, from whom my being came!"

Still went they on imploring, the king and eke his wife;
Whence many a valiant warrior soon came to lose his life
By the strong hand of Rudeger, and he too lastly fell.
So all his tale of sorrow you now shall hear me tell.

He nothing thence expected but loss and mortal teen;
Fain had he given denial alike to king and queen.
Much feared the gentle margrave, if in the stern debate
He slew but one Burgundian, the world would bear him hate.

With that, unto King Etzel thus spake the warrior bold:—
"Sir King! take back, I pray you, all that of you I hold,
My fiefs, both lands and castles; let none with me remain.
To distant realms, a wanderer, I'll foot it forth again.

«Thus stripped of all possessions I'll leave at once your land.
Rather my wife and daughter I'll take in either hand,
Than faithless and dishonored in hateful strife lie dead.
Ah! to my own destruction I've ta'en your gold so red.»

Thereto replied King Etzel, «Who then will succor me?
My land as well as liegemen, all will I give to thee,
If thou'lt revenge me, Rudeger, and smite my foemen down.
High shalt thou rule with Etzel, and share his kingly crown.»

Then spake the blameless margrave, «How shall I begin?
To my house I bade them, as guests I took them in,
Set meat and drink before them, they at my table fed,
And my best gifts I gave them;—how can I strike them dead?

«The folk ween in their folly that out of fear I shrink.
No! no! on former favors, on ancient bonds I think.
I served the noble princes, I served their followers too,
And knit with them the friendship I now so deeply rue.

«I to the youthful Giselher my daughter gave of late:
In all the world the maiden could find no fitter mate,—
True, faithful, brave, well-nurtured, rich, and of high degree;
Young prince yet saw I never so virtue-fraught as he.»

Then thus bespake him Kriemhild: «Right noble Rudeger,
Take pity on our anguish! thou see'st us kneeling here,
The king and me, before thee: both clasp thy honored knees.
Sure never host yet feasted such fatal guests as these.»

With that, the noble margrave thus to the queen 'gan say:—
«Sure must the life of Rudeger for all the kindness pay,
That you to me, my lady, and my lord the king have done,—
For this I'm doomed to perish, and that ere set of sun.

«Full well I know, this morning my castles and my land
Both will to you fall vacant by stroke of foeman's hand;
And so my wife and daughter I to your grace commend,
And all at Bechelaren, each trusty homeless friend.»

«Now God,» replied King Etzel, «reward thee, Rudeger!»
He and his queen together resumed their lively cheer.
«From us shall all thy people receive whate'er they need;
Thou too, I trust, this morning thyself wilt fairly speed.»

So body and soul to hazard put the blameless man.
Meanwhile the wife of Etzel sorely to weep began.

Said he, "My word I gave you, I'll keep it well to-day.
Woe for my friends, whom Rudeger in his own despite must slay."

With that, straight from King Etzel he went with many a sigh.
Soon his band of heroes found he mustered nigh.
Said he, "Up now, my warriors! don all your armor bright;
I 'gainst the bold Burgundians must to my sorrow fight." . . .

To those within he shouted, "Look not for succor hence;
Ye valiant Nibelungers! now stand on your defense.
I'd fain have been your comrade: your foe I now must be.
We once were friends together: now from that bond I'm free."

The hard-beset Burgundians to hear his words were woe;
Was not a man among them but sorrowed, high and low,
That thus a friend and comrade would 'gainst them mingle blows,
When they so much already had suffered from their foes.

"Now God forbid," said Gunther, "that such a knight as you
To the faith wherein we trusted should ever prove untrue,
And turn upon his comrades in such an hour as this;—
Ne'er can I think that Rudeger can do so much amiss."

"I can't go back," said Rudeger; "the deadly die is cast:
I must with you do battle; to that my word is past.
So each of you defend him as he loves his life.
I must perform my promise,—so wills King Etzel's wife."

Said Gunther, "This renouncement comes all too late to-day;
May God, right noble Rudeger, you for the favors pay
Which you so oft have done us, if e'en unto the end
To those who ever loved you you show yourself a friend.

"Ever shall we be your servants for all you've deigned to give—
Both I and my good kinsmen—if by your aid we live.
Your precious gifts, fair tokens of love and friendship dear,
Given when you brought us hither,—now think of them, good Rudeger!"

"How fain that would I grant you!" the noble knight replied;
"Would that my gifts for ever might in your hands abide!
I'd fain in all assist you that life concerns or fame,
But that I fear, so doing, to get reproach and shame."

"Think not of that, good Rudeger," said Gernot, "in such need.
Sure host ne'er guests entreated so well in word or deed,

As you did us, your comrades, when late with you we stayed.
If hence alive you bring us, 'twill be in full repaid."

"Now would to God, Sir Gernot," said Rudeger, ill bestead,
"That you were safe in Rhineland, and I with honor dead!
Now must I fight against you to serve your sister's ends:
Sure never yet were strangers entreated worse by friends."

"Sir Rudeger," answered Gernot, "God's blessing wait on you
For all your gorgeous presents! Your death I sore should rue,
Should that pure virtue perish, which ill the world can spare.
Your sword, which late you gave me, here by my side I wear.

"It never once has failed me in all this bloody fray;
Lifeless beneath its edges many a good champion lay.
Most perfect is its temper; 'tis sharp and strong as bright:
Knight sure a gift so goodly will give no more to knight.

"Yet, should you not go backward, but turn our foe to-day,
If of the friends around me in hostile mood you slay,
With your own sword, good Rudeger, I needs must take your life,
Though you (Heaven knows!) I pity, and your good and noble wife."

"Ah, would to heaven, Sir Gernot, that it might e'en be so!
That e'en as you would wish it this matter all might go,
And your good friends 'scape harmless from this abhorrèd strife!
Then sure should trust in Gernot my daughter and my wife."

With that the bold Burgundian, fair Uta's youngest, cried,
"Why do you thus, Sir Rudeger? My friends here by my side
All love you, e'en as I do: why kindle strife so wild?
'Tis ill so soon to widow your late-betrothèd child.

"Should you now and your followers wage war upon me here,
How cruel and unfriendly 'twill to the world appear!
For more than on all others on you I still relied,
And took, through such affiance, your daughter for my bride."

"Fair king! thy troth remember," the blameless knight 'gan say,
"Should God be pleased in safety to send thee hence away:
Let not the maiden suffer for aught that I do ill;
By your own princely virtue vouchsafe her favor still."

"That will I do and gladly," the youthful knight replied:
"But should my high-born kinsmen who here within abide,

Once die by thee, no longer could I thy friend be styled;
My constant love 'twould sever from thee and from thy child."

"Then God have mercy on us!" the valiant margrave said.
At once their shields they lifted, and forward fiercely sped
In the hall of Kriemhild to force the stranger crowd.
Thereat down from the stair-head Sir Hagan shouted loud:—

"Tarry yet a little, right noble Rudeger!
I and my lords a moment would yet with you confer;
Thereto hard need compels us, and danger gathering nigh:
What boot were it for Etzel though here forlorn we die?

"I'm now," pursued Sir Hagan, "beset with grievous care:
The shield that lady Gotelind gave me late to bear
Is hewn and all-to broken by many a Hunnish brand.
I brought it fair and friendly hither to Etzel's land.

"Ah! that to me this favor Heaven would be pleased to yield,
That I might to defend me bear so well-proved a shield,
As that, right noble Rudeger, before thee now displayed!
No more should I in battle need then the hauberk's aid."—

"Fain with the same I'd serve thee to th' height of thy desire,
But that I fear such proffer might waken Kriemhild's ire.
Still, take it to thee, Hagan, and wield it well in hand.
Ah! might'st thou bring it with thee to thy Burgundian land!"

While thus with words so courteous so fair a gift he sped,
The eyes of many a champion with scalding tears were red.
'Twas the last gift, that buckler, e'er given to comrade dear
By the lord of Bechelaren, the blameless Rudeger:

However stern was Hagan, and of unyielding mood,
Still at the gift he melted, which one so great and good
Gave in his last few moments, e'en on the eve of fight;
And with the stubborn warrior mourned many a noble knight.

"Now God in heaven, good Rudeger, thy recompenser be!
Your like on earth, I'm certain, we never more shall see,
Who gifts so good and gorgeous to homeless wanderers give.
May God protect your virtue, that it may ever live!

"Alas! this bloody business!" Sir Hagan then went on,
"We have had to bear much sorrow, and more shall have anon.
Must friend with friend do battle, nor Heaven the conflict part?"
The noble margrave answered, "That wounds my inmost heart."

«Now for thy gift I'll quit thee, right noble Rudeger!
Whate'er may chance between thee and my bold comrades here,
My hand shall touch thee never amidst the heady fight,
Not e'en if thou shouldst slaughter every Burgundian knight.»

For that to him bowed courteous the blameless Rudeger.
Then all around were weeping for grief and doleful drear,
Since none th' approaching mischief had hope to turn aside.
The father of all virtue in that good margrave died.

How Kriemhild Slew Hagan and was Herself Slain

To the cell of Hagan eagerly she went;
Thus the knight bespake she, ah! with what fell intent!
«Wilt thou but return me what thou from me hast ta'en,
Back thou mayst go living to Burgundy again.»

Then spake grim-visaged Hagan, «You throw away your prayer,
High-descended lady: I took an oath whilere,
That while my lords were living, or of them only one,
I'd ne'er point out the treasure: thus 'twill be given to none.»

Well knew the subtle Hagan she ne'er would let him 'scape.
Ah! when did ever falsehood assume so foul a shape?
He feared that soon as ever the queen his life had ta'en,
She then would send her brother to Rhineland back again.

«I'll make an end, and quickly,» Kriemhild fiercely spake.
Her brother's life straight bade she in his dungeon take.
Off his head was smitten; she bore it by the hair
To the lord of Trony: such sight he well could spare.

Awhile in gloomy sorrow he viewed his master's head;
Then to remorseless Kriemhild thus the warrior said:—
«E'en to thy wish this business thou to an end hast brought,—
To such an end, moreover, as Hagan ever thought.

«Now the brave king Gunther of Burgundy is dead;
Young Giselher and eke Gernot alike with him are sped:
So now, where lies the treasure, none knows save God and me,
And told shall it be never, be sure, she-fiend! to thee.»

Said she, «Ill hast thou quitted a debt so deadly scored:
At least in my possession I'll keep my Siegfried's sword;
My lord and lover bore it, when last I saw him go.
For him woe wrung my bosom, that passed all other woe.»

Forth from the sheath she drew it,—that could not he prevent;
At once to slay the champion was Kriemhild's stern intent.
High with both hands she heaved it, and off his head did smite.
That was seen of King Etzel; he shuddered at the sight.

«Ah!» cried the prince impassioned, «harrow and welaway!
That the hand of a woman the noblest knight should slay
That e'er struck stroke in battle, or ever buckler bore!
Albeit I was his foeman, needs must I sorrow sore.»

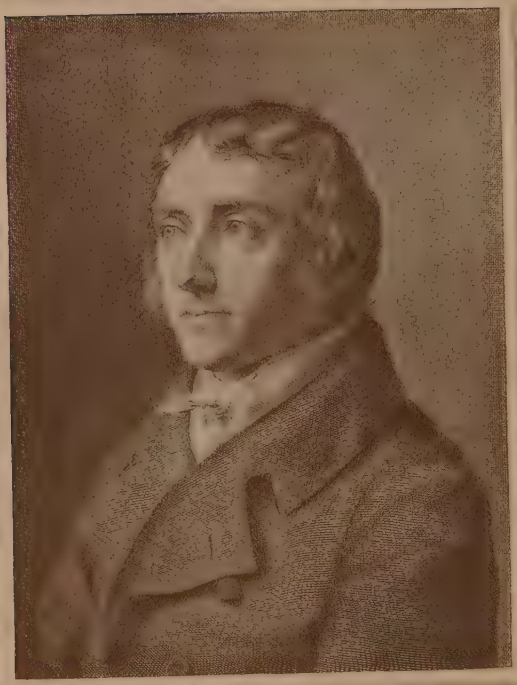
Then said the aged Hildebrand, «Let not her boast of gain,
In that by her contrivance this noble chief was slain;
Though to sore strait he brought me, let ruin on me light,
But I will take full vengeance for Trony's murdered knight.»

Hildebrand the aged fierce on Kriemhild sprung;
To the death he smote her as his sword he swung.
Sudden and remorseless he his wrath did wreak:
What could then avail her her fearful thrilling shriek?

There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.
Sir Dietrich and King Etzel, their tears began to start;
For kinsmen and for vassals each sorrowed in his heart.

The mighty and the noble there lay together dead;
For this had all the people dole and drearihead.
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in woe.
Pain in the steps of Pleasure treads ever here below.

'Tis more than I can tell you what afterwards befell,
Save that there was weeping for friends beloved so well;
Knights and squires, dames and damsels, were seen lamenting all.
So here I end my story. This is THE NIBELUNGERS' FALL.



N. EBJHR.

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR

(1776–1831)

THE history of belles-lettres could very well be written without the inclusion of Niebuhr's name. He has not left any important masterpiece of artistic form, nor appreciably enriched the imagination of mankind. Indeed, we might rather consider ourselves to have been impoverished, on that happier side of life, by the investigator who forbade us to regard Æneas, Romulus, and Numa, or even the Tarquins and the Horatii, as in any sense realities. Yet certainly the development of a wiser historical method, the study of human institutions, the higher education generally, will always owe him a mighty debt. He was, in the truest sense of a word commoner in its Teutonic than in its Anglo-Saxon form, «epochemachend»—epoch-making. Until his time, students had merely read Livy and Dionysius, accepting all save the super-human elements of early Roman story, or merely doubting and caviling over this and that detail. Niebuhr was the first who relegated the whole mass of traditional tales in Livy's first five books to the realm of the imagination, and showed how the historic institutions of later Rome must be studied for the light they, and they alone, could throw upon their own origin in the age previous to authentic record. Even for the ablest application of this critical method we no longer turn to Niebuhr's fragmentary publications, but rather to the more picturesque and vivid pages of his successor, Mommsen. Yet it may well be questioned whether he who uses the tool deserves higher credit than he who forges it; the man in whom the school culminates rather than its founder. Certainly no one could recognize more loyally than Mommsen himself the man whose lectures on Roman history were the most brilliant work done in the newly founded University of Berlin in 1810 and the next following years.

The story of Niebuhr's life is delightfully told, chiefly by himself, in his 'Life and Letters,' edited by the Chevalier Bunsen. It is full of singular contradictions. Though the son of a famous traveler, he complains that he was brought up in seclusion, fed on words instead of knowing things. But indeed a certain querulousness is a constant weakness of this noble nature. He was certainly a prodigy of learning. When he was barely of age his father reckons up twenty languages which the youth had mastered. His memory seems to have

been both accurate and unlimited in its scope. Along with it went a power of combination and brilliant deduction still more unusual.

Though Niebuhr was a Dane, his education was apparently more than half German. His last student-year, 1798–9, was passed at Edinburgh. To his English and Scotch experience he felt that he owed his insight into business affairs. Perhaps in that epoch of upheaval an ambitious young scholar could hardly keep out of political life. Certainly Niebuhr made his first career as a man of affairs. More difficult still to understand is his acceptance of a call from Denmark to Prussia. He arrived just in time to share the disasters of the Napoleonic invasion in 1806. He was perhaps Stein's most trusted assistant in preparing for the revival of Prussia.

Niebuhr was unable to settle down as a university scholar. His hold on political affairs was indeed never wholly relaxed, and six years after the university was opened he bade farewell to Berlin, being sent as Prussian ambassador to the Pope. Returning to Germany in 1823, Niebuhr passed the last years of his life quietly as a professor, student, and author, at Bonn.

His death was felt to be premature. His varied and crowded life up to his fiftieth year had seemed like a long education, and a gathering of materials for the great constructive work which he might have accomplished. No modern scholar, perhaps, has had so firm a grasp on the records and isolated facts of ancient life. None, surely, ever had firmer confidence in his own ability to redraw the great picture of that life in truthful outlines. Yet his name lives chiefly as the creator of a method, and his disciples' books are more indispensable to us than his own. Perhaps this is after all a cheerful epitaph on a great teacher; and all later students of history, of institutions, of antiquity, are in varying degree his pupils. Lanciani, who would revive our faith even in Romulus, owes to Niebuhr little less than Mommsen, who hardly mentions Livy or Livy's heroes in his chapters on early Rome.

Besides the excellent 'Life and Letters' by Bunsen (Harpers, 1852), Niebuhr's works on ancient history are accessible in English, partly in authentic form, partly in very fragmentary shape pieced out from note-books. The most adequate impression will be gained from his 'History of Rome,' Vols. i., ii., iii., as translated by Hare and Thirlwall, London, 1851.

PLAN FOR A COMPLETE HISTORY OF ROME

From the Introduction to the 'History of Rome.' Translation of Hare and Thirlwall

I HAVE undertaken to relate the history of Rome. I shall begin in the night of remote antiquity, where the most laborious researches can scarcely discern a few of the chief members of ancient Italy, by the dim light of late and dubious traditions; and I wish to come down to those times when, all that we have seen spring up and grow old in the long course of centuries being buried in ruins or in the grave, a second night envelops it in almost equal obscurity.

This history in its chief outlines is universally known; and by very many, at least in part, immediately from the classical works of Roman authors, so far as their remains supply us with a representation of several of the most brilliant and memorable periods of republican and imperial Rome. If the whole of these works were extant,—if we possessed a continuous narrative in the histories of Livy and Tacitus, extending, with the exception of the last years of Augustus, from the origin of the city down to Nerva,—it would be presumptuous and idle to engage in relating the same events with those historians: presumptuous, because the beauty of their style must ever lie beyond our reach; and idle, because, over and above the historical instruction conveyed, it would be impossible to have a companion through life better fitted to fashion the mind in youth, and to preserve it in after age from the manifold barbarizing influences of our circumstances and relations, than such a copious history of eight hundred and fifty years written by the Romans for themselves. We should only want to correct the misrepresentations during the earlier ages, and to sever the poetical ingredients from what is historically sure and well grounded; and without presumptuously appearing to vie with the old masters, we might draw a simple sketch of the constitution, and of the changes it underwent at particular times, where Livy leaves us without information, or misleads us. But as those works are only preserved in fragments; as they are silent concerning periods perhaps still more prominent in the importance of their events than those which we see living in their pages; as the histories of those periods by moderns are unsatisfactory, and often full of error,—I have deemed it expedient to promote the knowledge of Roman history

by devoting a course of lectures to it. A doubt might be entertained whether it were better to give a connected narrative, or merely to treat of the portions where we are left without the two historians. I have determined in favor of the former plan, trusting that I shall not lead any of my hearers to fancy he may dispense with studying the classical historians of Rome when he has gained a notion of the events which they portray, and hoping that I may render the study easier and more instructive.

Much of what the Roman historians have set down in the annals of their nation must be left out by a modern from that mass of events wherein their history far surpasses that of every other people. Under this necessity of passing over many things, and of laying down a rule for my curtailments, I shall make no mention of such persons and events as have left their names a dead letter behind them, without any intrinsic greatness or important external results; although a complete knowledge of every particular is indispensable to a scholar, and though many a dry waste locks up sources which sooner or later he may succeed in drawing forth. On the other hand, I shall endeavor to examine the history, especially during the first five centuries, not under the guidance of dim feelings, but of searching criticism. Nor shall I merely deliver the results, which could only give birth to blind opinions, but the researches themselves at full length. I shall strive to lay open the groundworks of the ancient Roman nation and State, which have been built over and masked, and about which the old writers preserved to us are often utterly mistaken; to execute justice in awarding praise and blame, love and hatred, where party spirit has given birth to misrepresentations, and thereby to false judgments, after upward of two thousand years; to represent the spreading of the empire, the growth of the constitution, the state of the administration, of manners, and of civility, according as from time to time we are able to survey them. I shall exhibit the characters of the men who were mighty in their generation for good or for evil, or who at least rose above their fellows. I shall relate the history of the wars with accuracy, wherever they do not offer a mere recurring uniformity; and so far as our information will allow, shall draw a faithful and distinct portrait of the nations that gradually came within the widening sphere of the Roman power. Moreover, I shall consider the state of literature at its principal epochs, taking notice of the lost as well as the extant writers.

EARLY EDUCATION: WORDS AND THINGS

From a Letter to Jacobi, November 21st, 1811, in the 'Life and Letters' by Chevalier Bunsen

I was born with an inward discord, the existence of which I can trace back to my earliest childhood; though it was afterward much aggravated by an education ill adapted to my nature, or rather by a mixture of such an education with no education at all. I did not conceal this from you in former days. Had I to choose my own endowments for another life on earth, I would not wish to possess greater facility in taking up impressions from the external world, in retaining and combining them into new forms within an inward world of imagination, full of the most various and animated movement, nor a memory more accurate or more at command (a faculty inseparable from the former), than nature has granted me. Much advantage might have been derived from these gifts in childhood; perhaps in some pursuits they might have insured me every success; nay, this result would have arisen spontaneously, had I not been subjected to a kind of education which could only have been useful to a mind of precisely the opposite description.

Our great seclusion from the world, in a quiet little provincial town, the prohibition from our earliest years to pass beyond the house and garden, accustomed me to gather the materials for the insatiable requirements of my childish fancy, not from life and nature, but from books, engravings, and conversation. Thus, my imagination laid no hold on the realities around me, but absorbed into her dominions all that I read,—and I read without limit and without aim,—while the actual world was impenetrable to my gaze; so that I became almost incapable of apprehending anything which had not already been apprehended by another—of forming a mental picture of anything which had not before been shaped into a distinct conception by another. It is true that in this second-hand world I was very learned, and could even, at a very early age, pronounce opinions like a grown-up person; but the truth in me and around me was veiled from my eyes—the genuine truth of objective reason. Even when I grew older, and studied antiquity with intense interest, the chief use I made of my knowledge for a long time was to give fresh variety and brilliancy to my world of dreams. From the delicacy of my health, and my mother's anxiety about it, I was so

much confined to the house that I was like a caged bird, and lost all natural spirit and liveliness, and the true life of childhood, the observations and ideas of which must form the basis of those peculiar to a more developed age, just as the early use of the body is the basis of its after training. No one ever thought of asking what I was doing, and how I did it; and it was not until my thirteenth year that I received any regular instruction. My friends were satisfied with seeing that I was diligently employed, and that though I had at first no teaching, I was equal to boys of my age in things for which they had had regular masters, and soon surpassed them when I had the same advantages; while moreover I was as well acquainted with a thousand matters to be learned from books as a grown-up man. Yet after a time I began to grow uneasy. I became aware that notwithstanding my empire in the air, my life in the actual world was poor and powerless; that the perception of realities alone possesses truth and worth; that on it are founded all imaginative productions which have any value at all; and that there is nothing truly worthy of respect but that depth of mind which makes a man master of truth in its first principle. As soon as I had to enter on the sciences, properly so called, I found myself in a difficulty; and unfortunately I took once more the easiest path, and left on one side whatever cost me some trouble to acquire. I was often on the verge of a mental revolution, but it never actually took place; now and then, indeed, I planted my foot on the firm ground, and when that happened I made some progress.

When I first became acquainted with you, I was happy, and I was perhaps on the way to do what is more difficult than to gain knowledge without help from others,—to restore what was distorted in me to its right place. But at a later period, when I left my quiet and healthful position for a superficial world, which held me with a strong grasp and confused and deadened my mind, where I was dragged along a path which I had no wish to tread, and which led me further and further from that for which I hopelessly longed; where I was forced to endure applause and praise, at a time when my want of knowledge on essential points, and the superfluous matter with which I had loaded my memory on others, my unsettled, disconnected ideas without true basis, my undisciplined powers without adequately firm habits of work, particularly of self-improvement, rendered me a horror to myself,—I was as unhappy as you saw me to be.

However, my eyes were opened to much that had hitherto escaped me, and I was to some degree forced into the actual external world, by my travels beyond the sea and my residence among a nation distinguished by sober thought and resolute activity; where I was obliged to occupy myself with the objects of practical life, and saw this life ennobled by the perfection to which it was carried, and the invariable adaptation of the means to the end. I then starved out the imaginative side of my nature, and placed myself, as it were, under a course of mental diet, according to which I lived for a long time in absolute dependence on the actual world around me. But this did not bring me into the right path of my true inward activity and development. I felt that I was now, on the other hand, poorer than ever as regarded what had always possessed the strongest attraction for me, though I seemed to be excluded from it by an insurmountable barrier. For years I was immersed, as far as my occupations were concerned, in the most prosaic workaday life, with the pain and torment of feeling that I grew more used to it every day; of feeling that I was shut out of Paradise, but that the bread I gained by tilling the earth in the sweat of my brow was not at all distasteful to me,—nay, that perhaps if Paradise were reopened to me, I should feel some longing for the spade.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE IMAGINATION

From an Undated Letter in the 'Life and Letters' by Chevalier Bunsen

I ENVY you the recollections of your Italian journey. It is a hard thought to me, that I shall never see the land that was the theatre of deeds with which I may perhaps claim a closer acquaintance than any of my contemporaries. I have studied the Roman history with all the effort of which my mind has been capable in its happiest moments, and believe that I may assume that acquaintance without vanity. This history will also, if I write, form the subject of most of my works. . . .

The sight of the works of art, particularly the paintings, would have delighted me as it did you. Statues have little effect upon me; my sight is too weak, and cannot be strengthened by glasses for a surface of one color, as it can for pictures. Then too a picture, when I have once seen it, becomes my property;

I never lose it out of my imagination. Music is in general positively disagreeable to me, because I cannot unite it in one point, and everything fragmentary oppresses my mind. Hence also I am no mathematician, but a historian; for from the single features preserved I can form a complete picture, and know where groups are wanting, and how to supply them. I think this is the case with you also; and I wish you would, like me, apply your reflections on past events to fix the images on the canvas, and then employ your imagination, working only with true historical tints, to give them coloring. Take ancient history as your subject: it is an inexhaustible one, and no one would believe how much that appears to be lost, might be restored with the clearest evidence. Modern history *ne vaut pas le diable* [is utterly worthless]. Above all, read Livy again and again. I prefer him infinitely to Tacitus, and am glad to find that Voss is of the same opinion. There is no other author who exercises such a gentle despotism over the eyes and ears of his readers, as Livy among the Romans and Thucydides among the Greeks. Quinctilian calls Livy's fullness "sweet as milk," and his eloquence "indescribable"; in my judgment, too, it equals and often even surpasses that of Cicero. The latter . . . possessed infinite acuteness, intellect, wit; . . . but he attempted a richness of style for which he lacked that heavenly repose of the intellect, which Livy like Homer must have possessed, and among the moderns, Fénelon and Garve in no common degree. Very different was Demosthenes, who was always concise like Thucydides. And to rise to conciseness and vigor of style is the highest that we moderns can well attain; for we cannot write from our whole soul: and hence we cannot expect another perfect epic poem. The quicker beats the life-pulse of the world, the more each one is compelled to move in epicycles, the less can calm, mighty repose of the spirit be ours. I am writing to you as if I were actually living in this better world; and nothing is further from the truth.

NOTE.— For fuller treatment of these topics we refer the reader to Niebuhr's letters, and especially to the epistle to a young philologist, 'Life and Letters,' pages 423–430.

NIZĀMĪ

(1141–1203)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

NIZĀMĪ's name as a Persian poet is one that is not so well known in the Occident as the name of Firdausī, Hāfiz, or Sa'dī; but Nizāmī is one of the foremost classic writers of Persian literature, and there is authority for regarding his genius as second only to Firdausī in the romantic epic style. He was a native of western Persia, and was born in the year 1141. He is generally spoken of as Nizāmī of Ganjah, and that seems to have been his home during most of his life, and he died there in his sixty-third year (A. D. 1203). Nizāmī was brought up in an atmosphere of religious asceticism, but his life was brightened by the illumination which came with the divine poetic gift; his talents won him court favor, but his choice was retirement and quiet meditation, and there was a certain halo of sanctity about his person.

It is interesting to the literary student to think of this epic romanticist as writing in Persia at a time when the strain of the romantic epopee was just beginning to be heard among the minstrels of Provence and Normandy, and the music of its notes was awakening English ears. And yet Nizāmī's first poetic production, the 'Makhzan-al-asrār,' or 'Storehouse of Mysteries,' was rather a work of religious didacticism than of romance, and its title shows the Sūfī tinge of mystic speculation. Nizāmī's heart and true poetic bent, however, became evident shortly afterwards in the charming story in verse of the romantic love of 'Khusrau and Shīrīn,' which is one of the most imaginative tales in literature, and it established Nizāmī's claim to renown at the age of forty. The subject is the old Sassanian tradition of King Khusrau's love for the fair Armenian princess Shīrīn, who is alike beloved by the gifted young sculptor Farhād; the latter accomplishes an almost superhuman feat of chiseling through mountains at the royal bidding, in hopes of winning the fair one's hand, but meets his death in fulfilling the task imposed by his kingly rival. In Nizāmī's second romantic poem, 'Lailā and Majnūn,' we grieve at the sorrows of two lovers whose devotion stands in the Orient for the love of Eloisa and Abelard, Petrarch and Laura, Isabella and Lorenzo; while likenesses to Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' have been

suggested. The tragic fate of Lailā and Majnūn, the children of two rival Bedouin tribes, is a love tale of pre-Islamic times; for Nizāmī's subjects were never chosen from truly orthodox Mohammedan themes. His 'Seven Portraits' (Haft Paikar) is a series of romantic love stories of the seven favorite wives of King Bahrām Gōr, and leads back again to Sassanian days. The 'Iskandar Nāmah,' or 'Alexander Book,' is a combination of romantic fiction and of philosophy in epic style, which makes the work one of special interest in connection with the romances which form a cycle, in various literatures, about the name of Alexander the Great. The five works above mentioned are gathered into a collection known as the 'Five Treasures' (Panj Ganj), and in addition to these Nizāmī also produced a 'Dīvān,' or collection of short poems; so that his literary fertility is seen to be considerable.

The selections which are here presented are drawn from Atkinson's 'Lailā and Majnūn,' London, 1836, and from S. Robinson's 'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (privately printed, Glasgow, 1883). Those who are interested will find further bibliographical references in Ethé's contribution in Geiger's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' Vol. ii., page 243.

A. V. Williams Jackson

FROM NIZĀMĪ'S 'LAILĀ AND MAJNŪN'

[Lailā and Majnūn are children of rival tribes.]

SHAIKHS of each tribe have children there, and each
Studies whate'er the bearded sage can teach.
Thence his attainments Kais [Majnūn] assiduous drew,
And scattered pearls from lips of ruby hue:
And there, of different tribe and gentle mien,
A lovely maid of tender years was seen;
Her mental powers an early bloom displayed;
Her peaceful form in simple garb arrayed;
Bright as the morn her cypress shape, and eyes
Dark as the stag's, were viewed with fond surprise:
And when her cheek this Arab moon revealed,
A thousand hearts were won; no pride, no shield,
Could check her beauty's power, resistless grown,
Given to enthrall and charm — but chiefly one.

Her richly flowing locks were black as night,
And Lailā she was called—that heart's delight:
One single glance the nerves to frenzy wrought,
One single glance bewildered every thought;
And when o'er Kais [Majnūn] affection's blushing rose
Diffused its sweetness, from him fled repose:
Tumultuous passion danced upon his brow;
He sought to woo her, but he knew not how.
He gazed upon her cheek, and as he gazed,
Love's flaming taper more intensely blazed.

Soon mutual pleasure warmed each other's heart;
Love conquered both—they never dreamt to part:
And while the rest were poring o'er their books,
They pensive mused, and read each other's looks;
While other schoolmates for distinction strove,
And thought of fame, they only thought of love;
While others various climes in books explored,
Both idly sat—adorer and adored.
Science for them had now no charms to boast;
Learning for them had all its virtues lost;
Their only taste was love, and love's sweet ties,
And writing ghazels to each other's eyes.

Yes, love triumphant came, engrossing all
The fond luxuriant thoughts of youth and maid;
And whilst subdued in that delicious thrall,
Smiles and bright tears upon their features played.
Then in soft converse did they pass the hours,
Their passion, like the season, fresh and fair;
Their opening path seemed decked with balmiest flowers,
Their melting words as soft as summer air.
Immersed in love so deep,
They hoped suspicion would be lulled asleep,
And none be conscious of their amorous state;
They hoped that none with prying eye,
And gossip tongue invidiously,
Might to the busy world its truth relate.
And thus possessed, they anxious thought
Their passion would be kept unknown;
Wishing to seem what they were not,
Though all observed their hearts were one.

[The lovers are separated.]

Lailā had, with her kindred, been removed
Among the Nijid mountains, where
She cherished still the thoughts of him she loved,
And her affection thus more deeply proved
Amid that wild retreat. Kais [Majnūn] sought her there;
Sought her in rosy bower and silent glade,
Where the tall palm-trees flung refreshing shade.
He called upon her name again;
Again he called,—alas! in vain;
His voice unheard, though raised on every side;
Echo alone to his lament replied;
And Lailā! Lailā! rang around,
As if enamored of that magic sound.
Dejected and forlorn, fast falling dew
Glistened upon his cheeks of pallid hue;
Through grove and frowning glen he lonely strayed,
And with his griefs the rocks were vocal made.
Beautiful Lailā! had she gone for ever?
Could he that thought support? oh, never, never!
Whilst deep emotion agonized his breast.

[Still Lailā thinks only of her beloved Majnūn.]

The gloomy veil of night withdrawn,
How sweetly looks the silvery dawn;
Rich blossoms laugh on every tree,
Like men of fortunate destiny,
Or the shining face of revelry.
The crimson tulip and golden rose
Their sweets to all the world disclose.
I mark the glittering pearly wave
The fountain's banks of emerald lave;
The birds in every arbor sing,
And the very raven hails the spring;
The partridge and the ring-dove raise
Their joyous notes of songs of praise;
But bulbuls, through the mountain-vale,
Like Majnūn, chant a mournful tale.

The season of the rose has led
Lailā to her favorite bower;
Her cheeks the softest vermil-red,
Her eyes the modest sumbul flower.

She has left her father's painted hall,
  She has left the terrace where she kept
Her secret watch till evening fall,
  And where she oft till midnight wept.

A golden fillet sparkling round
Her brow, her raven tresses bound;
And as she o'er the greensward tripped,
A train of damsels ruby-lipped,
Blooming like flowers of Samarkand,
Obedient bowed to her command.
She glittered like a moon among
The beauties of the starry throng,
With lovely forms as Houris bright,
Or Peris glancing in the light;
And now they reach an emerald spot,
Beside a cool sequestered grot,
And soft recline beneath the shade,
By a delicious rose-bower made:
There, in soft converse, sport, and play,
The hours unnoted glide away;
But Lailā to the bulbul tells
What secret grief her bosom swells,
And fancies, through the rustling leaves,
She from the garden-breeze receives
The breathings of her own true love,
Fond as the cooings of the dove.

. . . . .

«O faithful friend, and lover true,
Still distant from thy Lailā's view;
Still absent, still beyond her power
To bring thee to her fragrant bower:
O noble youth, still thou art mine,
And Lailā, Lailā, still is thine!»

[Majnūn, frenzied and distracted, vainly seeks his Lailā, whom her father has betrothed against her will to a man she can but hate. The unhappy girl is long imprisoned in a closely guarded tower, until unexpectedly one night the word is brought of the death of her enforced and loathed husband. The situation is depicted in an Oriental manner.]

How beautifully blue
  The firmament! how bright
The moon is sailing through
  The vast expanse to-night!

And at this lovely hour,
The lonely Lailā weeps
Within her prison tower,
And her sad record keeps.

How many days, how many years,
Her sorrows she has borne!
A lingering age of sighs and tears,—
A night that has no morn;
Yet in that guarded tower she lays her head,
Shut like a gem within its stony bed.
And who the warder of that place of sighs?
Her husband! he the dragon-watch supplies.

What words are those which meet her anxious ear?
Unusual sounds, unusual sights appear;
Lamps flickering round, and wailings sad and low,
Seem to proclaim some sudden burst of woe.
Beneath her casements rings a wild lament;
Death-notes disturb the night; the air is rent
With clamorous voices; every hope is fled:
He breathes no longer — Ibn Salim is dead!
The fever's rage had nipped him in his bloom;
He sank unloved, unpitied, to the tomb.
And Lailā marks the moon: a cloud
Had stained its lucid face;
The mournful token of a shroud,
End of the humble and the proud,
The grave their resting-place.
And now to her the tale is told,
Her husband's hand and heart are cold.
And must she mourn the death of one
Whom she had loathed to look upon?
In customary garb arrayed,
Disheveled tresses, streaming eyes,
The heart remaining in disguise,—
She seemed, distraction in her mien,
To feel her loss, if loss had been;
But all the burning tears she shed
Were for her own Majnūn, and not the dead!

[In after life the two lovers meet but for a moment of enchanting rapture, and an instant for interchanging mutual vows of devotion; when the woe-worn Majnūn and the unhappy Lailā are separated forever, to be united only in death. Legend tells us how Lailā's faithful page beheld a glorious vision of the beatified lovers joined in Paradise.]

The minstrel's legend chronicle
Which on their woes delights to dwell,
Their matchless purity and faith,
And how their dust was mixed in death,
Tells how the sorrow-stricken Zeyd
Saw, in a dream, the beauteous bride,
With Majnūn seated side by side.
In meditation deep one night,
The other world flushed on his sight
With endless vistas of delight—
The world of spirits; as he lay,
Angels appeared in bright array,
Circles of glory round them gleaming,
Their eyes with holy rapture beaming;
He saw the ever verdant bowers,
With golden fruit and blooming flowers;
The bulbul heard, their sweets among,
Warbling his rich mellifluous song;
The ring-dove's murmuring, and the swell
Of melody from harp and shell;
He saw within a rosy glade,
Beneath a palm's extensive shade,
A throne, amazing to behold,
Studded with glittering gems and gold;
Celestial carpets near it spread
Close where a lucid streamlet strayed:
Upon that throne, in blissful state,
The long-divided lovers sate,
Resplendent with seraphic light;
They held a cup, with diamonds bright;
Their lips by turns, with nectar wet,
In pure ambrosial kisses met;
Sometimes to each their thoughts revealing,
Each clasping each with tenderest feeling.

The dreamer who this vision saw
Demanded, with becoming awe,
What sacred names the happy pair
In Irem-bowers were wont to bear.
A voice replied:—"That sparkling moon
Is Lailā still—her friend, Majnūn;
Deprived in your frail world of bliss,
They reap their great reward in this!"

Translation of James Atkinson.

CHARLES NODIER

(1780–1844)

DURING the French Revolution, the Society of the Friends of the Constitution, an offshoot of the Paris Jacobins, sprang up at Besançon. M. Nodier, ex-mayor, and during the Terror a sad but inexorable public accuser, was one of its leaders. His son Charles, who was born at Besançon, April 28th, 1780, used to accompany his father to the meetings of the society, of which he became a member; and when he was twelve years old made his seniors an eloquent address full of republican principles. These he always retained, whether grumbling wittily at king, consul, or emperor, as was his way. His studies of political events in the 'Souvenirs' are more entertaining than reliable. He was not an active politician; but his youthful expression of opinion, by embroiling him with the authorities, influenced his whole career.

CHARLES NODIER

About 1802 a satiric ode, 'Napoléone,' prompted by the proscription of the consulate, attracted attention. To rescue others from suspicion, Nodier boldly admitted its authorship. What followed is difficult to determine, as he and his friends bewail his sufferings, and others pronounce them a fabrication. He spent several years in exile, wandering through the Vosges mountains. During this time he made the friendship of Benjamin Constant, and also saw much of Madame de Staël, who may have inspired his love of German literature. German mysticism appealed strongly to his fanciful spirit, as did the rich folklore of Germany. Imaginative, a lover of nature, his early works — 'Les Meditations du Cloître,' 'Le Peintre de Salzburg,' 'Le Solitaire des Vosges,' 'Stella, ou les Proscrits' — express a quite Byronic self-indulgence in woe, with a tinge of Rousseau-like sentimentality.

His 'Dictionnaire des Onomatopées Françaises' (1808) was an ingenious effort to establish the origin of languages from imitation of natural sounds. This many-sided Charles Nodier was perhaps primarily a scientist. He looked at life with microscopic eyes, and loved minute investigation. As a boy in his native town, his much older

friend Chantras had aroused his interest in natural history; and his first work was a 'Dissertation upon the Functions of Antennæ in Insects.' He is said to have discovered the organ of hearing in insects. Now, just the fascination he found in a butterfly's wing or a beetle's nippers, he found too in the study of language. To find and fit the exact word gave him exquisite pleasure. Of all things he detested easy banality; and whatever he wrote had a piquant novelty of phrase which never seemed forced. This sweet-natured lover of fairies was familiar with the classics and foreign literature, erudite in the structure and usage of his mother tongue. In the mastery of words, which makes his style as «flexible as water,» he is a classicist. «Boileau would have admired him,» says a critic; and in his respect for form he belongs to the old régime. But he was modern too. His sympathies were not only for world-wide, world-old experience. His fancy wandered off into side tracks; and sought the bizarre, the exceptional, the mysterious. He admitted the personal element in art; wanted to express himself, Charles Nodier; and thus is a forerunner of romanticism. It is a pity that his successors forgot his lesson of moderation in inartistic excesses; for literary instinct kept his own venturesome spontaneity always within the domain of good taste.

The slender white-browed man with his piercing eyes, his childlike enthusiasms, worked his way gradually to fame. In 1823 he was appointed librarian at the library of the Arsénal in Paris; where for more than twenty years, until his death in 1844, his salon was «a little Tuileries for young writers and the new school.» Here Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas *fils*, De Musset, De Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, and many another young man with fame before him, listened respectfully to the Academician, the critic and teller of tales. Sainte-Beuve describes his lovable presence, his fascinating converse in which witty irony was so veiled with tact as never to wound. One day a young friend brought him a manuscript in which he had consciously tried to imitate the master's style. «My dear boy,» said Nodier, «what you have brought me cannot be very good, for at first I thought it must be mine.»

Nodier was a poet. He loved what he calls «the Muse of the Ideal, the elegant sumptuous daughter of Asia, who long ago took refuge under the fogs of Great Britain.» His small volume of lyric verse, published in 1827, has a melody and suggestive freakish grace which make one wish it larger.

His stories are his best-known work, and in fiction his gifts are many. There is a lofty sentiment in his more introspective sketches which suggests Lamartine. In some moods he delights in elfland dream goblins, kindly fays — as in 'Trilby, le Lutin d'Argaile,' 'La

Fée aux Miettes,' 'Trésor des Fèves et Fleur des Pois,' 'Les Quatre Talismans.' Sometimes he is akin to Hoffmann in his expression of psychologic mystery, in his eery enchantment. Of this, 'Smana, or the Demons of Night' is a good example. He is a mocker too; and in stories like 'Les Marionettes,' 'The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles,' he satirizes with sparkling irony both himself and the world.

THE GOLDEN DREAM

The Kardouon

As all the world knows, the Kardouon is the prettiest, the cleverest, and the most courteous of lizards. The Kardouon dresses in gold like a great lord, but he is shy and modest; and from his solitary secluded life people think him a scholar. The Kardouon has never done ill to any one, and every one loves the Kardouon. The young girls are proud when, as they pass, he gazes upon them with love and joy, erecting his neck of iridescent blue and ruby between the fissures of an old wall, or sparkling in the sunshine with countless reflections from the marvelous tissue in which he is clad.

They say to each other: "It was I, not you, whom he looked at to-day. He thought me the prettiest, and I'll be his love."

The Kardouon thinks nothing of the kind. He is looking about for good roots to feast his comrades, and to enjoy with them at his leisure on a sparkling stone in the full noontide heat.

One day the Kardouon found in the desert a treasure composed of bright new coins, so pretty and polished that they seemed to have just bounded out with a groan from under the measure. A fugitive king had left them there so that he could go faster.

"Goodness of God!" said the Kardouon. "Here, if I'm not much mistaken, is a precious provision just right for the winter. It's nothing less than slices of that fresh sugary carrot which always revives my spirits when solitude wearies me, and the most appetizing I ever have seen."

And the Kardouon glided toward the treasure—not directly, for that is not his way, but winding about prudently; now with head raised, nose in the air, his whole body in a straight line, his tail vertical like a stake; then pausing undecided, inclining first one eye then the other toward the ground, to listen with

each of his fine Kardouon's ears; then lifting his gaze, examining right and left, listening to everything, seeing everything, gradually reassuring himself; darting forward like a brave Kardouon; then drawing back, palpitating with terror, like a poor Kardouon far from his hole, who feels himself pursued; and then happy and proud, arching his back, rounding his shoulders, rolling the folds of his rich caparison, lifting the gilded scales of his coat of mail, growing green, undulating, flying forward, flinging to the winds the dust under his feet, and lashing it with his tail. Unquestionably he was the handsomest of Kardouons.

When he had reached the treasure, he pierced it with his glance, grew rigid as a piece of wood, drew himself up on his two front feet and fell upon the first piece of gold which met his teeth.

He broke one of them.

The Kardouon dashed ten feet backward, returned more thoughtfully, and bit more modestly.

"They're abominably dry," he said. "Oh! when Kardouons collect such a store of sliced carrots for their posterity, they make a great mistake not to put them in a damp spot where they would retain their nourishing quality! It must be admitted," he added to himself, "that the Kardouon species is not very advanced. As for me, thank heaven, I dined the other day, and don't need whatever wretched meal I can find, like a common Kardouon. I'll carry this provender under the great tree of the desert, among the grasses moist with the dew of heaven and the freshness of springs. I will sleep beside it on the soft fine sand, which the earliest dawn will warm; and when a clumsy bee, dizzy from the blossom where she has spent the night, buzzing about like a mad thing, awakens me with her humming, I will begin the most regal repast ever made by a Kardouon."

The Kardouon I am describing was a Kardouon of execution. What he said he did, which is much. By evening the whole treasure, transported piece by piece, was getting uselessly refreshed on a fine carpet of long silky moss, which bent beneath its weight. Overhead an enormous tree stretched boughs luxuriant with leaves and flowers, and seemed to invite passers-by to enjoy a pleasant slumber in its shade.

And the tired Kardouon went peacefully to sleep, dreaming of fresh roots.

This is the Kardouon's story.

Xailoun

The next day Xailoun, the poor wood-cutter, came to this same spot, enticed by the melodious gurgle of running water, and by the fresh and laughing rustle of the leaves. He was still far from the forest, and as usual in no hurry to reach it, and this restful place flattered his natural indolence.

As few knew Xailoun during his lifetime, I will say that he was one of the disgraced children of nature, who seem born merely to exist. As he was dull in mind and deformed in body — although a good simple creature incapable of doing, of thinking, or even of understanding, evil — his family had always looked upon him as a subject of sadness and vexation. Constant humiliations had early inspired Xailoun with a taste for solitude; and this, and the fact that other professions were forbidden by his weakness of mind, were the reasons why he had been made a wood-cutter. In the town he was known only as silly Xailoun. Indeed, the children followed him through the streets with mischievous laughter, calling: "Room, room, for honest Xailoun. Xailoun, the best-natured wood-cutter who ever held hatchet! Behold him on his way to the glades of the wood to talk science with his cousin the Kardouon. Ah! noble Xailoun!"

And his brothers, blushing in proud shame, retreated as he passed.

But Xailoun did not seem to notice them, and he laughed with the children.

Now it is not natural for any man to judge ill of his own intelligence; and Xailoun used to think that the chief cause of this daily disdain and derision was the poverty of his clothes. He had decided that the Kardouon, who in the sunlight is the most beautiful of all the dwellers of earth, was the most favored of all God's creatures; and he secretly promised himself, if he should ever attain his intimate friendship, to deck himself in some cast-off bit of the Kardouon's costume, and stroll proudly about the country to fascinate the eyes of the good folk.

"Moreover," he added, when he had reflected as much as his Xailoun's judgment permitted, "the Kardouon is my cousin, they say; and I feel it is true, from the sympathy which attracts me toward this honorable personage. Since my brothers disdain me, the Kardouon is my nearest of kin; and I want to live with him if he welcomes me, even if I am good for nothing more than to

spread a bed of dried leaves for him every night, and to tuck him in while he sleeps, and to warm his room with a bright and cheerful fire when the weather is bad. The Kardouon may grow old before I do; for he was nimble and beautiful when I was still very young, and when my mother used to point and say, 'See, there is the Kardouon.' I know, thank God, how to render little services to an invalid, and how to divert him with pleasant trifles. It's too bad he's so haughty!"

In truth, the Kardouon did not usually respond cordially to Xailoun's advances, but vanished in the sand like a flash at his approach; and did not pause until safe behind a stone or hillock, to turn on him sidewise two sparkling eyes, which might have made carbuncles envious.

Then clasping his hands, Xailoun would say respectfully, "Alas, cousin! why do you run away from your friend and comrade? I ask only to follow and to serve you instead of my brothers, for whom I would willingly die, but who are less kind and charming than you. If you chance to need a good servant, do not repel, as they do, your faithful Xailoun."

But the Kardouon always went away; and Xailoun returned to his mother, weeping because his cousin the Kardouon would not speak to him.

This day his mother had driven him off, pushing him by the shoulders and striking him in her anger.

"Clear out, good-for-nothing!" she said to him. "Go back to your cousin the Kardouon, for you don't deserve any other kin."

As usual, Xailoun had obeyed; and he was looking for his cousin the Kardouon.

"Oh! oh!" he said, as he reached the tree with the great green boughs, "here's something new. My cousin the Kardouon has gone to sleep in the shade here, where the streams meet. When he wakes, will be a good chance to talk business. But what the deuce is he guarding, and what does he mean to do with all those funny bits of yellow lead? Brighten up his clothes, perhaps. He may be thinking of marriage. Faith, the Kardouon shops have their cheats too; for that metal looks coarse, and one bit of my cousin's old coat is a thousand times better. However, I'll see what he says if he's more talkative than usual: for I can rest here; and as I'm a light sleeper, I am sure to wake as soon as he does."

Just as Xailoun was lying down, he had an idea.

"It's a cool night," he said, "and my cousin the Kardouon is not used like me to sleeping along springs and in forests. The morning air is not healthy."

Xailoun took off his coat and spread it lightly over the Kardouon, careful not to wake him. The Kardouon did not wake.

Then Xailoun slept profoundly, dreaming of friendship with the Kardouon.

This is Xailoun's story.

The Fakir Abhoc

The next day there came to this same spot the fakir Abhoc, who had feigned to start on a pilgrimage, but who was really hunting some windfall.

As he approached to rest at the spring he caught sight of the treasure, embraced it in a glance, and quickly reckoned its value on his fingers.

"Unlooked-for luck!" he cried, "which the merciful omnipotent Lord at last vouchsafes my society, after so many years of trial; and which, to render its conquest the easier, he has deigned to place under the simple guard of an innocent lizard and of a poor imbecile boy!"

I must tell you that the fakir Abhoc knew both Xailoun and the Kardouon perfectly by sight.

"Heaven be praised in all things," he added, sitting down a few steps away. "Good-by to the fakir's robe, to the long fasts, to the hard mortifying of the flesh. I mean to change my country and manner of life; and in the first kingdom that takes my fancy, I'll buy some good province, which will yield a fat revenue. Once established in my palace, I will give myself up to enjoyment, among flowers and perfumes, in the midst of pretty slaves, who will rock my spirits gently with their melodious music, while I toss off exquisite wines from the largest of my golden cups. I am growing old, and good wine gladdens the heart of age. But this treasure is heavy, and it would ill become a great territorial lord like myself, with a multitude of servants and countless militia, to turn porter, even if no one saw me. A prince must respect himself if he would win the respect of his people. Besides, this peasant seems to have been sent here expressly to serve me. He is strong as an ox, and

can easily carry my gold to the next village; and once there, I will give him my monkish suit and some common money, such as poor people use."

After this fine soliloquy, the fakir Abhoc, sure that his treasure was in no danger from either the Kardouon or poor Xailoun, who knew its value as little, yielded willingly to sleep, dreaming proudly of his harem, peopled with the rarest beauties of the Orient, and of his Schiraz wine, foaming in golden cups.

This is the fakir Abhoc's story.

Doctor Abhac

The next day there came to the same place, Dr. Abhac, a man versed in all law, who had lost his way while meditating an ambiguous text of which the jurists had already given one hundred and thirty-two different interpretations. He was about to seize the one hundred and thirty-third when the sight of the treasure made him forget it entirely, and transported his thought to the ticklish subject of invention, property, and treasure. It was blotted from his memory so completely that he would not have found it again in a hundred years. It is a great loss.

"It appears," said Dr. Abhac, "as though the Kardouon had discovered the treasure, and I'll guaranty that he will not plead his right of priority to claim his legal portion of the division. Therefore the said Kardouon is excluded from the consideration. As for the treasure and its ownership, I maintain that this is a waste spot, common property of all and any, over which neither State nor individual has rights. A fortunate feature of the actual facts is this junction of running waters, marking, if I am not mistaken, the disputed boundary between two warlike peoples; and long and bloody wars being likely to arise from the possible conflict of two jurisdictions. Therefore I would accomplish an innocent, legitimate, even provident act, if I were to carry the treasure elsewhere, or take what I can. As for these two adventurers, of whom one seems a poor woodcutter and the other a wretched fakir, folks of neither name nor weight, they have probably come here to sleep in order to make an amiable division to-morrow; since they are unacquainted with both text and commentary, and probably esteem themselves equal in force. But they cannot extricate themselves without a lawsuit, upon that I'll stake my reputation. But as I am growing sleepy from the

great perturbation of mind resulting from this business, I will take formal possession by putting some of these pieces in my turban in order to prove publicly and decisively in court, if the case is there evoked, the priority of my claims; since he who possesses the thing by desire of ownership, tradition of ownership, and first possession, is presumably owner, according to the law."

And Dr. Abhac fortified his turban with so many pieces of proof that he spent a good part of the day, poor man, dragging it to the spot where the shadow of the protecting boughs was dying in the low rays of sun. Again and again he returned to add new witnesses, until he finally decided to fill his turban and risk sleeping bareheaded in the evening dew.

"I need not be anxious about waking," he said, leaning his freshly shaven crown on the stuffed turban, which served as a pillow. "These people will begin to dispute by dawn, and will be glad enough to find a lawyer at hand, so I will be assured of my part and parcel."

After which Dr. Abhac slumbered magisterially, dreaming of gold and of legal procedures.

This is the story of Dr. Abhac.

The King of the Sands

The next day toward sunset there came to the same spot a famous bandit, whose name history has not preserved; but who was the terror of the caravans throughout the country, and who, from the heavy tributes he exacted, was called the King of the Sands. He had never before come so far into the desert, for this route was little frequented by travelers; and the sight of the spring and the shady boughs so rejoiced his heart, not often awake to the beauties of nature, that he decided to stop for a moment.

"Not a bad idea of mine," he murmured between his teeth when he saw the treasure. "The Kardouon, following the immemorial custom of lizards and dragons, is guarding this heap of gold with which he has no concern, and these three poor parasites have come here together to divide it. If I try to take charge of this booty while they are asleep I shall surely awaken the Kardouon, who is always on the alert, and he will arouse these scamps, and I'll have to deal with the lizard, the woodcutter, the fakir, and the lawyer, who all want the prize, and are able to

fight for it. Prudence admonishes me to feign sleep beside them until the shadows have fallen; and later, I'll profit by the darkness to kill them one after another with a good blow of my dagger. This is such a lonely spot that to-morrow I can easily carry off all this wealth; and I'll not hurry away until I have breakfasted off this Kardouon, whose flesh, my father used to say, is very delicate."

And he went to sleep in his turn, dreaming of pillage, assassinations, and broiled Kardouons.

This is the story of the King of the Sands, who was a robber, and so named to distinguish him from the others.

The Sage Lockman

The next day there came to the same spot Lockman the Sage, poet and philosopher; Lockman, lover of men, preceptor of peoples, and counselor of kings; Lockman, who often sought remotest solitudes to meditate upon God and nature.

And Lockman walked slowly, enfeebled by age; for that day he had reached the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Lockman paused at the spectacle under the tree of the desert, and reflected a moment.

"The picture offered my eyes by Divine bounty," at last he exclaimed, "contains ineffable instruction, O sublime Creator of all things; and as I contemplate, my soul is overwhelmed with admiration for the lessons resulting from your works, and with compassion for the senseless beings who ignore you.

"Here is a treasure, as men say, which may often have given its owner repose of mind and soul.

"Here is the Kardouon, who has found these gold pieces, and guided only by the feeble instinct you have given him, has mistaken them for slices of sun-dried roots.

"Here is poor Xailoun, whose eyes were dazzled by the Kardouon's splendor, because his mind could not reach you through the shadows which envelop him like an infant's swaddling-clothes, and fails to adore in this glorious apparel the omnipotent hand which thus clad the humblest of creatures.

"Here is the fakir Abhoc, who has trusted in the natural timidity of the Kardouon and the imbecility of Xailoun, in order to possess himself of all this wealth, and to render his old age opulent.

« Here is Dr. Abhac, who has reckoned on the debate sure to arise upon the division of these deceitful vanities, that he may institute himself mediator and decree himself a double share.

« Here is the King of the Sands, the last comer, revolving fatal ideas and projects of death, in the usual manner of those deplorable men abandoned to earthly passion. Perhaps he promised himself to murder the others during the night, as seems likely from the violence with which his hand grasps his dagger.

«And all five are sleeping forever under the deadly shade of the Upas, whose fatal seeds have been hurled here by some angry gust from the depths of Javan forests.»

When he had spoken thus, Lockman bowed down, and worshiped God.

And when he had risen, he passed his hand through his beard and went on: —

« The respect due the dead forbids us to leave their bodies a prey to wild beasts. The living judge the living, but the dead belong to God.»

And he loosened the pruning-knife from Xailoun's belt, with which to dig three graves.

In the first grave he placed the fakir Abhoc.

In the second grave he placed Doctor Abhac.

In the third grave he buried the King of the Sands.

«As for thee, Xailoun,» he soliloquized, « I will bear thee beyond the deadly influence of the tree poison, so that thy friends, if there be any on earth since the Kardouon's death, can weep without danger at the spot of thy repose. And I will do this also, my brother, because thou didst spread thy mantle over the sleeping Kardouon to preserve him from cold.»

Then Lockman carried Xailoun far away, and dug him a grave in a little ravine full of blossoms, bathed by springs of the desert, under trees whose fronds floating in the wind spread about them only freshness and fragrance.

And when this was done, Lockman passed his hand through his beard a second time, and after reflection, went to fetch the Kardouon which lay dead under the poison-tree of Java.

Then Lockman dug a fifth grave for the Kardouon, beyond Xailoun's on a slope better exposed to the sun, whose dawning rays arouse the gayety of lizards.

« God guard me from separating in death those who have loved in life,» said Lockman.

And when he had thus spoken, Lockman passed his hand through his beard a third time, and after reflecting went back to the foot of the Upas tree.

There he dug a very deep grave, and buried the treasure.

"This precaution may save the life of a man or a Kardouon," he said with an inward smile.

Then Lockman, greatly fatigued, went on his way to rest beside Xailoun's grave.

And he was quite exhausted when he reached it, and falling on the earth commended his soul to God, and died.

This is the story of Lockman the Sage.

The Angel

The next day there came one of the spirits of God which you have seen only in dreams.

He floated, rose, sometimes seemed lost in the eternal azure, then descended again, balanced himself at heights which thought cannot measure, on large blue wings like a giant butterfly.

As he approached, he waved his golden curls and let himself rock on the currents of air, throwing out his ivory arms and abandoning his head to all the little clouds of heaven.

Then he alighted on the slender boughs without bending a leaf or a blossom, and then he flew with caressing wings around the new-made grave of Xailoun.

"What!" he cried, "is Xailoun dead? Xailoun, whom heaven awaits for his innocence and simplicity?"

And from his large blue wings he dropped a little feather, which suddenly took root and grew into the most beautiful plume ever seen over a royal coffin. This he did to mark the spot.

Then he saw the poet asleep in death as in a joyful dream, his features laughing with peace and happiness.

"My Lockman too," said the Angel, "desired to grow young again to resemble us, although he had passed only a few seasons among men,—who, alas! have not had time to profit by his lessons. Yes, come, my brother, come with me; awake from death to follow me. Come to eternal day, come to God."

At the same time he placed a kiss of resurrection on Lockman's brow, raised him lightly from his bed of moss, and hurried

him into a heaven so deep that the eyes of eagles could not follow them.

This is the Angel's story.

The End of the Golden Dream

What I have just told happened infinite ages ago, and the name of the sage Lockman has lingered ever since in the memory of men.

And ever since, the Upas tree has stretched out the branches whose shadow means death between the waters which flow eternally.

This is the story of the World.

WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS

(1847–)

WILLIAM E. NORRIS's first novel, 'Heaps of Money' (London, 1877), was published in the Cornhill Magazine as a serial, when he was not quite twenty-one years of age. He was born in London in 1847, was educated at Eton, went on the Continent to study foreign languages as a preparation for diplomatic science, changed his plans, and in 1874 came to the bar, but never practiced, having already tasted the success of his first book. Since that time Mr. Norris has devoted himself to the profession of literature. His home is at Torquay, alternating during the winter between Algiers and the Riviera.

WILLIAM E. NORRIS

Mr. Norris seems to have come into the world like Minerva, full armed. 'Heaps of Money' has the maturity of view, the simplicity of diction, the quiet humor, and the minuteness of observation of a veteran in novel-writing. Its author showed that he had not only the power to reflect on life in its hypocrisies and petty social strivings, but he had the half-cynical air of a man of the world defending in tolerant fashion its sins and its shams. Instead of posing as preacher or reformer, the author took the more adroit way of seeming to sneer at himself and his craft, and in ironical self-assertion cleverly disarmed criticism.

He had seen perhaps that the time had gone by for sweeping indictments, and that not the Juvenalian scourge but the Horatian flick drove men to righteousness. Another characteristic of this first book was the air of calm leisure that pervaded its quiet sentences; but the reader, suspecting platitudes, soon found that the irony infused gave them a delicious flavor. Lord Keswick, pressed by his father to marry and extricate himself from his debts, urges plaintively that he is not a domestic man. «Am I a domestic man?» retorts his father. And to tell the truth, he certainly was not. The hypocrisy of Mr. Howard, the heroine's father, is amiably excused. «Some people, knowingly or unknowingly, are perpetually playing parts, from their

cradle to their death-bed. Very likely they can't help themselves, and ought only to be pitied for having an exaggerated idea of the fitness of things."

'Heaps of Money' was followed in 1880 by 'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' a story played in Algiers, in which the author created two of the most finished portraits in modern fiction: St. Luc, the blasé cynical man of the world, who falls in love with the fresh young girl Jeanne de Mersac, and serves her with a devotion half paternal, half passionate, and wholly incomprehensible to her; and Jeanne herself, the incarnation of high-minded obstinacy and fierce maidenhood. The plot of 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' is not new; but "the exquisite touch which renders ordinary characters and commonplace things interesting," to quote Scott of Miss Austin, of whom Norris may well claim literary descent, is not denied him.

'Matrimony,' which was published the next year, abounds in delicate characterizations and in "character parts," as they are called on the stage: the sage bore Mr. Flemyng, Admiral Bagshawe, and General Blair. Nothing is easier than to moralize in a certain fashion, and truisms about life commend themselves to the ordinary mind. Mr. Flemyng bristles with undisputed facts, retailed in conversations in which the reader is sufficiently disinterested to be an amused listener. Mr. Gervis in the same novel, if not as striking is as finely drawn a portrait as St. Luc,—a cultured cynic who poses as doing his kind deeds to spare himself the trouble of refusing.

In the long list of novels that succeed 'Matrimony,' Norris presents characters that are seldom planned on a higher scale than ourselves; and yet at his will they stimulate our imagination and our affection. As has been said of Thackeray's heroes, they have an ideal of human conduct, and an aspiration, which though far from conventional is yet noble and elevating. Women owe him a debt for his championship of maidenhood. His young girl is as wild and as free, to borrow Mr. Andrew Lang's simile, as Horace's "latis equa trima campis." He does not take for granted that a fresh young creature, loving her parents and her brothers and sisters with all her heart, will at her first dance fall headlong in love with the first man who admires her. He endows her, on the contrary, with a girlish perversity, a high-spirited resistance to the intruding element, as her lover appears to her; and the plot often turns on the obstacles she persists in erecting between herself and the man she loves.

We travel with Mr. Norris on level roads: his gentlemen are gentlemen, even when they are villains; his heroes thoroughly good fellows, with a talent for epigram; his heroines sweet English roses, set about with little prickly thorns—till unexpectedly we come upon a scene instinct with tragedy and pathos. The latter he uses sparingly

and with judgment. There is no attempt to touch the feelings when Margaret Stanniforth, most charming of women though neither young nor beautiful, dies; and the short death scene in 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' is pathetic by the contrast between death and the abundant strength and youth of Jeanne. One is as much affected, perhaps, when M. de Fontvieille consigns Jeanne to Mr. Ashley, whose comic agony lest the Frenchman embrace him heightens the sadness of the simple old man's leave-taking; and again in a less known novel, 'My Friend Jim,' when the old worldling the Marquis of Staines revisits the Eton playing-fields, and spends the summer day in recollections of his boyhood.

In these scenes the effect is so spontaneous, so easily brought about, that a lesser artist would use his gift oftener. But Mr. Norris exercises a wise restraint on this dangerous ground. And if he is conservative in his emotions, of all his generation he is the most conservative in his traditions. His novels, as far as they portray the ideas of the end of the nineteenth century, might have been written a hundred years ago. The New Woman does not appear between the covers of his books; social and economic problems are ignored. Money and the want of it, caste and striving for it, occupy his characters. His sympathies are apparently entirely with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley when she exclaimed pathetically, "How good I could be on £5,000 a year!"

But the lover of Norris is not inclined to find fault with the company he keeps. For very variety, he enjoys the society of Norris's gentlepeople as a contrast to the sordid, the diseased, the poverty-stricken, that crowd the pages of contemporary novelists. With something of cynicism and something of pathos, Norris combines a healthy good-humor and a distaste for the withered side of life. His vigorous character Mrs. Winnington in 'No New Thing' knew the world, and was not so simple as to believe that any sincere and conscientious people except herself lived in it; but Kenyon's devotion to Margaret Stanniforth, and Margaret's love for and fidelity to her dead husband, refute all her evil thinking. Virtue rewarded, scapegraces apologized for, human nature regarded with tenderness and pity, are characteristics of Norris's predecessors rather than of writers of his own time; and for a pure, refined, and scholarly style unaffected sentiment, and quiet humor such as his, we must go back to his master, Thackeray.

FREDDY CROFT: AND THE LYNSHIRE BALL

From 'Matrimony'

THIS history is less the result of personal observation than of information received at various times and from divers trustworthy sources; and if, in writing it, I had to confine myself to the relation of such incidents as I could swear to in a court of justice, I should not only be obliged to cut out many scenes of a most interesting and pathetic nature, but some of the characters who will make their appearance in due course would have to be omitted altogether. As for this yeomanry ball, I saw little more of it than did Lord Courtney, whose august countenance was withdrawn from the assembly after a short quarter of an hour. The truth is, that my dancing days are over; and I was able to retire early, with the happy conviction that nobody would notice my absence.

Before midnight the greater part of the ladies and gentlemen present had done likewise; for it is not, or rather used not to be, considered the thing to linger over-long at these entertainments, which are intended rather for the amusement of the men than of their superiors. Lady Lynchester, a thin, washed-out looking person, who had never been heard to laugh in her life, rose from her seat at the end of the room as soon as her lord signaled to her that she was free to go; and the Beachborough contingent, ever scrupulous in the strict observance of etiquette, hastened to follow her ladyship's lead. The landowners from distant parts of the country, who had a long drive between themselves and home, collected their respective wives and daughters, and trooped off in a body; the departure of some stragglers, loitering near the doorway in hopes of seeing a little of the fun, being hastened by Lord Lynchester, who began to stalk about with his hands behind his back, wondering audibly what the deuce those people were sticking there for.

But when the last of these had disappeared, there still remained a few of what the noble and gallant Colonel called "the right sort,"—privileged persons, who were known to entertain no objection to a romp, and could be relied upon to tell no tales next day. Conspicuous among the latter was Miss Croft, "a downright jolly girl, with no stuck-up nonsense about her," to

use Lord Lynchester's words; "just like her brother, only more so, you know,"—a description so terse and accurate that no further space need be taken up in introducing her to the reader. Miss Lambert, although an outsider, was included in the circle of choice spirits, probably because she carried her credentials in her face; and there were three or four young ladies besides, whose names it is unnecessary to record.

During the early part of the evening, an unspoken convention had divided the ball-room into two halves, the officers and their friends sitting and dancing at the upper end of it, while the larger and humbler portion of the assemblage disported itself at the lower; but now this imaginary barrier was swept away, together with all irksome class distinctions, and the whole floor was at the disposition of the dancers. Now, when we dance in Lynshire, we do it with a will: not skimming languidly and dreamily over the polished surface, nor lurching heavily round and round on the same spot, like humming-tops tottering to their fall, as the fashion of some effeminate citizens is; but taking a firm grip of our partner's waist and hand, putting down our heads, and starting off at a pace as good as we can make it, helter-skelter, every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost. The consequences of this energetic method, when adopted by some seventy couples in a long and narrow room, may be easily imagined. Before the first waltz was at an end, many a stalwart yeoman had measured his length upon the well-waxed floor, and the elbows of more than one fair maiden were scratched and bruised. Every now and then a faint shriek rose from the midst of the *mêlée*, or a manly voice was heard to expostulate for a moment; but the predominant sound was that of laughter, and hard knocks seemed to be distributed pretty evenly all round, upon an amicable give-and-take principle. Fat little Wilkins the butcher, pounding blindly ahead, and sawing the air with outstretched arm, brought his fist down with a thump on the middle of Lord Lynchester's back, and instead of turning pale and trembling, as he would have done at any other time after such a mishap, bobbed off again as merrily as ever with a "Beg pardon, m' lord. Didn't see yer—haw, haw, haw!" For indeed the supper-room had been open for half an hour, and it is not on every day of the year that a man can drink the best of champagne and pay nothing for it.

"All right, Wilkins!" shouted Lord Lynchester after him; "I'll make it hot for you in a minute."

And presently, sure enough, his Lordship, having secured an efficient partner in Miss Croft, darted off in pursuit of the delinquent, and proceeded to waltz round and round him in an ever-contracting circle till he reduced him to such a state of giddiness that he was fain to lean against the wall and gasp. Then with a deft and rapid thrust in the ribs, which caused the luckless butcher to exclaim aloud, "O lord!" he returned to his starting-point, and throwing himself down upon a bench, gave way to a peal of merriment in which Miss Croft joined heartily.

Claud Gervis looked on at all this horse-play with rather wide-opened eyes. Was it in this manner that the aristocracy of Great Britain was accustomed to take its relaxation? he wondered. Of the manners and habits of his native land he was almost entirely ignorant. At Eton he had, of course, associated with many young sprigs of nobility; but rank is not recognized among boys, and Claud's impression of an English lord, which was that commonly current in foreign countries, had received confirmation from such specimens of the race as Lord Courtney and an occasional ambassador or minister plenipotentiary who had come in his way.

"What are you thinking of?" inquired his partner, that pretty Miss Flemyng of whom mention has already been made. "You look quite horrified."

"No, I am not horrified," the young man said; "but I am rather surprised, I admit. It is all so very different from what I expected. I did not think we English were ever so — so uproarious. Surely it is not usual at a ball to try and knock down as many people as one can."

"Well, hardly," answered Miss Flemying laughing. "But this is a yeomanry ball, you must remember; and besides, all the quiet, respectable people are supposed to be gone away."

"But Lady Croft is still here, and Miss Lambert — not to mention present company."

"Lady Croft is here because Florry won't go away; and Miss Lambert is here because she is Miss Lambert, I suppose; and I am here because I came with the Crofts. You need not say anything about it when papa comes to call upon you, by the way. He is like you — rather easily shocked."

"I am not easily shocked," returned Claud, resenting such an imputation with the natural fervor of a very young man.

"No? I thought you looked so. I am sure I should be shocked myself, if I had lived abroad all my life, and had made my first acquaintance with English society to-night. But you mustn't suppose that Lynshire always conducts itself like this. We can behave as nicely as any one else in London; only when we find ourselves all together in our own part of the world, we think we may put on our country manners. And we are all rather savages, as you see."

Miss Flemyng did not look at all like a savage. Claud, who was rather more observant of trifles than most men, had noticed that the dress she wore was assuredly not the handiwork of a provincial artist, and that her abundant brown locks were arranged in accordance with the latest mode. She moved and held herself in the indescribable style which only a woman of the world can acquire: her manner was perfectly easy and natural, and she seemed to be upon terms of the friendliest familiarity with the young men who spoke to her, from time to time, as she stood watching the dance; but she was not loud, like her friend Miss Croft, nor did she make use of the schoolboy's slang which formed so large a portion of that young lady's conversation. Her chief claim to beauty, setting aside those of a neat, well-proportioned little figure and a general air of finish, consisted in a pair of dark-gray eyes, which had been turned innocently upon Claud's more than once in the course of the evening, and had not failed to produce a certain impression upon him. He was glad to hear that Miss Flemyng lived within a few miles of Beachborough, for he thought he would decidedly like to see more of her.

"I am not going to dance any more," she said, after she and her partner had completed one perilous circuit of the room: "it's too hot and dusty and disagreeable. Do you think there is a balcony beyond that window, where the ferns are? If there is, we might go and sit there."

"I know there is," answered Claud, "because I was there earlier in the evening. And there is a particularly comfortable sofa there too, where we can sit and watch the sea; which after all is a much pleasanter thing to look at on a hot night than those fat yeomen."

And now an awkward incident took place, which shows how thoughtless it is of people to bounce unexpectedly into dark corners. Claud pushed open the half-closed French window to let Miss Flemyng pass, and following closely upon her heels—"Here is the sofa," said he.

There it was, sure enough; and there also were two persons seated upon it. Moreover, one of these persons happened to be in the very act of kissing the other. And then, as fate would have it, at that precise moment the moon emerged from behind a cloud, and threw a fine flood of silvery light upon the figures of Freddy Croft and Miss Lambert. The situation was a somewhat embarrassing one; and Claud did not mend matters by hastily whisking round and gazing out to the sea, with an utterly unsuccessful pretense of having seen nothing.

Miss Flemyng was less taken aback. She calmly surveyed the luckless couple for a second, which must have seemed to them an age; and then, stooping to pick up the train of her long dress, stepped quietly back into the ball-room.

She was laughing a little when her partner rejoined her.

"How too ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "I shall never forget poor Freddy's face. I hope you are discreet, and can keep a secret, Mr. Gervis."

"Of course I can," answered Claud. "I wish it had not happened, though. Croft will think it so stupid of me; and really it almost looked as if we had done it on purpose."

"Oh, he won't mind," said Miss Flemyng placidly. "Freddy is always kissing people, and always getting caught. I daresay Miss What's-her-name won't mind much either: she looks as if she was quite accustomed to that kind of thing."

"She may be engaged to be married to him, you know," remarked Claud, feeling bound to say a word for the unfortunate lady whom his awkwardness had compromised.

"Oh, I do hope not. Poor dear little fellow! I should be so very sorry if he were to fall into such a trap as that. He and I have known one another since we were children, and he generally tells me about all his love affairs; but I have been away, and have never seen that monstrosity of a girl till this evening. You don't think there is really any danger, do you?"

Without knowing why, Claud felt vaguely annoyed by the anxious ring of Miss Flemyng's voice. "I can't tell anything

about it," he answered rather shortly. "He seems to admire her very much, and they are always together."

"Well, I wish they were not together now; or at least that they were together anywhere except in the one cool place in the building," remarked Miss Flemyng with a laugh. "We shall have to take refuge on the staircase, I suppose."

To the staircase they accordingly betook themselves; and in that pleasant, untrammeled intercourse which is apt to arise between young men and women under such circumstances, and which, remote though it may be from serious love-making, is generally sweetened by some of the charms which attach to the unknown and the possible, Claud soon forgot all about Freddy Croft and his destinies. But when the last dance was over, and Claud was putting on his coat in the hall, his friend joined him with a face preternaturally long, and said in a solemn voice:—

"I say, Gervis, let me walk a bit of the way with you, will you? I want to speak to you."

"Come along," said Claud. "Will you have a cigar?"

"Oh no," Freddy answered, shaking his head lugubriously: "I don't want to smoke."

He kept silence until he and his companion had reached the outskirts of the town, and then began:—

"Do you know, Gervis, I have made an everlasting fool of myself."

"Ah! I can guess what you mean. I saw you doing it, didn't I?"

"I suppose you did. At least you saw me kissing the girl. But dear me, that was nothing, you know."

"Wasn't it?"

"I mean, of course, it was all right. I knew you and Nina Flemyng were safe enough; and really it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. But by George, sir!" continued Freddy impressively, "do you know what that girl did as soon as you were gone?"

"Burst into tears?" suggested Claud.

"Not she! Began to laugh, and said that now we had been so neatly caught, the best thing we could do was 'to give out our engagement at once.' I thought she was chaffing at first; but she wasn't — deuce a bit! She was as serious as I am now."

"I can quite believe it."

"Well, but, my dear fellow," resumed Freddy impatiently, "don't you see what a horrid mess I am in? I never meant anything of that kind at all; and how was I to suppose that she did? I don't want to marry anybody; and Miss Lambert of all people! She's a very jolly girl, and a first-rate dancer, and all that; but as for spending the rest of one's life with her — Oh, I'm simply done for, and I shall go and drown myself in the harbor."

"I don't think I would decide upon doing that quite yet," remarked the other young man pensively.

"What *would* you do, if you were in my place?"

"I should run away, I think. Have you committed yourself to anything definite?"

"Oh no. In point of fact, I rather tried to laugh the whole thing off; but she wouldn't have that at any price. And the worst of it is, I'm afraid she has told her mother. The old girl gave me a very queer sort of look when I put her into her carriage, and said she would expect to see me to-morrow afternoon."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I? Oh, I said 'Good-night.'"

"That was vague enough, certainly," observed Claud laughing. "Well, I have an idea. I think I can get you out of this. Only you must promise me not to see Mrs. or Miss Lambert till you hear from me again. Most likely I shall be with you before the afternoon."

"My dear fellow, I won't stir out of my bedroom," answered the affrighted baronet earnestly. "I'll stay in bed, if you like. Oh, if only I escape this time, not another woman under sixty years of age do I speak to!"

MRS. WINNINGTON'S EAVESDROPPING

From 'No New Thing'

Mrs. Winnington was a person of the fine-lady type, common enough twenty years or so ago, but now rapidly becoming extinct. Of a commanding presence, and with the remains of considerable beauty, she was always dressed handsomely, and in bright, decided colors; she carried a gold-mounted double eye-glass, through which she was accustomed to survey inferior

mortals with amusing impertinence, while in speaking to them, her voice assumed a drawl so exaggerated as to render her valuable remarks almost unintelligible at times. These little graces of manner had doubtless come to her from a study of the best models, for she went a good deal into the fashionable world at that time; but in addition to these, she possessed a complacent density and an unfeigned self-confidence which were all her own, and which would probably have sufficed at any epoch, and under any circumstances, to render her at once as disagreeable and as contented a woman as could have been found under the sun.

Whether because she resented the slight put upon her by the Brunes, in that they had never seen fit to call at the Palace, or because she had an inkling that their pride surpassed her own vainglory, she made up her mind to snub them; and when Mrs. Winnington made up her mind to any course of action, it was usually carried through with a will. The plainness with which these worthy folks were given to understand that, in her opinion, they were no better than country bumpkins, and the mixture of patronage and insolence with which she bore herself towards them, were in their way inimitable. There are some people magnanimous enough, or indifferent enough, to smile at such small discourtesies; and probably the former owner of Longbourne was more amused than angry when he was informed that the house had been a positive pig-sty before it had been put in order, and that Mrs. Winnington really could not imagine how any one had found it possible to live in such a place. . . .

When she reached home she found the drawing-room and library untenanted; Margaret and Edith having, it was to be presumed, gone out for a walk. Now it was a habit of Mrs. Winnington's, whenever she found the house empty, to prowl all over it, peeping into blotting-books, opening drawers, occasionally going so far as to read letters that might be lying handy, and — as Mrs. Prosser, who hated her with a perfect hatred, would say — "poking and rummaging about as any under-housemaid that I caught at such tricks should be dismissed immediate, and no character given."

It is probable that Mrs. Winnington saw no harm at all in such pokings and rummagings. Her daughters, she would have said, had no secrets from her, or at all events ought not to have any. Nor had she any particular end to serve in entering other people's bedrooms. For some occult reason it gave her

pleasure to do so; and the present occasion being favorable for the gratifying of her tastes, she proceeded to profit by it. First she made a thorough examination of all the reception-rooms; then she went up-stairs, and spent some time in overhauling the contents of Margaret's wardrobe; and then she passed on to the room at that time occupied by Edith, which opened out of a long corridor where the family portraits had hung in the days when the owners of Longbourne had possessed a family to be thus commemorated. This corridor had a peculiarity. It terminated in a small gallery, resembling a theatre box or one of those pews which are still to be met with in a few old-fashioned churches, whence you looked down upon a curious apse-like chamber, tacked on to the house by a seventeenth-century Brune for some purpose unknown. It may have been intended to serve as a theatre, or possibly as a private chapel; of late years it had fallen into disuse, being a gloomy and ill-lighted apartment, and was seldom entered by anybody, except by the housemaids who swept it out from time to time. Some one, however, was in it now. Mrs. Winnington, with her hand on the lock of her daughter's door, was startled by the sound of voices arising from that quarter, and it was a matter of course that she should at once make her way along the passage as stealthily as might be, and peer over the edge of the gallery to see what might be going on below.

She arrived in time to witness a scene so startling that she very nearly put a dramatic finish to it then and there by falling headlong over the balustrade, which was a low one. Upon an ottoman, directly beneath her, her daughter Edith was sitting in a very pretty and graceful attitude: her elbow resting on her knee and her face hidden by her right hand, while her left was held by Walter Brune, who was kneeling at her feet. And this is what that audacious young reprobate was saying, in accents which rose towards the roof with perfect distinctness:—

"Now, my darling girl, you must not allow yourself to be so cowed by that awful old mother of yours. There! I beg your pardon: I didn't intend to speak disrespectfully of her, but it came out before I could stop myself. What I mean is, you mustn't let her bully you to that extent that you daren't call your soul your own. Stand up to her boldly, and depend upon it she'll knock under in the long run. When all's said and done, she can't eat you alive."

The feelings of the astounded listener overhead may be imagined.

"Ah, you don't understand," sighed Edith. "It is easy enough for a man to talk of standing up for himself; but you don't consider how different it is with us."

"But I do understand — I do consider," declared Walter, scrambling up to his feet. "I know it's awfully hard upon you, my dearest; but wouldn't it be harder still to marry some decrepit old lord to please your mother, and to be miserable and ashamed of yourself for the rest of your life?"

At this terrible picture Edith shuddered eloquently.

"So you see it's a choice of evils," continued the young man. "Some people, I know, would think it was a great misfortune for you that you should have come to care for a poor beggar like me; but I am not going to say that because I don't believe it is a real misfortune at all. How can it be a misfortune to love the man who loves you better than any one else in the world can possibly do, and who will always love you just the same as long as he lives?"

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Winnington inaudibly.

"Of course," Walter went on, "we shall have troubles, and probably we shall have to wait a good many years; but we are young, and we can afford to wait, if we must. You won't mind waiting?"

"Oh, no: it is not the waiting that I shall mind," said Edith faintly.

"And we know that it won't be for ever, and that nothing can make either of us change. When one thinks of that, all the rest seems almost plain sailing. The first explosion will be the worst part of the business. I shall tell my father to-night."

"Oh, must you? So soon? What *will* he say?"

"He? Oh, he won't say much, dear old man. I dare say he won't exactly approve just at first; but when he sees that I am in earnest, he'll do what he can to help me. And then, you know, my dear, you'll have to tell your mother."

"Walter, I can't. I really *could not* do it. You have really no idea of what a coward I am. I always lie awake shivering all night before I go to the dentist's; and indeed, I would rather have all my teeth pulled out, one by one, than tell mamma that I had engaged myself to you."

At this juncture it was only natural that the young lovers should embrace; and if Mrs. Winnington had not been literally

stunned and paralyzed, she could hardly have maintained her silence any longer in the presence of such a demonstration. As it was, she neither moved nor uttered a word; and presently she heard Edith whisper pleadingly:—

"Walter—dear—don't you think we could—mightn't we—keep it secret just a little longer?"

The honest Walter rubbed his ear in perplexity. "Well, of course we *could;* but it would be only a putting off of the evil day, and I should like to feel that we had been perfectly straight with the old—with your mother. Look here: how would it do if I were to break it to her?"

"Oh, that would be a great deal worse! If only there were some means of letting her find it out!"

Hardly had this aspiration been breathed when a hollow groan was heard, proceeding apparently from the upper air. Edith started violently, and clasped her hands.

"Oh!" she shrieked, "what was that? Did you hear it?"

"Yes," answered Walter, who had himself been somewhat startled: "it was nothing; it was only one of the cows outside. What a timid little goose you are!"

"Oh, it was not a cow! No cow ever made such a dreadful sound as that. I am sure this dismal room is haunted—I can't stay here any more." And Edith fled precipitately.

Walter lingered for a moment, looked all around him, looked up at the ceiling, looked everywhere,—except at the gallery just over his head,—and then hurried away after her.

The cause of all this disturbance was reclining in an arm-chair, fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief, and feeling by no means sure that she was not about to have a fit.

It is perhaps hardly to be expected that any pity or sympathy should be felt for Mrs. Winnington, who nevertheless was a human creature very much like the rest of us—better, possibly, than some, and no worse than a good many others. In the course of the present narrative her failings have necessarily been brought much to the front; but she was not one of those depraved persons—if indeed there be any such—who deliberately say to Evil, "Be thou my Good." She was not a religious woman (though she had always paid due respect to the observances of the Church, as beseemed a Bishop's wife); but neither was she a woman without clear, albeit perverted, notions of duty. That she was a miserable sinner, she was bound, in a general sort of way, to believe; but she certainly did not suppose

that her sins were any blacker than those of her neighbors. According to her lights, she had done the best that she could for her daughters, whom she really loved after a certain fashion; and according to her lights, she intended to continue doing the best she could for them. It is a fact that she thought a great deal more about them than she did about herself. Thus it was that she was every whit as much astonished and pained by what she had witnessed as the most virtuous mother into whose hands this book may chance to fall, would be, were she to discover her own immaculate daughter in the act of embracing — say the parish doctor or the poverty-stricken parish curate.

"I could not have believed it!" moaned poor Mrs. Winnington, as she sat humped up in her arm-chair, with all her majesty of deportment gone out of her. "I could not have believed it possible! Edith, of all people! If it had been Kate, or even Margaret, I could have understood it better — but Edith! Oh, I am crushed! I shall never get over this."

She really looked and felt as if she might be going to have a serious attack of illness; but as there was nobody there to be alarmed, or to offer her assistance, she picked herself up after a time, and made her way down the corridor with a slow, dragging step.

AN IDYL IN KABYLIA

From 'Mademoiselle de Mersac'

In the first days of June, when the Hôtel d'Orient and the Hôtel de la Régence had bidden adieu to the last of their winter guests; when the Governor-General had migrated from the town to his fairy-like palace on the leafy heights of Mustapha; when the smaller fry of officials were, in imitation of him and in preparation for the hot season, transplanting themselves and their families to the coolest attainable villas; when the aloes were in flower and the air was full of a hundred faint scents, and the corn and barley fields were very nearly ripe for the sickle, — at the time of year, in short, when the luxuriant life and rich beauty of Algeria were at their climax, — it occurred to Léon that it would be a good thing to make a journey into Kabylia. For in the grassy plains of that region, near the first spurs of the great Djurdjura range, dwelt one Señor Lopez, a Spanish colonist and

a breeder of horses, who was generally open to a deal, and who, at this particular time, had a nice lot of foals on hand, out of some of which a discriminating young man might see his way to make honest profit. But as few people, be they never so self-confident, like to rely upon their own judgment alone in so delicate a matter as the purchase of a foal, Léon conceived it to be a *sine quâ non* that his sister should accompany him. And then M. de Saint-Luc, hearing of the projected expedition, must needs declare that he could not possibly leave Algeria without revisiting the scene of his former campaigns, and that the opportunity of doing so in congenial society was one that he would not miss for any imaginable consideration. After which, oddly enough, Mr. Barrington too found out that to make acquaintance with the mountain scenery of Kabylia had always been one of his fondest dreams; and added — Why not push on a little farther, and see some of the hill villages and the famous Fort Napoléon?

Neither Léon nor Jeanne offered any objection to this plan; but when it was communicated to the duchess, she held up her hands in horror and amazement.

"And your chaperon, mademoiselle?" she ejaculated. And the truth is that both the young folks had overlooked this necessary addition to their party.

Now, as the duchess herself would no more have thought of undertaking a weary drive of three or four days' duration over stony places than of ordering a fiery chariot to drive her straight to heaven, and as no other available lady of advanced years could be discovered, it seemed for a time as if either Mademoiselle de Mersac or her two admirers would have to remain in Algiers; but at the last moment a *deus ex machinâ* was found in the person of M. de Fontvieille, who announced his willingness to join the party, and who, as Léon politely remarked when he was out of earshot, was to all intents and purposes as good as any old woman.

Poor old M. de Fontvieille! Nobody thanked him for what was an act of pure good-nature and self-sacrifice — nobody at least except Jeanne, who, by way of testifying her gratitude, spent a long morning with him, examining his collection of gems and listening to the oft-told tale of their several acquisitions, and at the end presented him with an exquisite Marshal Niel rose-bud for his button-hole.

"Ah, mademoiselle," said he, as he pinned the flower into his coat, "you do well to reserve your roses for old men, who appreciate such gifts at their right value. Give none to the young fellows: it would only increase their vanity, which is great enough already."

"I never give roses to anybody," said Jeanne.

"So much the better. Continue, my child, to observe that wise rule. And remember that if the Lily of France is a stiffer flower than the Rose of England, it is still our own, and Frenchwomen ought to love it best."

"What do you mean?" asked Jeanne, who objected to insinuations.

"I mean nothing, my dear: lilies, I am aware, are out of fashion; choose violets if you prefer them," answered the old gentleman with a chuckle.

And Jeanne, having no rejoinder ready, took up her sunshade in dignified silence, and went home. . . .

An hour later, she and Barrington were seated opposite to one another in the dilapidated wagonette which Léon used for country journeys. It was an ancient vehicle, with patched cushions and travel-stained leather roof and curtains; but its springs were strong, and it had outlived the jolts and shocks of many an unmetaled road and stony watercourse. Jeanne loved it for association's sake; and Barrington, in his then state of mind, would not have changed it for the car of Aurora.

It is nine years or more since Mr. Barrington was borne swiftly along the dusty road which leads eastward from Algiers in that shabby old shandrydan; and in nine years, the doctors tell us, our whole outer man has been renewed, so that the being which calls itself I to-day inhabits a changed prison from that which it dwelt in a hundred and eight months ago, and will, if it survive, occupy a hundred and eight months hence. Mental statistics are less easy to arrive at, and it may be that our minds are not as subject to the inexorable law of change as our bodies. Barrington, at all events, whose views upon more subjects than one have unquestionably become modified by the lapse of nine years, still asserts, in confidential moments, that he looks back upon that drive into Kabylia as the happiest episode in his existence. "Life," he says, in that melancholy tone which perfectly prosperous men have a trick of assuming, "is a dull enough business, take it all in all; but it has its good days here and

there." And then he sighs, and puffs silently at his cigar for a minute or two. "Old De Fontvieille sat on the box," he goes on presently, "and talked to the driver. Young De Mersac had ridden ahead, and she and I were as completely alone together as if we had been upon a desert island. It was a situation in which human nature instinctively shakes itself free of commonplace conventionality. We did not flirt,—thank Heaven, we were neither of us so *vulgar* as to think of flirting!—but we talked together as freely and naturally as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden." And then he generally heaves another sigh, and rhapsodizes on and on, till, patient as one is, one has to remind him that it is long past bedtime.

As (to use a hackneyed illustration) the traveler looks back upon distant purple mountains, forgetting, as he contemplates their soft beauty, the roughness of the track by which he crossed them, so Barrington recalls the happy bygone days of his Kabylian journey, and ignores the petty annoyances which somewhat marred his enjoyment of it while it lasted. To hear him talk you would think that the sun had never been too hot, nor the roads too dusty, during that memorable excursion; that good food was obtainable at every halting-place, and that he had never had cause to complain of the accommodation provided for him for the night. Time has blotted out from his mental vision all retrospect of dirt, bad food, and the virulent attacks of the African flea—a most malignant insect; *impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;* an animal who dies as hard as a rhinoceros, and is scarcely less venomous than a mosquito. He dwells not now upon the horrors of his first night at Bon-Douaou, during which he sat up in bed, through long wakeful hours, doggedly scattering insecticide among his savage assailants, and producing about as much effect thereby as a man slinging stones at an iron-clad might do. The place where there was nothing but briny bacon to eat, the place where there was nothing but a broken-down billiard-table and a rug to sleep upon, and the place where there was nothing to drink except bad absinthe,—all these have faded out of his recollection. But in truth, these small discomforts were soon forgotten, even at the time . . .

When Thomas of Ercildoune took his famous ride with the Queen of the Fairies, and reached a region unknown to man, it will be remembered that the fair lady drew rein for a few minutes, and indicated to her companion the various paths that

lay before them. There was the thorny way of righteousness and the broad road of iniquity,—neither of which have ever been found entirely free from drawbacks by mortals,—but besides these there was a third path:—

> "Oh, see ye not that bonny road,
> That winds about the fernie brae?
> That is the road to fair Elfland,
> Where thou and I this night maun gae."

And Thomas seems to have offered no objection to his leader's choice.

Even so Barrington, though capable of distinguishing between broad and narrow paths and their respective goals, capable also —which is perhaps more to the purpose—of forecasting the results of prudence and folly, chose at this time to close his eyes, and wander with Jeanne into that fairy-land of which every man gets a glimpse in his time, though few have the good fortune to linger within its precincts as long as did Thomas the Rhymer.

And so there came to him five days of which he will probably never see the like again. Five days of glowing sunshine; five luminous, starlit nights—eighty hours, more or less (making deductions for sleeping-time) of unreasoning, unthinking, unmixed happiness: such was Barrington's share of Fairyland —and a very fair share too, as the world goes. He would be puzzled now—and indeed, for that matter, he would have been puzzled a week after the excursion—to give any accurate description of the country between Algiers and Fort Napoléon. The sum of his reminiscences was, that in the dewy mornings and the cool evenings he drove through a wooded, hilly country with Jeanne; that he rested in the noonday heat at spacious whitewashed caravanserais or small wayside taverns, and talked to Jeanne; that her tall, graceful figure was the first sight he saw in the morning and the last at night; that he never left her side for more than ten minutes at a time; that he discovered some fresh charm in her with each succeeding hour; and that when he arrived at Fort Napoléon, and the limit of his wanderings, he was as completely and irretrievably in love as ever man was.

In truth, the incidents of the journey were well calculated to enhance the mixture of admiration and reverence with which Barrington had regarded Mademoiselle de Mersac from the moment

of his first meeting with her. Her progress through Kabylia was like that of a gracious queen among her subjects. The swarthy Kabyle women, to whom she spoke in their own language, and for the benefit of whose ragged children she had provided herself with a multitude of toys, broke into shrill cries of welcome when they recognized her; the sparse French colonists at whose farms she stopped came out to greet her with smiles upon their careworn faces; at the caravanserai of the Issers, where some hundreds of Arabs were assembled for the weekly market, the Caïd of the tribe, a stately gray-bearded patriarch, who wore the star of the Legion of Honor upon his white burnous, stepped out from his tent as she approached, and bowing profoundly, took her hand and raised it to his forehead; even the villainous, low-browed, thin-lipped Spanish countenance of Señor Lopez assumed an expression of deprecating amiability when she addressed him; he faltered in the tremendous lies which from mere force of habit he felt constrained to utter about the pedigree of his colts; his sly little beady eyes dropped before her great grave ones, he listened silently while she pointed out the inconsistencies of his statements, and finally made a far worse bargain with M. Léon than he had expected or intended to do.

And if anything more had been needed to complete Barrington's subjugation, the want would have been supplied by Jeanne's demeanor towards himself. Up to the time of this memorable journey she had treated him with a perceptible measure of caprice, being kind or cold as the humor took her: sometimes receiving him as an old friend, sometimes as a complete stranger, and even snubbing him without mercy upon one or two occasions. It was her way to behave so towards all men, and she had not seen fit to exempt Mr. Barrington altogether from the common lot of his fellows. But now — perhaps because she had escaped from the petty trammels and irritations of every-day life, perhaps because the free air of the mountains which she loved disposed her to cast aside formality, or perhaps from causes unacknowledged by herself — her intercourse with the Englishman assumed a wholly new character. She wandered willingly with him into those quaint Kabyle villages which stand each perched upon the apex of a conical hill — villages which took a deal of fighting to capture, and might have to be taken all over again, so Léon predicted, one fine day; she stood behind him

and looked over his shoulder while he dashed off hasty likenesses of such of the natives as he could induce, by means of bribes, to overcome their strong natural aversion to having their portraits taken; she never seemed to weary of his company; and if there was still an occasional touch of condescension in her manner, it is probable that Barrington, feeling as he then did, held such manifestations to be only fitting and natural as coming from her to him.

And then, by degrees, there sprang up between them a kind of natural understanding, an intuitive perception of each other's thoughts and wishes, and a habit of covertly alluding to small matters and small jokes unknown to either of their companions. And sometimes their eyes met for a second, and often an unintelligible smile appeared upon the lips of the one, to be instantaneously reflected upon those of the other. All of which things were perceived by the observant M. de Fontvieille, and caused him to remark aloud every night, in the solitude of his own chamber, before going to bed: "Madame, I was not the instigator of this expedition; on the contrary, I warned you against it. I had no power and no authority to prevent its consequences, and I wash my hands of them."

The truth is that the poor old gentleman was looking forward with some trepidation to an interview with the duchess, which his prophetic soul saw looming in the future.

Fort Napoléon, frowning down from its rocky eminence upon subjugated Kabylia, is the most important fortress of that once turbulent country, and is rather a military post than a town or village. It has however a modicum of civilian inhabitants, dwelling in neat little white houses on either side of a broad street, and at the eastern end of the street a small church has been erected. Thither Jeanne betook herself one evening at the hour of the Ave Maria, as her custom was. . . .

The door swung back on its hinges, and Jeanne emerged from the gloom of the church and met the dazzling blaze of the sunset, which streamed full upon her, making her cast her eyes upon the ground.

She paused for a moment upon the threshold; and as she stood there with her pale face, her drooped eyelids, and a sweet grave smile upon her lips — Barrington, whose imagination was for ever playing him tricks, mentally likened her to one of Fra Angelico's angels. She did not in reality resemble one of those

ethereal beings much more than she did the heathen goddess to whom he had once before compared her; but something of the sanctity of the church seemed to cling about her, and that, together with the tranquillity of the hour, kept Barrington silent for a few minutes after they had walked away side by side. It was not until they had reached the western ramparts, and leaning over them, were gazing down into purple valleys lying in deep shade beneath the glowing hill-tops, that he opened his lips.

"So we really go back again to-morrow," he sighed.

"Yes, to-morrow," she answered absently.

"Back to civilization — back to the dull, monotonous world. What a bore it all is! I wish I could stay here for ever!"

"What! You would like to spend the rest of your life at Fort Napoléon?" said Jeanne with a smile. "How long would it take you to tire of Kabylia? A week — two weeks? Not perhaps so much."

"Of what does not one tire in time?" he answered. "I have tried most things, and have found them all tolerably wearisome in the end. But there is one thing of which I could never tire."

"And that — ?" inquired Jeanne, facing him with raised eyebrows of calm interrogation.

He had been going to say "Your society"; but somehow he felt ashamed to utter so feeble a commonplace, and substituted for it, rather tamely, "My friends."

"Ah! there are many people who tire of them also, after a time," remarked Jeanne. "As for me, I have so few friends," she added a little sadly.

"I hope you will always think of me as one of those few," said Barrington.

"You? Oh yes, if you wish it," she answered rather hurriedly. Then, as if desiring to change the subject, "How quiet everything is!" she exclaimed. "Quite in the distance I can hear that there is somebody riding up the hill from Tizi-Ouzou; listen!"

Barrington bent his ear forward, and managed just to distinguish the faint ringing of a horse's hoofs upon the road far below. Presently even this scarcely perceptible sound died away, and a universal hush brooded over the earth and air. Then for a long time neither of them spoke again, — Jeanne because her thoughts were wandering; Barrington because he was half afraid of what he might say if he trusted himself to open his lips.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

(1827–)

MR. LOWELL and Colonel Higginson have given us vivid pictures of the quiet suburban village of Cambridge, in which stood the Harvard College of the early nineteenth century. Here Charles Eliot Norton was born. By eight years the junior of Lowell and by four of Higginson, Professor Norton is the youngest member of a notable group, and will pass into the history of American letters at the close of the little file which includes the Autocrat,—and by all rights save that of birth, Longfellow as well.

C. E. NORTON

In the great rush to ever-changing Western abodes, Mr. Norton has throughout his threescore years and ten associated the word «home» with the ample roof and ancient elms of «Shady Hill,» where he was born November 16th, 1827. The years 1849–50, 1855–57, 1868–73, indeed, were spent in contented exile, beginning with a business voyage to India. Since 1874, however, he has taught faithfully at Harvard; not, like his father, a pillar of orthodoxy in the Divinity School, but filling a collegiate chair as professor of the history of art.

In one of the most impressive of his numerous essays on social questions, Mr. Norton deplores the lack of permanency, of the deep-struck local root, in our domestic and social life. The happiest illustration of his thesis stood close at hand. In all the land there are few homes so restful, so refined, so hospitable, as «Shady Hill.»

This is, however, by no means a spot secluded from the busy world of men. More perhaps than any other American in our generation, Mr. Norton has been a stern and fearless critic of everything in our social and intellectual life that falls short of his own highest ideals. This is one of the best uses to which brave and generous patriotism can devote itself. It is always easier to praise, or be silent, than to blame; to swim with the current than to stem the popular tide.

The rapid material growth of our country, the successful strife with savage nature, the rush of immigration from every land, the fierce friction through which alone those motley forms of humanity

can be merged in the new national type,—all these conditions have aided to mold many a heroic active career in America; but have made difficult, if not impossible, the «life contemplative.» Perhaps it is not desirable that the scholastic recluse should ever find it easy to live out his selfish existence among us. The most self-centred dreamer of the dream divine we have yet known—Emerson—declared that he did but

> «Go to the god of the wood
> To fetch his word to men.»

Our danger is rather that we shall neglect altogether those periods of solitude and meditation which are as necessary to the mind and soul as slumber for the body. Yet those who best realize this truth —strong-winged spirits like Ruskin, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold—are oftenest tempted to disdain the contented average man or woman of their time, precisely because their own eyes are fixed on an ideal existence as yet but half attainable even by themselves.

There is a wide-spread tradition that each of the three great Englishmen just mentioned has regarded Mr. Norton as the foremost among American thinkers, scholars, or men of culture. In this last class, indeed, he would doubtless be generally accorded the most prominent place, especially since the death of his two dearest friends, Lowell and Curtis. Mr. Norton has always seemed less optimistic than either of these two. He has not appeared to share their buoyant confidence in the future of the race, and of our nation in particular. Nevertheless, remembering all that Hosea Biglow did to uplift and strengthen our patriotism, recalling how wisely, eloquently, and genially the Easy Chair pleaded for every social and political reform, we shall find decisive evidence of highest worth and general character even in this alone,—that Mr. Norton was the closest lifelong friend of each, the literary executor of both.

Mr. Norton has not the technical training of an architect, sculptor, or painter. Indeed, though he preaches sincerely the superior ethical value and expressiveness of the material arts, he is himself a man of books, a critic of thought and style. Far though he has journeyed from the Calvinistic creed of an earlier generation, he retains all the moral fibre of his Puritan ancestors.

Professor Norton's pathetic, almost despondent mental attitude toward the conditions of our day has perhaps been confirmed by his long devotion to the grim master-poet of Tuscany. For Italy his heartiest affection is expressed in his 'Notes of Travel' (1859). It is thirty years since he published a translation of the 'Vita Nuova,' wherein Dante's love poems were duly rendered in English rhymed verse. Mr. Norton and Mr. Lowell were the most faithful collaborators also upon the poet Longfellow's careful rendering of Dante in

blank verse. Nevertheless, when Professor Norton's own translation of the 'Divine Comedy,' which he had interpreted to many successive classes of students, was finally printed (1891–2), it was wholly in prose. Of the faithful, lucid, somewhat calm and terse style employed in this rendering, an extended example has been offered already to readers of the 'Library.' Of course a prose version of a poem, itself a highly elaborated masterpiece of rhythmical form, will not satisfy every reader; but all the thoughts of Dante are here transferred. It is earnestly to be hoped that the 'Convito' also will be given to the public in completed form. As originator, president, and soul of the Dante Society, Mr. Norton must be credited with most of the modest sum total thus far accomplished on American soil in Dantesque research and publication.

In the direction of his professional teaching, Mr. Norton's chief public volume is his 'Church Building in the Middle Ages.' Here by three noble examples — the cathedrals of Venice, Siena, and Florence — the author illustrates his favorite thesis. A poem, more perhaps than a picture or a statue, may be in large part the miracle of a moment, the fruit of creative genius manifested in a single man: into a supreme masterpiece of architecture the physical and moral character of a whole race is built, and therefore finds therein its fullest expression.

Mr. Norton may also well count as a great service to art the foundation of an "Archæological Institute of America," which he served for many years as president and most active member. This society sent out the first American archæological expedition, — to Assos in Asia Minor, 1881–3, — founded the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and has just shared in the creation of the sister school in Rome. This movement has already gone far toward revolutionizing and giving fresh life to the study of classical antiquity in America. For a series of years also Mr. Norton shared with his friend Lowell the editorial work of the scholarly old North American Review: a publication which is still painfully missed, for it has no real successor.

Amid all these heavy cares, shared by comparatively few helpers, Mr. Norton has answered cheerfully in every crisis to the call of civic and patriotic duty. (The remarkable reappearance of the "scholar in politics" during the last two decades has indeed nowhere been more striking than at Harvard.) Lastly, this busy student, teacher, and author has responded no less patiently to every call, however unreasonable, on his personal sympathy. Many an old Harvard man will recall, with sincere remorse, how often his crude intellectual ambitions or moral perplexities were suffered to encroach on crowded hours and limited physical strength. Toward his chosen

friends, death itself does not interrupt his devotion. Not only Lowell's poetry and letters and Curtis's speeches, but Emerson's and Carlyle's correspondence, have found in Mr. Norton a judicious and laborious editor.

Altogether, it would be difficult to find a better example than this to illustrate the happy use of moderate wealth and of inherited scholarly tastes, for lifelong self-improvement and many-sided usefulness. The man of unwearying self-culture, moreover, sets an example of that ideal which all may in due measure attain.

THE BUILDING OF ORVIETO CATHEDRAL

From 'Notes of Travel and Study in Italy.' Copyright 1859, by Charles Eliot Norton. Reprinted by consent of the Author, and of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

The best Gothic architecture, wherever it may be found, affords evidence that the men who executed it were moved by a true fervor of religious faith. In building a church, they did not forget that it was to be the house of God. No portion of their building was too minute, no portion too obscure, to be perfected with thorough and careful labor. The work was not let out by contract, or taken up as a profitable job. The architect of a cathedral might live all his life within the shadow of its rising walls, and die no richer than when he gave the sketch; but he was well repaid by the delight of seeing his design grow from an imagination to a reality, and by spending his days in the accepted service of the Lord.

For the building of a cathedral, however, there needs not only a spirit of religious zeal among the workmen, but a faith no less ardent among the people for whom the church is designed. The enormous expense of construction — an expense which for generations must be continued without intermission — is not to be met except by liberal and willing general contributions. Papal indulgences and the offerings of pilgrims may add something to the revenues; but the main cost of building must be borne by the community over whose house-tops the cathedral is to rise and to extend its benign protection.

Cathedrals were essentially expressions of the popular will and the popular faith. They were the work neither of ecclesiastics nor of feudal barons. They represent in a measure

the decline of feudalism, and the prevalence of the democratic element in society. No sooner did a city achieve its freedom than its people began to take thought for a cathedral. Of all the arts, architecture is the most quickly responsive to the instincts and the desires of a people. And in the cathedrals, the popular beliefs, hopes, fears, fancies, and aspirations found expression, and were perpetuated in a language intelligible to all. The life of the Middle Ages is recorded on their walls. When the democratic element was subdued, as in Cologne by a Prince Bishop, or in Milan by a succession of tyrants, the cathedral was left unfinished. When in the fifteenth century, all over Europe, the turbulent but energetic liberties of the people were suppressed, the building of cathedrals ceased.

The grandeur, beauty, and lavish costliness of the Duomo at Orvieto, or of any other of the greater cathedrals, implies a persistency and strength of purpose which could be the result only of the influence over the souls of men of a deep and abiding emotion. Minor motives may often have borne a part in the excitement of feeling,—motives of personal ambition, civic pride, boastfulness, and rivalry; but a work that requires the combined and voluntary offerings and labor of successive generations presupposes a condition of the higher spiritual nature which no motives but those connected with religion are sufficient to support. It becomes then a question of more than merely historic interest, a question indeed touching the very foundation of the spiritual development and civilization of modern Europe, to investigate the nature and origin of that wide-spread impulse which for two centuries led the people of different races, and widely diverse habits of life and thought, to the construction of cathedrals,—buildings such as our own age, no less than those which have immediately preceded it, seems incompetent to execute, and indifferent to attempt.

It is impossible to fix a precise date for the first signs of vigorous and vital consciousness which gave token of the birth of a new life out of the dead remains of the ancient world. The tenth century is often spoken of as the darkest period of the Dark Ages; but even in its dull sky there were some breaks of light, and very soon after it had passed the dawn began to brighten. The epoch of the completion of a thousand years from the birth of Christ, which had, almost from the first preaching of Christianity, been looked forward to as the time for the destruction

of the world and the advent of the Lord to judge the earth, had passed without the fulfillment of these ecclesiastical prophecies and popular anticipations. There can be little doubt that among the mass of men there was a sense of relief, naturally followed by a certain invigoration of spirit. The eleventh century was one of comparative intellectual vigor. The twelfth was still more marked by mental activity and force. The world was fairly awake. Civilization was taking the first steps of its modern course. The relations of the various classes of society were changing. A wider liberty of thought and action was established; and while this led to a fresh exercise of individual power and character, it conduced also to combine men together in new forms of united effort for the attainment of common objects and in the pursuit of common interests.

Corresponding with, but perhaps subsequent by a short interval to, the pervading intellectual movement, was a strong and quickening development of the moral sense among men. The periods distinguished in modern history by a condition of intellectual excitement and fervor have been usually, perhaps always, followed at a short interval by epochs of more or less intense moral energy, which has borne a near relation to the nature of the moral elements in the previous intellectual movement. The Renaissance, an intellectual period of pure immorality, was followed close by the Reformation, whose first characteristic was that of protest. The Elizabethan age, in which the minds of men were full of large thoughts, and their imaginations rose to the highest flights, led in the noble sacrifices, the great achievements, the wild vagaries of Puritanism. The age of Voltaire and the infidels was followed by the fierce energy, the infidel morality of the French Revolution. And so at this earlier period, the general intellectual awakening, characterized as it was by simple impulses, and regulated in great measure by the teachings of the Church, produced a strong outbreak of moral earnestness which exhibited itself in curiously similar forms through the whole of Europe. . . .

The immense amount of labor employed in the construction, — and of labor of the most diverse description, from the highest efforts of the inventive imagination to the simplest mechanical hammering of blocks of stone, — led to a careful organization of the whole body of workmen, and to the setting aside of a special building, the *Loggia*, on the Cathedral square, for the use of the

masters in the different arts. Each art had its chief, and over all presided "the Master of the Masters," skilled no less in painting, mosaic, and sculpture, than in architecture. The larger number of the most accomplished artists came at this time from Siena and Pisa, where the growth of the arts had a little earlier spring than in Florence. Whatever designs and models were required for any portion of the work were first submitted for approval to the head of the special art to which they belonged; and if approved by him, were then laid before the Master of the Masters, and the Board of Superintendents of the work. These officers occupied a house opposite the front of the Duomo, in which they assembled for deliberation, and where the records of their proceedings were kept in due form by a notary, who every week registered the works accomplished, the cost of materials, and the wages of those employed on the building.

Beside the masters and men at work at Orvieto, many others were distributed in various parts of Italy, employed in obtaining materials, and especially in quarrying and cutting marble for the Cathedral. Black marble was got from the quarries near Siena, alabaster from Sant' Antimo, near Radicofani, and white marble from the mountains of Carrara. But the supply of the richest and rarest marbles came from Rome, the ruins of whose ancient magnificence afforded ample stores of costliest material to the builders not only of the Papal city itself, but of Naples, of Orvieto, and of many another Italian town. The Greek statuary marble which had once formed part of some ancient temple was transferred to the hands of the new sculptors, to be worked into forms far different in character and in execution from those of Grecian art. The accumulated riches of pagan Rome were distributed for the adornment of Christian churches.

To destroy the remains of paganism was regarded as a scarcely less acceptable service than to erect new buildings for Christian worship. Petrarch had not yet begun to lament the barbarism of such destruction. The beauty of the ancient world was recognized as yet only by a few artists, powerless to save its vanishing remains. Not yet had the intoxicating sense of this beauty begun to recorrupt and re-effeminate Italy. A century later, Rome began to preserve in part the few remaining memorials of her ancient splendor; and not many years after, the Renaissance, with its degraded taste and debasing principles, set in, and the influence of ancient art on modern morals was displayed.

The workmen who labored in quarrying at Rome during the winter retired in summer to the healthy heights of the Alban mountains; and there, among the ruins of ancient villas, continued their work, and thence dispatched the blocks, on wagons drawn by buffaloes, to their distant destination. The entries in the book of the records of the *Fabbrica* show with what a network of laborers, in the service of the Cathedral, the neighboring provinces were overspread. Thus, under date of the 13th of September, 1321, there is an entry of the expense of the transport of marbles, and of travertine for coarse work, from Valle del Cero, from Barontoli, from Tivoli, and from Rigo on the Tiber; and on the 11th of the same month, sixty florins of gold and fourteen *lire* in silver were paid for the transport, with sixteen pairs of buffaloes, from the forest of Aspretolo, of sixteen loads of fir timber for the soffit of the Cathedral, and one beam of the largest size. Again, there is an entry of the payment for bringing four great pieces of marble, of the weight of 8,100 pounds, from the quarter of St. Paul at Rome; and a little later another for 14,250 pounds of marble, also from Rome. On the 21st of June, nine *lire* and eleven *soldi* had been spent in the purchase of an ass,—"quem somarium Mag. Laurentius caput Magistrorum operis et Camerarius emerunt pro portandis ferris et rebus Magistrorum operis Romam." From the quarry of Montepisi came loads of marble for the main portal and for the side-doors; and from Arezzo, famous of old for its red vases, was brought clay for the glass furnace for the making of mosaics. On the 3d of August, a messenger was dispatched with letters from the architect to the workmen at Albano, "Magistris operis qui laborant marmora apud Castrum Albani, prope Urbem." Such entries as these extend over many years; and show not only the activity displayed in the building, but also its enormous costliness, and the long foresight and wide knowledge of means required in its architect.

Trains of wagons, loaded with material for the Cathedral, made their slow progress toward the city from the north and the south, from the shores of the Adriatic and of the Mediterranean. The heavy carts which had creaked under their burdens along the solitudes of the Campagna of the Maremma, which had toiled up the forest-covered heights that overhang Viterbo, through the wild passes of Monte Cimino, or whose shouting teamsters had held back their straining buffaloes down the bare sides of the mountains of Radicofani, arrived in unending succession in the

valley of the Paglia. The worst part of the way, however, still lay before them in the steep ascent to the uplifted city. But here the zeal of voluntary labor came in to lighten the work of the tugging buffaloes. Bands of citizens enrolled themselves to drag the carts up the rise of the mountain; and on feast days the people of the neighboring towns flocked in to take their share in the work, and to gain the indulgences offered to those who should give a helping hand. We may imagine these processions of laborers in the service of the house of the Lord advancing to the sound of the singing of hymns or the chanting of penitential psalms; but of these scenes no formal description has been left. The enthusiasm which was displayed was of the same order as that which, a century before, had been shown at the building of the magnificent Cathedral of Chartres, but probably less intense in its expression, owing to the change in the spirit of the times. Then men and women, sometimes to the number of a thousand, of all ranks and conditions, harnessed themselves to the wagons loaded with materials for building, or with supplies for the workmen. No one was admitted into the company who did not first make confession of his sins, "and lay down at the foot of the altar all hatred and anger." As cart after cart was dragged in by its band of devotees, it was set in its place in a circle of wagons around the church. Candles were lighted upon them all, as upon so many altars. At night the people watched, singing hymns and songs of praise, or inflicting discipline upon themselves, with prayers for the forgiveness of their sins.

Processions of Juggernaut, camp-meetings, the excitements of a revival, are exhibitions under another form of the spirit shown in these enrollments of the people as beasts of burden. Such excitements rarely leave any noble or permanent result. But it was the distinctive characteristic of this period of religious enthusiasm that there were men honestly partaking in the general emotion, yet of such strong individuality of genius that instead of being carried away by the wasteful current of feeling, they were able to guide and control to great and noble purposes the impulsive activity and bursting energies of the time. Religious excitements so called, of whatever kind, imply one of two things: either a morbid state of the physical or mental system, or a low and materialistic conception of the truths of the spiritual life. They belong as much to the body as to the soul, and they seek vent for the energies they arouse, in physical manifestations.

Between the groaning of a set of miserable sinners on the anxious seats, and the toiling of men and women at the ropes of carts laden with stone for a church, there is a close relation. The cause and nature of the emotion which influences them are the same. The difference of its mode of exhibition arises from original differences of character, from changes in religious creeds, from the varied circumstances of different ages. It is a difference exhibited in the contrast between the bare boards of a Methodist meeting-house and the carved walls of a Catholic cathedral.

THE DOME OF BRUNELLESCHI

From 'Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages.' Copyright 1880, by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by consent of Author and Publishers.

In the chapter-house — the so-called Spanish chapel — of Santa Maria Novella, is one of the most interesting pictures of the fourteenth century. It has been ascribed, rightly or wrongly is of little consequence, to the great Sienese master Simone Memmi. It represents, in a varied and crowded composition of many scenes, the services and the exaltation of St. Dominic and his order. The artist may well have had in his mind the splendid eulogy of the saint which Dante heard from St. Bonaventura in Paradise. As the type and image of the visible Church, the painter had depicted the Duomo of Florence — not unfinished, as it was at the time, but completed, and representing, we may believe, in its general features, the original project of Arnolfo, although the details are rather in the spirit of the delicate Gothic work of Orcagna's school than in that of an earlier time. The central area of the church is covered by an octagonal dome that rises from a cornice on a level with a roof of the nave, and is adorned at each angle with the figure of an angel.

When the church now, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, was approaching completion, this original project of an octagonal dome still seemed the only plan practicable for the covering of the intersection of nave and transept; but the construction of such a work had been rendered vastly more difficult by the immense increase in the original dimensions. The area to be spanned was enormous, for the diameter of the octagon was now about one hundred and thirty-five feet. The difficulty was

THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.

Showing the dome of Brunelleschi.
Photogravure from a photograph.

"No more characteristic or remarkable design was produced during the whole period of the Renaissance than this with which its great architectural achievements began. It was the manifesto of a revolution in architecture. It marks an epoch in the art. Such a dome as Brunelleschi proposed to erect had never been built. The great domes of former times—the dome of the Pantheon, the dome of Santa Sophia—had been designed solely for their interior effect: they were not impressive or noble structures from without. But Brunelleschi had conceived a dome which, grand in its interior aspect, should be even more superb from without than from within, and which in its stately dimensions and proportions, in its magnificent lift above all the other edifices of the city of which it formed the centre, should give the fullest satisfaction to the desire common in the Italian cities for a monumental expression of the political unity and the religious faith of their people. His work fulfilled the highest aim of architecture as a civic art, in being a political symbol, an image of the life of the State itself. As such no other of the ultimate forms of architecture was so appropriate as the dome. Its absolute unity and symmetry, the beautiful shape and proportions of its broad divisions, the strong and simple energy of its upwardly converging lines, all satisfied the sentiment of Florence, compounded as it was of the most varied elements —civic, political, religious, and æsthetic."—*Norton.*

the greater from the height of the walls from which the dome must spring. No Gothic builder had vaulted such an area as this. Since the Pantheon was built, no architect had attempted a dome with such a span; and the dome of the Pantheon itself, with a diameter of one hundred and forty-three feet, rose from a wall that was but seventy-two feet in height. The dome of St. Sophia, the supreme work of the Byzantine builders, with the resources of the Empire at their command, had a diameter of but one hundred and four feet, and the height from the ground to its very summit was but one hundred and seventy-nine feet. The records of architecture could not show such a dome as this must be. Where was the architect to be found who would venture to undertake its construction? What were the means he could employ for its execution? Such were the questions that pressed upon those who had the work in charge, and which busied the thoughts of the builders of the time. . . .

It cannot now be determined, and it is of little importance, whether Brunelleschi's object in going to Rome was as distinctly defined beforehand in his own mind as Vasari declares in the statement that he had two most grand designs: one to bring to light again good architecture; the other to find the means, if he could, of vaulting the cupola of St. Mary of the Flower, "an intention of which he said nothing to Donatello or any living soul;"—or whether, as the anonymous biographer implies, this object gradually took shape in his thought as he studied the remains of Roman antiquity, acquainting himself with the forms and proportions of classic buildings, and with the unsurpassed methods of Roman construction. But this journey of Brunelleschi and Donatello, that they might learn, and learning revive, "the good ancient art," is one of the capital incidents in the modern Renaissance. These were the two men in all Florence, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, of deepest nature, of most various and original genius. They were in little sympathy with the temper of the Middle Ages. For them the charm of its finest moods was lost. The spirit that had given form to Gothic art had always been foreign to Tuscan artists. The traditions of an earlier time had never wholly failed to influence their work. And now the worth and significance of ancient art, first recognized by Niccola Pisano a century and a half earlier, were felt as never before. The work of the scholars of the fourteenth century, in the collection and study of the fragments of ancient

culture, was bearing fruit. For a hundred years the progress in letters and the arts in Italy had been quickened by the increasing knowledge of the past; and with each step of advance men had not only felt deeper and more inspiring delight in the ideals of the classic world, but had found more and more instruction in the models which its works presented. Through the creations of the art of former days nature herself was revealed to them in new aspects. Their reverence for the teachings of the ancients was often uncritical and indiscriminate, but the zeal with which they sought them was sincere and invigorating. It was not till a later time, when the first eagerness of enthusiasm had given place to a dry pedantry of investigation, that the study of classic models allured a weaker generation from the paths of nature and independence into those of artificiality and imitation.

Brunelleschi was the first artist to visit Rome with fully open modern eyes. From morning till night, day after day, he and Donatello were at work unearthing half-buried ruins, measuring columns and entablatures, digging up hidden fragments, searching for whatever might reveal the secrets of ancient time. The common people fancied them to be seekers for buried treasure; but the treasure for which they sought was visible only to one who had, like Brunelleschi, as his biographer says, "buono occhio mentale," — a clear mental eye.

For many years the greater part of Brunelleschi's life was spent in Rome. He had sold a little farm that he owned at Settignano, near Florence, to obtain the means of living; but falling short of money after a while, he turned to the art in which he had served his apprenticeship, and gained his livelihood by work as a goldsmith. The condition of Rome at this time was wretched in the extreme. Nothing was left of the dignity of the ancient city but its ruins. There was no settled civic order, no regular administration of law or justice. Life and property were insecure. The people were poor, suffering, and turbulent. Rome was the least civilized city of Italy. Its aspect was as wretched as its condition. Large tracts within its walls were vacant. Its inhabited portions were a labyrinth of filthy lanes. Many churches, built in earlier centuries, were neglected and falling to ruin. There was no respect for the monuments of former times. Many were buried under heaps of the foulest rubbish; many were used as quarries of stone for common walls; many were cumbered by mean buildings, or occupied as

strongholds. The portico of the Pantheon was filled with stalls and booths; the arcades of the Colosseum were blocked up with rude structures used for the most various purposes; the Forum was crowded with a confused mass of low dwellings. Ancient marbles, fragments of splendid sculpture, were often calcined for lime. The reawakening interest in antiquity which was inspiring the scholars and artists of Florence, and which was beginning to modify profoundly the culture and the life of Europe, was not yet shared by those who dwelt within the city which was its chief source, and reverence for Rome was nowhere less felt than in Rome itself.

But the example and the labors of Brunelleschi were opening the way to change. He was the pioneer along a path leading to modern times. In the midst of conditions that must have weighed heavily upon him, he continued the diligent study of the remains of ancient art, investigating especially such structures as the Pantheon and the Baths, for the purpose of learning the methods adopted in their construction.

Meantime his repute was slowly advancing at home; and when at intervals he visited Florence, he was consulted in respect to the public and private buildings with which the flourishing city was adorning herself. The work on the Duomo was steadily proceeding. The eastern tribune was finished in 1407; the others were approaching completion. The original plan of a dome springing from the level of the roof of the nave had been recognized as unfit for the larger church. Such a dome would have had too heavy and too low a look. It had been decided that the dome must be lifted above the level of the roof upon a massive octagonal drum; and already in 1417 the *occhi*, or round lights, of the drum were constructing, and the time was close at hand when the structure would be ready for the beginning of the dome itself. The overseers of the work were embarrassed by the difficulty of the task by which they were confronted, and knew not how to proceed. If a framework for the centring of the dome were to be built up from the ground, they stood aghast at the quantity of timber required for it, and at the enormous cost; so that it seemed to them well-nigh an impossibility, or to speak more truly, absolutely impossible.

The Board of Works sought advice from Brunelleschi. "But if the master builders had seen difficulties, Philip showed them far more. And some one asking, Is there, then, no mode of

erecting it? Philip, who was ingenious also in discourse, replied that if the thing were really impossible, it could not be done: but that if it were not so, there ought to be some one in the world who could do the work; and seeing that it was a religious edifice, the Lord God, to whom nothing was impossible, would surely not abandon it." Further consultations were held; and on May 19th, 1417, the *Opera* voted to give Philip di Ser Brunellesco "pro bona gratuitate" — for his labors in making drawings and employing himself concerning the cupola — ten golden florins. . . . No more characteristic or remarkable design was produced during the whole period of the Renaissance than this with which its great architectural achievements began. It was the manifesto of a revolution in architecture. It marks an epoch in the art. Such a dome as Brunelleschi proposed to erect had never been built. The great domes of former times — the dome of the Pantheon, the dome of Santa Sophia — had been designed solely for their interior effect: they were not impressive or noble structures from without. But Brunelleschi had conceived a dome which, grand in its interior aspect, should be even more superb from without than from within, and which in its stately dimensions and proportions, in its magnificent lift above all the other edifices of the city of which it formed the centre, should give the fullest satisfaction to the desire common in the Italian cities for a monumental expression of the political unity and the religious faith of their people. His work fulfilled the highest aim of architecture as a civic art, in being a political symbol, an image of the life of the State itself. As such no other of the ultimate forms of architecture was so appropriate as the dome. Its absolute unity and symmetry, the beautiful shape and proportions of its broad divisions, the strong and simple energy of its upwardly converging lines, all satisfied the sentiment of Florence, compounded as it was of the most varied elements,— civic, political, religious, and æsthetic. . . .

At last, in 1420, all these masters from beyond the mountains were assembled in Florence, together with those of Tuscany, and all the ingenious architects of the city, among them Brunelleschi himself. On a certain day they all met at the works of S. Maria del Fiore, together with the consuls and the Board of Works and a choice of the most intelligent citizens; and then one after another spoke his mind as to the mode in which the dome might be built. "It was a fine thing to hear the strange and diverse

opinions on the matter.» Some advised to build up a structure from the ground to support the cupola while it was in process of building. Others, for the same end, proposed heaping up a high mound of earth, in which pieces of money should be buried, so that when the work was done the common people would carry away the earth for the sake of what they might find in it. Others again urged that the cupola be built of pumice-stone, for the sake of lightness. Only Philip said that the dome could be built without any such support of timber or masonry or earth, and was laughed at by all for such a wild and impracticable notion; and growing hot in the explanation and defense of his plan of construction, and being told to go but not consenting, he was at last carried by main force from the assembly, «fu portato di peso fuori,» — all men holding him stark mad. And Philip was accustomed to say afterwards that he was ashamed at this time to go about Florence, for fear of hearing it said, «See that fool there, who talks so wildly.» The overseers of the work were distracted by the bewildering diversity of counsels; and «Philip, who had spent so many years in studies for the sake of having this work, knew not what to do, and was oftentimes tempted to depart from Florence. Yet, wishing to win his object, he armed himself with patience, as was needful, having so much to endure; for he knew the brains of that city never stood long fixed on one resolve. Philip might have shown a little model which he had below, but he did not wish to show it; being aware of the small understanding of the consuls, the envy of the workmen, and the little stability of the citizens, who favored now this, now that, according to their pleasure. What, then, Philip had not been able to do in the assembly he began to try with individuals; and speaking now to this consul, now to this member of the Board of Works, and in like wise to many citizens, showing them part of his design, he brought them to determine to assign the work either to him or to one of the foreigners. Whereby the consuls and the Board of Works and the citizens being encouraged, they caused a new assembly to be held, and the architects disputed of the matter; but they were all beaten down and overcome by Philip with abundant reasons. And here it is said that the dispute about the egg arose in this manner.» The other architects urged him to explain his scheme in detail, and to show them the model he had made of the structure; but this he refused, and finally proposed to them that

the man who could prove his capacity by making an egg stand on end on a smooth bit of marble should build the cupola. To this they assented. All tried in vain; and then Philip, taking the egg and striking it upon the marble, made it stand. The others, offended, declared they could have done as much. "Ay," said Philip, "and so, after seeing my model, you could build the cupola."

It was accordingly resolved that he should have charge of the conduct of the work; and he was directed to give fuller information concerning his plans to the consuls and Board of Works.

. . . . . .

Towards the end of the year 1425, in January (it is to be remembered that the Florentine year began in March), Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, together with one of the Officials of the Cupola and the head-master of the works, united in an important report to the Board, as to the work in progress and that which was to be next undertaken. It is plain from it that the difficulties of building such a vault without centring were increasing as the curve ascended. On the inner side of the vault a parapet of planks was to be made, to protect the scaffolding and to cut off the sight of the masters from the void beneath them, for their greater security. "We say nothing of centring," say the builders: "not that it might not have given greater strength and beauty to the work," which may well be doubted; "but not having been started with, a centring would now be undesirable, and could hardly be made without armature, for the sake of avoiding which the centring was dispensed with at the beginning." Brunelleschi's genius was sufficient to overcome all the difficulties met with in accomplishing the bold experiment which he had devised, and which in its kind still remains without parallel.

Many entries in the records afford a lively impression of scenes and incidents connected with the building. With all the precautions that could be taken, the exposure of the workmen to the risk of falling was great. Two men were thus killed in the first year of the work. As the dome rose, the danger increased; and a provision was made that any of the masters or laborers who preferred to work below might do so, but at wages one quarter less. Brunelleschi, finding that owing to the vast height of the edifice, the builders lost much time in going down for food and drink, arranged a cook-shop and stalls for the sale of bread and wine, in the cupola itself. Thenceforth no one was

allowed to go down from his work oftener than once a day. But the supply of wine in the cupola caused a new danger; and an order was issued by the Board, that "considering the risks which may daily threaten the master masons who are employed on the wall of the cupola, on account of the wine that is necessarily kept in the cupola, from this time forth the clerk of the works shall not allow any wine to be brought up which has not been diluted with at least one third of water." But the workmen were reckless; and amused themselves, among other ways, in letting themselves and each other down on the outside of the dome in mere sport, or to take young birds from their nests, till at length the practice was forbidden by an order of the Board.

So year by year the work went on; the walls slowly rounding upwards. . . .

The work on the Duomo was now actively pushed forward. The second chain to resist the thrust of the inner cupola was constructed; and in 1432 the dome had reached such a height that Brunelleschi was ordered to make a model of the closing of its summit, and also a model of the lantern that was to stand on it, in order that full consideration might be given to the work, and due provision for it made in advance. Two years more passed, years in which the city was busied with public affairs of great concern both at home and abroad; when at length, on the 12th of June, 1434, just fourteen years from its beginning, the cupola closed over the central space of the Duomo. It had grown slowly, marvelous in the eyes of all beholders, who saw its walls rise, curving over the void without apparent support, held suspended in the air as if by miracle. Brunelleschi's fame was secure; henceforth his work was chief part of Florence.

NOVALIS

(FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG)

(1772–1801)

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG, better known under the pseudonym of Novalis, was born upon the family estate of Wiederstedt, Mansfeld, Germany, May 2d, 1772. His early education and environment were conducive to the development of the best that was in him. His father, the Baron von Hardenberg, was in every respect an exemplary man and a wise father; his mother was loving and pious: and the family circle, which included seven sons and four daughters, was bound together by the closest ties of affection and congeniality.

NOVALIS

As a lad, Novalis was delicate and retiring, and of a dreamy disposition. He withdrew from the rough sports of his companions, and amused himself by reading and composing poetry. He wrote poetical plays, in which he and his brothers enacted the characters of the spirits of the earth and air and water. His parents were Moravians; and the strict, religious character of his training had a deep effect upon his sensitive nature. His thoughts dwelt constantly upon the unseen. His eyes burned with the light of an inward fire, and he wandered about in a kind of day-dream, in which the intangible was more real than his material surroundings. A more healthful change took place during his ninth year. A severe attack of illness seems to have aroused his dormant powers of resistance; and after his recovery he was not only better physically, but brighter and more cheerful, and far more awake to temporalities. His education now began in earnest. He applied himself diligently to his studies, and entered the University of Jena in 1789. Here he met Fichte and Friedrich Schlegel; an acquaintance that was fruitful of results, for with Novalis a friendship was an epoch, and his ardent spirit readily yielded itself to affinitive influences. His passionate friendship for Schiller, whom he also met at Jena, and later

for Goethe, were molds for his plastic nature. He remained at Jena until 1792, when he went to the University of Leipsic with his brother Erasmus; and the following year he finished his studies at Wittenberg.

The future character of his pursuits indicates his intention of following a business career. He went to Arnstadt, where, under the instruction of Just, the principal judiciary of the district, he applied himself to practical affairs. In 1795 he was appointed to a position in the Saxony salt works, of which his father was director. In the mean time, early in the spring of 1795, he had made the acquaintance of Sophie von Kuhn, a beautiful child of thirteen, for whom he at once conceived a poetic passion. In spite of her youth, they were betrothed; but Sophie died just after her fifteenth birthday, and Novalis entered upon a period of darkness and despair that threatened to engulf him. Shortly after her death, his brother Erasmus died at Weissenfels; and this double grief seemed to transfigure Novalis. For him the boundary line between the seen and the unseen disappeared. He longed for death, and yet was in a state of exaltation. He wrote to his brother Charles: «Be comforted. Erasmus has conquered. The flowers of the beloved wreath here drop off one by one, in order that there they may be reunited into one more beautiful and eternal.»

It was during this time and a little later that he wrote some of the most beautiful and spirituel of his compositions, notably 'Hymnen an die Nacht' (Hymns to the Night). These fragmentary pieces of prose are the breathings of a poet's soul. «I turn aside to the holy, ineffable, mysterious Night. Afar lies the world submerged in the deep vault of heaven. Waste and lonely is her place. The chords of the bosom are stirred by deep sadness. I will descend in dewdrops and mix myself with the ashes. Distances of memory, wishes of youth, dreams of childhood, the short joys and vain hopes of a whole long life, come in gray apparel, like the evening mist after the sunset. In other spaces Light has pitched its joyful tents. Will it never return to its children who await it with the faith of innocence?»

With the intention of diverting his mind from his sorrow, his parents persuaded him to carry out a plan of his younger days, and undertake a course of study in the Mining School of Freiburg. Here, amid congenial friends and in the interests of his pursuits, he gradually recovered health and cheerfulness. He loved again, and shortly became engaged to Julie, the daughter of the famous mineralogist Charpentier. Novalis remained in Freiburg until the summer of 1799, when he returned to Weissenfels, where he was made assessor and was appointed under his father chief judiciary of the Thuringian district. He now visited often at Jena, where he established

the warmest relations with Ritter, Schelling, Wilhelm Schlegel, and Tieck; of whom the last, in connection with Friedrich Schlegel, became his biographer and literary executor.

Always delicate, always spiritually toying with death, at last the invincible forces that had so long held aloof descended upon him. In August of the year 1800 he became very ill; and though he still attended to the duties of his office, and wrote constantly, his weakness increased, and on the 25th of March, 1801, he died at the house of his parents in Weissenfels, not quite twenty-nine years of age.

The influence of Novalis was due more to the time of his appearance than to his power as a writer; and it is as a factor in the evolution of German literature, rather than by the amount or even the quality of his work, that he is to be judged. His entire writings are comprised within two or three small volumes, and the years of his literary activity were but six, included in the period between the close of his student days and his death; and yet the name of Novalis is the brightest of the old Romantic school. Although his early death precluded the possibility of his fulfilling the expectations of his friends, who regarded him as the torch-bearer in the struggle against the materialism of the "Enlighteners," yet his union of religion and poetry, his philosophy, and his deep faith in Christianity, made him a power quite unique in the world of letters. 'Geistliche Lieder' (Spiritual Songs) are matchless of their kind; and all his poems have an illusive beauty and fragrance quite impossible to translate.

A great part of the works of Novalis are made up of miscellaneous fragments, philosophical reflections, aphorisms, and irrelevant thoughts set down in disconnected sentences. Many of these were published in the Athenæum under the title of 'Blumenstaub' (Flower-Dust), and many more were collected from his papers after the death of the author. 'Die Lehrlinge zu Sais' (The Disciples at Sais) is a fragment of an unfinished psychological romance, which in its vagueness and philosophical speculation has many points of resemblance to his later and also unfinished work, 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen.'

A new art, before its limitations have been reached, and before it has definitely assumed its ultimate shape, may develop many extravagances. Novalis was a leader in the new school of Romanticism, and 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' was a protest against rationalism. This allegorical romance, if indeed what is pure allegory may be called a romance, was written during the last months of Novalis's life. It was intended to be an apotheosis of poetry, and in this phenomenal piece of literature there existed no law either human or divine. The poet's fancy is all supreme. Dreams and allegories may transcend all laws of mind and matter; nothing astonishes, nothing is impossible. Heinrich von Ofterdingen in his search for the Blue

Flower, the absolute ideal, represents the struggle of the spirit of poesy against the environment of the material. Part first, 'Expectation,' which is completed, describes the gradual preparation of the hero for the reception of this ethereal essence. Part second, 'The Fulfillment,' has been completed in outline by Tieck, the author's intimate friend and literary confidant, and is supposed to represent the full blossoming of the poet's soul. "To the poet who comprehends the nature of his art to its centre, nothing appears contradictory and strange. To him all riddles are solved. By the magic of the imagination he can unite all ages and all worlds. Miracles disappear, and everything transforms itself into miracles." And so throughout the tale the marvels advance by gigantic strides, until at the end it only dimly stirs us to learn that "Heinrich plucks the Blue Flower and releases Matilda from her enchantment, but she is again lost to him. He becomes insensible through pain, and turns into a stone. Edda (the Blue Flower, the Eastern Maiden, Matilda) sacrifices herself upon the stone, which is then transformed into a melodious tree. Cyane hews down the tree and burns it, and herself with it. He now becomes a golden ram which Edda—that is, Matilda—must sacrifice, when he again becomes man," etc.

'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' as a romance is unworthy of the place assigned it by contemporary critics. Although full of passages of rare beauties, and ideas which outstrip their time, it is nevertheless vague, obscure, and chaotic. Its importance lies in its effect as the leaven of the new literature just springing into being. It embodies all the beauties, as well as all the faults and extravagances, of the old Romantic school, before time had pruned its growth and developed it into a fruitful maturity.

HYMNS TO THE NIGHT

WHAT living, feeling being loves not the gorgeous hues which proclaim the dawn of day?

The ever-moving stars, as they whirl in boundless ether, hail the dawn-bright herald of the day, the glistening rocks hail its rays, the tender growing plants raise their pure eyes rejoicing, and the wild animal joins in the happy chorus which welcomes another day.

More than all these rejoices the glorious Being, the Monarch of the Earth. His deep, thoughtful eyes survey his creation. His melodious voice summons nature to resume her magic works. He binds or looses a million ties, and stamps all earthly life with

some impress of his power. His presence reveals the marvels of the Kingdom of Earth.

But sacred Night, with her unspoken mysteries, draws me to her. The world is far, far away, buried in a deep and lonely grave. My heart is full of sadness. Let me dissolve in drops of dew, and join the beloved dust. Long past memories, youthful ambitions, childhood's dreams, a long life of brief joys and blighted hopes, pass before me — dusky forms, like evening mist.

In another region merry day returns triumphant. Will it never return to us, its children, who await its coming in child-like trust?

What stirs this weary heart, and banishes my sorrow? Dost thou feel pity for us, O holy Night?

What soothing influence pervades my being? What hand sheds costly opiate on my throbbing heart? The wings of fancy no longer droop, fresh energy arises within me. In joyful surprise I see a calm, grave face bend lovingly over me; the face of a tender mother, beaming with eternal youth. How poor and childish in comparison are the joys of day, how blessed and consoling the return of night!

The active work of day is over; the boundless ocean of space, with its lustrous spheres, proclaims Night's eternal power and presence.

The eyes of the Night are countless hosts of glittering orbs, a glory far exceeding that of Day. They see far beyond the most distant of those countless hosts; they need no light to perceive the unfathomable depth of that loving Spirit who fills boundless space with happiness.

All hail, Queen of the Earth! thou herald of holier worlds, thou revealer of holy love! Much-loved sun of the night, thou art her gift.

My whole being awakes. I am thine, and thou art mine. Night has aroused me to life and manhood. Consume my earthly frame, draw me into deeper and closer union, and may our bridal night endure for ever.

Must Day return again? Will earthly influences never cease? Unholy toil desecrates the heavenly calm of Night. When shall the mystic sacrifice of love burn for ever? Light has its own fixed limits, but Night has a boundless unfathomable dominion; the reign of Sleep has no end. Holy Sleep! shed thy blest balm

on the hallowed Night of this earthly sphere. Only fools fail to understand thee, and know of no other sleep than the shades which the actual night casts over us in kindly pity. They see thee not in the purple blood of the grape, in the golden oil of the almond, in the dusty sap of the poppy. They guess not that it is thou who hoverest around the tender maiden, making her heart the temple of Heaven; nor dream that it is thou, heavenly messenger, who bearest the key which opens the dwellings of the Blessed.

I KNOW when the last day shall come — when Light no longer shall be scared by Night and Love: then slumber shall not cease, and existence shall become an endless dream. Heavenly weariness oppresses me, long and dreamy was my pilgrimage to the Holy Grave, crushing was the cross I bore. He who has drunk of the crystal wave which wells forth from the gloomy grave on which earth's billows break, he who has stood on earth's border-land and perceived that new country, the dwelling of Night, returns not to the tumult of life, to the land where light reigns amid ceaseless unrest.

He builds himself a refuge far from the tumult — a peaceful home, and awaits the welcome hour when he too shall be drawn into the crystal wave. All that savors of earth floats on the surface, and is driven back by tempests; but what love has hallowed flows in hidden channels, to another region where it mingles — a fragrant essence — with those loved ones who have fallen asleep.

Ah! merry Light, thou still arousest the weary to their task, and strivest to inspire me too with cheerful life; but thou hast no charm to tempt me from my cherished memories. With joy I watch the busy hands, and look around to fulfill my own duty; I praise thy glorious works, admire the matchless blending of thy cunning designs, watch the varied workings of the busy hours, and seek to discover the symmetry and laws which rule the marvels of endless space and measureless ages.

But my heart remains ever true to Night and her daughter, creative Love. Canst thou show me one ever-faithful heart? Has thy sun a friendly glance for me? Do thy stars hold out a welcoming hand? Do they return the gentle pressure and the caressing word? Hast thou clothed them in color and beauty? What joys or pleasure can life offer to outweigh the charm of

death? Does not all that inspires us bear the colors of Night? Night bears thee gently like a mother; to her thou owest all thy glory. Thou wouldst have sunk into endless space had not Night upheld thee, and bound thee, till earth arose. Truly I existed long ere thou wert: I and my sisters were sent to dwell in thy world, and hallow it with love, to make it an enduring memorial; to plant it with unfading flowers. Not yet have these blossoms opened, few are the traces which mark our way. But the end of time is at hand; then thou wilt rejoin us, and gently fade away, full of longing and fervent desire. All thy busy restlessness will end in heavenly freedom, a blessed home-coming. With bitter grief I acknowledge thy forsaking of our home, thine unconquered hatred to the old glorious heaven.

But in vain is thy wrath and fury. The Cross stands firm for ever, the banner of our race.

The many scattered races of mankind lay bound for ages in the grasp of an iron fate. Light was hidden from their weary souls. The eternal world was the home and dwelling of the Gods. Its mysterious form had existed from eternity. Over the glowing mountains of the East abode the Sun, with its all-pervading heat and light. An aged Giant bore the Earth on his shoulders. The Titans, the first children of Mother Earth,—who had waged impious war against the new glorious race of Gods and their kinsfolk, the merry race of men,—lay fast bound under the mountains. The dark green depths of Ocean was the lap of a Goddess. A gay, luxurious race dwelt in the crystal grottoes. Beasts, trees, flowers, and animals had the gift of speech. Richer was the flavor of the grapes, for a God dwelt in the luxuriant vine; the golden sheaves took their birth from a loving motherly Goddess; and love was the sweet service rendered to the deities. Age followed age, a ceaseless spring; and the happy life of Earth's children was ever enlivened by celestial presences. All races honored the flashing, many-hued flame, as the highest manifestation in life.

Only one shadow obscured the common joy—the cruel spectre of Death. This mysterious decree—separation from all that was loved and lovely—weighed heavy on the hearts of all; even the Gods could find no remedy for this evil. Unable to overcome the menacing fate, man strove to cast a glamour of beauty over the ghastly phantom, and pictured him as a lovely youth

extinguishing a torch, and sinking to rest. Still the cruel enigma remained unsolved, and spoke of the irresistible might of some unknown power.

The old world waned; the flowers of the first Paradise faded away; and the race of men, casting off their early innocence, strayed into a wild, uncultivated desert. The Gods and their retinues vanished from earth. Nature stood lonely and lifeless, bound in the iron chains of custom and laws. The bloom was brushed from life. Faith took flight from the dreary scene; and with her fled her heavenly companion Fancy, who could cast over all things her magic vesture. A cruel north wind swept over the barren waste, and the devastated wonder-home was blown into space. Heaven's blue ocean showed new dazzling spheres, and the Spirit of the World withdrew to higher regions to await the dawn of a renewed earth. Light ceased to be the abode and the symbol of the Gods; they covered themselves with the veil of Night. Night was the cradle of the coming age; in it the Gods took refuge, and sleep came upon them, until a new era should call them forth in new and more glorious forms.

The new era arose at last amidst a nation scorned and despised, a people who had cast off their native innocence. In poverty was born the son of the first Virgin Mother, mysterious offspring of heavenly origin. The wise sons of the East were first to acknowledge the commencement of the strange new epoch, and humbly bent their way to worship the King in his lowly cradle; a mystic star guided their wandering steps. They did him homage, offering him the sweetness and brightness of the earth, the gold and the perfume, both miracles of nature. The Heavenly Heart unfolded slowly — a flower chalice of Almighty love, with eyes upturned to a Divine Father, while his head rested on the tender bosom of a loving earthly mother. With prophetic eye and godlike zeal, the blooming Child, despising the cruel days of earthly conflict before him, looked far ahead to the future of his beloved race, the offshoots of a divine root. Soon he gathered around him a loving band of childlike hearts. A strange new life arose, like that of the flowers of the field; unceasing words of wisdom and utterances of deepest love fell from his lips, like sparks of divine fire.

From the far shores of Hellas and her sunny skies, a poet came to Palestine, and laid his heart at the feet of the Wonder-Child.

Oh! thou art he who from unending years
Hast looked with pity on our earthly tomb;
Thou gav'st a sign of life in deepest night,
And thou wilt bring our higher manhood home.
Thou hast upheld us here, mid grief and tears,—
Lead thou our nobler longings up to heaven:
In death alone eternal life is found,
For thou art death, and thou our life hast given.

Full of joy, his heart beating with new love and hope, the singer bent his way to Hindustan, pouring out under its cloudless sky such burning songs that myriads of hearts turned to him, and the joyful news spread far and near. Soon after the poet left, the precious Life fell a sacrifice to fallen man: he died young, torn away from the much-loved earth, his weeping mother, and his faint-hearted friends. The moment of anguish, the birth of the new world was at hand. He fought with the old dreaded form of death; struggled hard to shake off the clutch of the old world; his sweet lips drained the bitter chalice of unspeakable anguish. Once more he cast a loving glance at his mother; then came the delivering hand of Mighty Love, and he fell asleep. For many days a thick mist lay on the raging waters and the quaking earth; countless were the tears shed by those who loved him; the secret of the grave was made clear, and heavenly spirits rolled away the heavy stone from the tomb. Angels watched by the slumbering Form: rising in new godlike glory, he soared to the heights of the newly made world, buried the old earthly shape in the depths of a cavern, and laid his mighty hand on it, so that no power might ever move it.

The loving ones still wept by his grave, but they wept tears of emotion and gratitude. Again they see thee and rejoice at thy resurrection; they see thee weeping on thy mother's sacred bosom; they walk once more as friends, listening to words like leaves fluttering from the Tree of Life; they behold thee hasten with untold longing to the Father's arms, bearing aloft the new manhood and the victorious chalice. The mother soon hastened to join thy triumph; she was the first to enter the New Home. Long years have passed since *then*, and thy new creation soars to higher powers; thousands and thousands drawn by thee from bitter grief and pain now roam with thee and the heavenly Virgin in the Kingdom of Love, serve in the Temple of Divine Death, and are thine eternally.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

(1828–1862)

OF THAT company of brilliant if not always prosperous fellows who kept the echoes of «Bohemia» busy with the laughter and the sighs of spendthrift wit in the New York of the decade of '50, Fitz-James O'Brien was a fascinating and admired comrade. This restless Gaelic spirit was like the Irish river beside which he was born: sometimes turbulent in flashing cascades, beating and bullying the stolid rocks; again spreading under the sun through bright and placid lakes, or dancing gayly by the low and rose-perfumed meadows. In the power of this lad from Shannon side, Thomond's bardic birthright infused its bold and tender soul into a facile pen, and with drama, song, and story lifted up the weary soul of the workaday world.

O'Brien was of that strangely endowed race which furnished Lever with the heroes of his military novels,—the Englished Irishmen. He was born in the County Limerick, Ireland, about the year 1828. Educated at Dublin University, he went to London, where he amused himself for a time with the easy task of making «ducks and drakes» of a comfortable patrimony. About 1851 he sought relief from the importunities of declining fortune in a sea voyage, which landed him in New York with a few purse-burning shillings and some letters of introduction to distinguished Americans in his pocket. He soon became a favorite with the gay and gifted autocrats of the New World Grub Street, and strolled along the fashionable side of Broadway, and about the nooks of Printing-House Square, with the confidence of vested rights. From 1853 to 1858 O'Brien was one of the most valued contributors to Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly. He wrote for the stage several pretty comediettas, which are numbered in that exclusive list called the Standard Drama. With his story 'The Diamond Lens,' published in the Atlantic Monthly in 1858–9, a new and dashing pace was set in the fiction of the period.

O'Brien was neither prosperous nor thrifty, and lived with splendid and careless irregularity, sometimes in great want and hardship; but keeping always a seemingly exhaustless buoyancy of heart. The Civil War sent him, in April 1861, with the ranks of the New York Seventh Regiment, to the defense of Washington. The war spirit took possession of him; and after his term of enlistment with that

regiment had expired, he sought eagerly for a chance to return to the army. He was appointed to the staff of General Lander in January 1862, and immediately thereafter went through a gallant action at Bloomery Gap. In a skirmish on the morning of February 16th, 1862, he was in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the Confederate Colonel Ashley, and received a shot in the left shoulder. He rode twenty-four miles with a shattered scapular, and lay two months in battle for life at the house of George A. Thurston, in Cumberland, Maryland. Unskillful surgery, rather than the original wound, was the cause of his death. It was not until the 20th of March, too late, that he came into the charge of an able surgeon. In spite of a successful operation, by which the arm was removed at the shoulder, he succumbed to lockjaw, and died suddenly on the morning of Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862. His ashes were laid in the earth of Greenwood in November 1874. O'Brien's only real monument is a limited edition, now scarce, of his collected works, edited by William Winter, and published in 1881 at Boston.

THE GREAT DIAMOND IS OBTAINED AND USED

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With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, Simon drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! how the mild lamplight was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and—must I confess it?—with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly,—so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents,—and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are

conveyed away safely. He added that in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond with the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken,—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man Simon was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws: why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach. There stood upon the mantelpiece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise

of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if leveled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air bubble sent up by a diver when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantly.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window: that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument, which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vise, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vise, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass,—having first removed from it all traces of wine,—cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a post-mortem examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself; but after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed

his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vise, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning,—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door,—peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he should not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded,—the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates,—a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine, I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surface of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand

fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens; and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hair's-breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued; but as the lens approached the object a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of infusoria and protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues, lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that

floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped at least to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted, but still some living organism. I found my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say human, I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June

day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This indeed was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly. Alas! as my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees — as I must call them — unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What

caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true that, thanks to the marvelous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,—to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

THE LOST STEAMSHIP

"HO, THERE! Fisherman, hold your hand!
Tell me, what is that far away,—
There, where over the isle of sand
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife:
Tell me what is it, fisherman, pray?"

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout
As ever paddled around Cape Race;
And many's the wild and stormy bout
She had with the winds in that selfsame place:
But her time was come; and at ten o'clock
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
Tell me about her all that you can;
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.
Tell me how many she had aboard,—
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true,—
How did it fare with her human hoard?
Lost she many, or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
And spin you my yarn about the ship:
'Twas ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;
And scarce had broken the morning's light
Than she sank in twelve feet of water or more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
And the captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
Their orisons wailed on the troublous air.
And round about the vessel there rose
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,

Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope;
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild,—
Of tearful faces I saw but one:
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the captain's son.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—
Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow with his bride,
Standing amidships upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And she was clinging about his neck.
And I saw them try to say good-by,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die—
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;
All the while holding upon his breast
A little pet parrot whose wings were clipped.
And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning cry,
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness, and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done,
That few seemed frightened when death was near.
Thus every soul on board went down,—
Sailor and passenger, little and great;

The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer,—the second mate."

"Now, lonely fisherman, who are you
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How did you learn what you relate?"
His answer came in an under-breath,—
"Master, I was the second mate!"

ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER

(1779–1850)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE greatest of Danish poets was born in Copenhagen, November 14th, 1779, just a quarter of a century after the death of Holberg. His ancestry was more German than Danish, and his descent from four generations of organists may fairly be reckoned as having some influence in the determination of his artistic bent. His youth was careless and singularly happy; he applied himself indifferently to his studies, read a good many books, and wrote boyish verses, tales, and dramatic sketches. His interest in the drama even impelled him to study for the actor's profession, and during a year or two he played minor parts on the stage of the Royal Theatre. His youthful literary efforts were of insignificant value, and there was little that was stimulating in the literary surroundings of his early years. Holberg had left nothing that could be called a school, and the classical tradition that he had maintained was carried on feebly enough by a few third-rate poets. This tradition received its death-blow at the hands of Wessel, the one poet contemporary with Ewald who was a real literary force, and whose satirical play 'Kjærlighed uden Strömper' (Love without Stockings) had killed classical tragedy in Denmark as effectively as 'Don Quijote' killed chivalrous romance in Spain. The exquisite talent of Ewald had blossomed and passed away, its seed to all seeming having fallen upon stony ground. Jens Baggesen, a graceful poet and a master of both pathos and humor, a typical transition figure, striving to escape from a past which he felt to be outworn, but lacking the discernment of the pioneer, was the most conspicuous writer of the closing years of the century; but it was quite evident that no word of his was to be the «open sesame» of the new treasure-house of the spirit.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER

That word was soon to be spoken by the young Oehlenschläger, who had tired of the play-actor's calling, and entered the University

as a law student. But he found jurisprudence less tempting than the opportunity — offered soon after his entrance — of competing for a prize by writing an essay on the subject of the desirability of substituting the Norse for the Greek mythology in Scandinavian literature. It is hardly necessary to say which side of the argument he took; and although his essay failed to win the prize, it shows us to what extent the ideals that were to control his future creative activity were already shaping themselves in his mind. Meanwhile, the events were hastening that were to give his genius the needed impulse, and help him to the discovery of his true self. After eighty years of peace his country got a taste of warfare in the first year of the present century. The French revolutionary movement and the Napoleonic wars suddenly drew Denmark within their vortex, and a wave of passionate patriotism swept over the land when an English fleet under Nelson attacked the Danes in the harbor of Copenhagen. This event and its attendant surge of national feeling stimulated the young law student to renewed poetical exertions; and although his work was still amateurish and tentative, it struck a new note and gave evidence of a new energy. But the influence that was to operate most powerfully in shaping his poetical destiny was intellectual rather than political. It was the great revolution in taste and sentiment that had been creating a new literature in Germany, and that is called, somewhat vaguely, the Romantic Movement.

Oehlenschläger's mental condition at this time was like that of a bud ready to burst open with the first hour of sunlight; almost that of a powder magazine needing but a spark for the liberation of its imprisoned force. The sunlight hour or the spark — to leave the reader his choice of metaphors — was provided by a young Norwegian, Henrik Steffens by name, who came to Copenhagen in the summer of 1802, after having spent four years in Germany in the Jena-Weimar circle of Schelling, Fichte, A. W. Schlegel, Schiller, and Goethe. During the first year of his stay in Denmark, Steffens gave courses of lectures in which philosophy and literature and art received fresh and suggestive discussion, just as they were receiving similar discussion by Coleridge in England at almost exactly the same time. Oehlenschläger was introduced to Steffens soon after the arrival of the latter, and lost no time in improving the acquaintance. His first call upon his new friend was at eleven o'clock one morning, and the conversation that began between them was kept up for sixteen hours without a break. At three the next morning, Steffens offered his guest a bed, and the young poet snatched a few hours of restless sleep. Returning to his lodgings, he took pen and ink, and straightway composed 'Guldhornene' (The Golden Horns); with which work, says the historian Hansen, "the romantic period of

Danish literature begins.» The horns in question were two relics of antiquity that had been unearthed not long before and placed on exhibition. Their history «becomes a symbol for the newly awakened poet: the golden horns, with their strange carvings and mysterious runic inscriptions, are gifts of the gods bestowed upon men to remind them of their divine origin; of the ties, half forgotten, that bind them to the distant past.» Once started upon his new career, Oehlenschläger went forward with all the impetuosity of youth. Abandoning the works upon which he had been engaged, and which were almost ready for the press, he so gave himself up to the new impulse that by Christmas of this memorable year a fresh volume of 'Poems' was ready for publication. These 'Poems,' bearing the date of the next year (1803), included lyrics, ballads, and a dramatic piece, and proved nothing less than a revelation of the hitherto unknown possibilities of Danish song. Nothing like them had ever before been written in the language, and nothing save the lyrical impulse of Ewald had even remotely foreshadowed such a production. In the words of P. L. Möller, the book became «the corner-stone of nineteenth-century Danish poetry. No other Danish book has so wonderful a fragrance of culture-history, breathes forth such a wealth of glowing memories, of fiery ardor, of the joy of life, and of impossible hopes for the future.»

The years immediately following were the richest of Oehlenschläger's life. He produced in rapid succession 'Förste Sang af Edda' (First Song of the Edda); the prose 'Vaulundurs Saga'; the cycle of lyrical *impressions de voyage* called 'Langelands-Rejsen' (A Journey to Langeland); the awkwardly named 'Jesu Christi Gjentagne Liv i den Aarlige Natur' (The Life of Christ Annually Repeated in Nature), which was a series of poems with the pantheistic inspiration of Novalis and Schelling; and most important of all, the dramatic fairy tale 'Aladdin,' wherein the rich free fantasy of the poet's youthful imagination found its most complete and adequate expression. This poem, based upon the familiar Eastern tale, became deeply significant for Danish culture. It is the gospel of genius, the glorification of the magic power that commands the deepest secrets of existence, the song of the joy of life and the new birth of the spirit after an age of prosaic and uninspired «enlightenment.» The works above mentioned, together with a few others,—all the product of a little over two years of activity,—were collected into the two volumes of 'Poetiske Skrifter' (Poetical Writings), published in 1805, just before the author left Denmark for Germany. The poet Hauch, writing of these volumes, spoke as follows: «Nearly everything I had previously read of poetry seemed to give me only momentary glimpses of the temple of the gods, as in the distance it now and then revealed itself to my

vision; but Oehlenschläger, next to Shakespeare, was the one who threw the temple wide open for me, so that the fullness of its divine splendor streamed upon me.»

Oehlenschläger's foreign journey, begun in 1805, extended over four years. For a time he lived in Halle with Steffens and Schleiermacher, and then visited other German cities. In Berlin he made the acquaintance of Fichte, and in Weimar read a German translation of his 'Aladdin' to Goethe. A long stay in Paris followed; then a winter in Coppet, as the guest of Madame de Staël; finally a spring and summer in Rome, where he contracted a warm friendship for Thorvaldsen. Six important poetical works resulted from these four years of rich experience and broadening ideals. 'Hakon Jarl' (Earl Hakon), 'Baldur hin Gode' (Balder the Good), and 'Thors Rejse til Jöthunhejm' (Thor's Journey to Jötunheim), were written in Germany, 'Palnatoke' and 'Axel og Valborg' in Paris, and 'Correggio' in Rome. As these are the greatest of Oehlenschläger's works, they call for more than a mere designation. It had long been an article of his literary creed, that the most important work to be done for Danish poetry was that of giving a new life to the literature of Edda and Saga, and that he was himself the man best fitted for the task. 'Hakon Jarl,' a tragedy in five acts and in blank iambic verse, was the first result of this impulse. It deals with the deeply interesting period of the introduction of Christianity into Norway. «The day was come,» we read in the 'Heimskringla,' «when foredoomed was blood-offering and the men of blood-offerings, and the holy faith come in their stead, and the true worship.» The day was near the close of the tenth century, when Olaf Trygvesön fared from Dublin to Norway, and overthrew Earl Hakon, the great heathen chieftain. Oehlenschläger's treatment of this splendid theme is well-balanced and impressive. He makes us feel the tremendous significance of the struggle, and views the issue with the impartial eye of the artist. 'Palnatoke' deals with the same period, taking us to Denmark soon after the forced introduction of Christianity under Harald Blaatand. The tragedy is a worthy counterpart to 'Hakon Jarl,' and is distinguished by a similar strength, directness, and fine dramatic workmanship. It is a curious fact that the interest of 'Palnatoke' is created and sustained without the introduction of a single female character, and with hardly an allusion to the part played by woman in human life. 'Axel og Valborg' atones for this deficiency — if such it be — in the fullest measure; for it is a love tragedy in a sense almost as exclusive as 'Romeo and Juliet,' and is steeped from beginning to end in the purest romantic sentiment. It is difficult to speak in measured terms of this beautiful work; the other tragedies of Oehlenschläger compel admiration in various degrees and forms,

but this commands affection rather than admiration, and has a place all by itself in the heart. This sweet and tender story of the two cousins, forbidden to marry by the canon law, but at last united in death, is dramatized with such simplicity, pathos, and depth of poetic feeling, that the effect upon either spectator or reader is simply overwhelming. It occupies the highest place in Danish literature, and is equaled by but few tragedies in any other modern literature. 'Baldur hin Gode,' written under the influence of Sophocles, as expounded by Schleiermacher, is a tragedy in the older poetic form of iambic hexameter, and seeks to deal with the fascinating myth of Balder's death after the manner of the Greeks. 'Thors Rejse til Jöthunhejm' is an epic in five songs, and is interesting as furnishing the prologue to 'Nordens Guder' (The Gods of the North), the poet's greatest work in the non-dramatic field, produced many years later. 'Correggio,' the chief result of his Italian sojourn, was first written in German, of which language Oehlenschläger thought himself a master, which he distinctly was not. The character of the painter in this play is conceived rather passively than actively, and the balance inclines too far toward the side of pure emotion to make the work as effective as it might otherwise have been.

Oehlenschläger had left Denmark in the flush of youthful success; when he returned in 1809, he was acclaimed with but few dissenting voices as the greatest of Danish poets, and all sorts of honors were heaped upon him. The following year he married, and was made professor of æsthetics in the University. «Comedies and novels end with the wedding of the hero,» he says in his autobiography; «for only the struggle, not the acquired position, lends itself to their treatment.» Although an account of Oehlenschläger's career may hardly end with his marriage and settlement in life, it must be said that the remaining forty years of his existence, although they added many volumes to the series of his writings, brought but little increase to his fame. In a certain sense indeed they diminished that fame; for when the first outburst of enthusiasm had died away the voice of the detractor began to be heard, and for many years the poet was compelled to defend himself in a critical warfare that enlisted among his opponents some of the strongest and acutest minds among his contemporaries. Grundtvig, Baggesen, and Heiberg were the leaders in this onslaught. Grundtvig, the strongest of the three, claimed that Oehlenschläger was lacking in the historical sense, and charged him with a lack of religious seriousness. Baggesen's attack was chiefly concerned with minute questions of philology and æsthetics. It was reserved for Heiberg, a calmer writer, to review Oehlenschläger's work in the spirit of an enlightened and impersonal æsthetic criticism, and to pass upon it the judgment that has been substantially accepted by posterity.

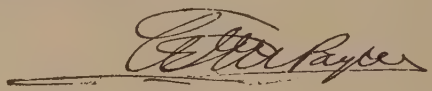
For twenty years after his return to Denmark in 1809, Oehlenschläger kept hard at work, lecturing at the University, defending himself against his critics, and producing a great amount of original work of various sorts, from the occasional set of verses to the tragedy and the epic-cycle. One year of this period (1816–17) was spent abroad, in what the poet called "a voluntary ostracism," the journey being undertaken in a moment of petulance resulting from Baggesen's persistent critical onslaughts. The list of works produced during this score of years is so lengthy, and the greater number of them so unmistakably inferior to their predecessors, that only a few need be named at all. 'Nordens Guder' (The Gods of the North), the great epic-cycle of the Scandinavian Pantheon, is the consummation of Oehlenschläger's efforts to utilize the Norse mythology for the purposes of modern poetry. 'Den Lille Hyrdedreng' (The Little Shepherd Boy) was a dramatic idyl so beautiful as almost to silence for a time the critics of the poet. 'Hrolf Krake,' another considerable poem, deals with the epic material previously handled by Ewald. 'Öen i Sydhavet' (The Isle in the Southern Sea) is a prose romance of great length, the only important work of the sort attempted by Oehlenschläger. The principal tragedies of these twenty years are 'Stærkodder,' 'Hagbarth og Signe,' 'Erik og Abel,' 'Væringerne i Miklagaard' (The Varangians in Micklegarth), 'Karl den Store' (Karl the Great), and 'Langbarderne' (The Lombards).

In the summer of 1829, the poet, just completing his fiftieth year, made a holiday trip to Sweden, and was received with great enthusiasm. He took part in the annual celebration of the University of Lund, presided over by Tegnér, the greatest of Swedish poets. Here he was crowned in the Cathedral of Lund as "the Adam of skalds, the king of Northern singers." Immediately after the ceremony he returned to Copenhagen, and a few days later had the pleasure of receiving Tegnér upon Danish soil, where the festivities of Lund were echoed. When his fiftieth birthday fell, he received a striking demonstration from the students of his own University. The remaining twenty years of his life (for he rounded out the full Scriptural tale) were no less active than the twenty just preceding. They were marked by the same uninterrupted succession of new productions; few of which, however, proved worthy of his genius, although the old fire and deep poetic feeling flashed out now and then, to the surprise of both critics and friends. Among the tragedies of this closing period the following may be named: 'Tordenskjold,' 'Sokrates' (the poet's only dramatic handling of a Greek theme), 'Olaf den Hellige' (Olaf the Holy), 'Dina,' and 'Amleth.' The latter of these tragedies is particularly interesting as an attempt to reconstruct the historical Hamlet of Saxo's chronicle, in contrast with Shakespeare's purely imaginative creation. Other works of this period were 'Norgesrejsen' (The

Journey to Norway), 'Digtekunsten' (The Art of Poetry), 'Örvarodds Saga,' and 'Landet Fundet og Forsvundet' (The Found and Vanished Land), the latter a dramatic handling of the Norse discovery of Vinland. His last production was a hero-poem upon the subject of 'Regnar Lodbrok'; and ends with the pathetic words, "The old skald sang for the last time of the old Norse heroes." The poet's 'Erindringer' (Recollections), upon which he had been engaged for several years, remained to be published after his death. The series of works thus completed fills, in the standard edition, no less than forty volumes, of which four contain the 'Erindringer,' ten the tragedies, and twenty-six the miscellaneous productions in verse and prose. They stand as a lasting monument to the genius of the greatest poet of Denmark; as the living memorial of their author's singularly rich, fruitful, and fortunate career.

Outwardly, the score of years that crowned Oehlenschläger's life were comparatively uneventful. A trip to Norway in 1833, and a second visit to Sweden in 1847, were the most noteworthy episodes. Meanwhile, in face of the broadening fame of the poet, and his strengthened hold upon the minds and hearts of his fellow-countrymen, the wave of adverse criticism that had at one time risen so high was steadily subsiding; and even his most determined opponents came to recognize the indebtedness of the nation to the man who, whatever his lapses from a high standard of production, had nevertheless created a new literature for Denmark, and awakened the creative spirit that was now displaying itself on every hand. It was during these last years of Oehlenschläger's life that most of the men arose who have shaped nineteenth-century Danish literature. These were the years of the early successes of the novelists Ingemann, Blicher, Goldschmidt, and St. Aubain; of the poets Hertz, Paludan-Müller, Winther, and Ploug; of the philosopher Kierkegaard, and the story-teller Hans Christian Andersen. Widely divergent as were the paths of these men, Oehlenschläger justly felt that they were all in some sense his successors, and that he had given the impulse which was resulting in so marked an expansion of the national literature. And nearly all of these men joined to do him honor in the celebration of his seventieth birthday; an occasion which evoked tributes of heartfelt admiration even from Heiberg and Grundtvig, his most inveterate critics. A few weeks later, he lay upon his death-bed. At his request, his son read to him a scene from his own 'Sokrates'; and he also expressed the wish that this tragedy should be presented at the theatre as a memorial performance after his death. A few hours later, towards midnight, January 20th, 1850, he passed quietly away, retaining full consciousness almost to the last moment. He was buried in the Frederiksberg church-yard, where a massive block

of stone marks his grave. Hans Christian Andersen tells us that when a short time after the entombment, fresh wreaths were brought to replace the old ones upon the grave, it was found that a song-bird had made its nest in the withered leaves.



THE DEDICATION OF 'ALADDIN'

To Goethe

Born in far northern clime,
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
From fairy-land;
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where power and beauty go,
Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
In rapture on the ancient saga lore;
When on the wold
The snow was falling white,
I, shuddering with delight,
Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
The winter smote the castle on the hill,
It fanned my hair;
I sat in my small room,
And through the lamp-lit gloom
Saw Spring smile fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-appareled East
Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,
From North to South, from South to North, I flew;
I was possessed
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold,
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;
Dim, colorless, became
My childhood's visions grand;
Their tameness only fanned
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?
Who to his eye a keener vision gave,
That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far off ride,
Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where power and beauty go,
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger-minstrel's song;
Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before;
And many a hero of our Northern shore,
With grave stern mien,
By sad Melpomene
Called from his grave, we see
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send
To friend Aladdin cheerly as a friend:
The oak's thick gloom
Prevails not wholly where
Warbles the nightingale, and fair
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?
Naught has the bard

Save his own song! And this
Thou dost not, trivial as the tribute is,
With scorn regard.

From Sir Theodore Martin's translation of 'Aladdin.'

SONG

From 'Aladdin'

THE moon shines bright aloft
O'er wood and dingle,
The birds in cadence soft
Their warblings mingle;
The breezes from the hill
Come sighing, sighing,
And to their voice the rill
Sends sweet replying.

But one flower in the wold
Droops wan and sickly;
Death at its heart is cold—
'Twill perish quickly.
But yonder, chaplets twine
Forever vernal,
And in God's presence shine
Through springs eternal.

O moonlight pale! thy rays
Soon, softly creeping,
Shall paint my paler face
In death-trance sleeping.
Smile then on Death, that he
May gently take me,
And where no sorrows be,
Ere morn awake me!

Droops on its stem the flower:
Come, sweetly stealing,
Angel of death, and shower
Soft dews of healing!
Oh, come! Beneath thy blight
My soul shall quail not!
Yonder is endless light,
And joys that fail not!

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

FROM 'AXEL AND VALBORG'

Axel *enters with* King Hakon, *who is wounded in the right arm.*

AXEL — Here are we safe awhile, my lord and king!
Here in God's holy house. Come, sit you down,
And let me bind for you your wounded arm;
A warrior ought to know the art of healing;
One has not always help at hand. The wound
Is deep, but yet not dangerous. Now, had we
A piece of linen only!

Hakon — This your kindness
Wounds me more deep than Erling Skakke's sword.

Axel — Be thou not wounded by my faithfulness,—
Far other was its purpose.

[*He feels in his bosom, draws out a cloth, and starts; but instantly composes himself, and says:* —]

Here is linen.

Hakon — Axel, why startest thou? Almighty God!
I know that cloth too well.

Axel — Nay, calm yourself.

Hakon — And with this cloth you wish to bind my arm?

Axel — So that you may not die from loss of blood.

Hakon — You wish to bind it with this very cloth
Wherewith I rent your life in twain?

Axel — My lord!
It is another cloth.

Hakon — Nay, nay! It is
The very cloth which that malicious Knud
Cut with my sword 'twixt you and Valborg, Axel!
I know it. Oh, swathe not my arm with this:
It burns me — tortures me with double pain.

Axel — Nay, it is natural a wound should burn,
And bandaging a sore is always painful.
Be calm, and rest yourself a moment, King!
Then in your left hand take your sword, and come
Once more with Axel 'gainst your haughty foe:
The presence of their king supports his people,
And I will serve instead of your right hand.

Hakon — Is it contempt,— a lurking, proud revenge?
Or is it natural high-mindedness?
How shall I understand you, Axel? Think you
To heap up coals of fire on Hakon's head?

Axel— By God and man! I will be true to you;
I will not harm you; I will ne'er forsake you.
Hakon— This generosity but hurts me more.
O most unhappy Hakon Herdebred!
Thy bravest warrior despises thee.
Axel— By God in heaven, and by my Valborg, Hakon!
I do respect you.
Hakon— I believe you, kinsman:
That was a solemn oath,— well is it so;
For Hakon acted like an ardent lover
Upon the throne — not like a coward, Axel!
Axel— Who feels the power of love, and does not know
Its mighty workings?
Hakon— Now your words are drawn
Out of my very heart, my gallant hero;
Your faithfulness and kindness move me so.
[*With sudden wildness*]—
And yet, did I perceive that you believed
This were but woman's weakness, only caused
By this my pain of body, Axel Thordson,
With my left hand I would draw forth my sword,
And challenge you to fight for life and death.
Axel— I swore by Valborg that I do respect you.
Hakon— You swear it. Then you shall esteem me too;
For I will make to you a sacrifice.
The sacrifice is great;— 'tis needful, Axel,
That you should know its costliness!
Axel— My King!
Hakon— I well know what I hazard by the offer
Of such a gift at such a time as this:
"Now has the proud and foolish youth at last
Opened his eyes; and now he can perceive
How his throne stands in need of brave defense.
Now does he need his warriors' faithfulness;
And therefore does he purchase friend with maid,
In the despair and anguish of his heart."
Ha,— I would hate you, Axel! I would call you
A cold and cruel and barbarian foe,
If you could dream of such a motive.
Axel— Sire!
Hakon— For Valborg loses Hakon Norway's realm,
But Valborg — loses he for Valborg's sake.
Think of the value of my gift! Gives one
The greater for the less, to satisfy
One's selfishness?

Axel— O Hakon! noble kinsman!
Hakon—Yes, I have blindly erred, and your pure soul,
Your noble mind, have opened now mine eyes;
And of free-will, because I wish the good,
Do I subdue the passion of my breast,
And give you back your Valborg—give you back
That which to me is dearest in the world.
Misjudge me not,—oh, see my sacrifice!
Axel— I see it,—and God sees it, noble King!
Hakon—And now embrace me!
Axel— Hold—your wounded arm!
Hakon—The wound no longer burns: this linen cloth
Hurts me no more; it cools me, like the juice
Of healing herbs fresh gathered.
Axel— O my King!
Hakon—And now let Erling overcome me. Hakon
Has overcome himself: his victory
Is greatest.
Axel— But it shall not be the last:
The other victory must now be gained.

[*Noise is heard outside the church.*]

Be calm, my King! Rest yet a moment longer!
Your golden helm is heavy, and your head
Needs some relief; give me your helmet. Here—
Take mine instead; it is a lighter one.

[*The noise increases; Axel throws the King's purple mantle, which has been unloosed during the bandaging, over his own shoulders.*]

Hakon—What do you, Axel?
Axel— Nay, be still, my lord!
I hear men coming—possibly our foes:
Let Axel be a shield to you!

[*A troop of the enemy rushes in.*]

The Captain— There stands he!
There stands he! See you? with the golden helmet
And purple robe. It is the King. Rush in—
Rush in on him, and cut him down!
Hakon— O Axel!
Now do I understand your strange behavior.
Give me my helmet back!
Axel— Nay, draw your sword;
Place yourself so that your right arm may be

Protected by my body. When you see
An opening, strike — and then draw back again.
[*He cries*] —
Come on, ye paltry wretches! Here stands Hakon.
His sword is drawn, you see; he does not fear
Your coward onslaught in the house of God.
Come on, ye murderers! who do not dare
To stand up man 'gainst man in honest fight,
But think to win base gold by Hakon's murder.
My fiery lion's-tongue is gleaming bright;
Come, let it slake its thirst in traitors' blood!

Hakon [*drawing his sword*] —
He would befool you! Here stands Norway's chief,
And with his left hand will he punish you.

Axel — Peace, Axel Thordson! you are wounded. Hakon
Can well defend himself.

The Enemy — Down with him! down!

[*A fight. Noise is heard outside, of other warriors; there is a cry* —]

To help! to help! the King has been attacked.

The Hostile Warrior [*to Axel*] —
Aha! help comes too late! [*He wounds him.*
Haste! flee away.
Hakon is slain! Come on, and cut your way
To Erling through the Biarkebeiners' ranks.
Hakon is slain; — away!

Sigurd of Reine *and* Wilhelm *rush in with a number of* Biarkebeiners

Sigurd — Ha, cut and thrust!
Pursue the murderers!

[*The enemy is put to flight.*]

Sigurd [*to the King*] — Your life is saved!

[*He becomes aware of Axel.*]

What! Axel in the royal robe and helmet?
All bleeding, too?

Axel [*to the King*] — Now take your helm again!
It is too heavy now for *me*. Go, Sire!
And leave me with my comrade here alone.

Hakon — My brother! is your wound —

Axel — Nay, — leave me, King!
Charge boldly on the foe; revenge this treachery;
Follow with Sigurd and his bark-clad warriors!

Sigurd— Yes, Hakon! even Norway's forests
Have armed themselves to fight for Throndhjem's lord.
Look at these warriors! Gotha-dwellers! Bears!
Stems of the forest pines, all gathered here
From many a mountain ridge. For want of armor,
This rugged bark protects their gallant hearts.
These stems of alder, with their sharpened points
Hardened by fire, supply the place of spears.
In such wise fight they for their humble hearths,
And the king's honor. Head thou them, my lord,
And by a storm avenge we Axel's slaying.
You die a noble death, my Northern brother!
Fallen for your King. We, too, shall follow you
Ere long, perhaps, and greet you before God.
Come, Hakon! Leave him with his friend alone!
Come on! Life calls for strife, but Death for peace.

Hakon [*to his warriors—pointing at Axel*]—
Ye Norsemen! for the King he gave his life.

The Biarkebeiners [*impatiently striking their wooden spears against the ground*]—
We, we will also give our lives for thee!
Lead us to death! Lead us against the foe!

Hakon [*embracing Axel*]—
Farewell! ere sunset we shall meet again.
[*He follows the warriors.*

Wilhelm [*approaching Axel*]—
My brother! is your wound a mortal one?

Axel— Yes, Wilhelm. Loose my shoulder scarf, I pray you!
Draw out the scabbard, and give me the scarf,
That I may stanch the blood a little while,
And respite life. Thanks! Lead me over now
To yonder pillar that bears Valborg's name;
Here shall I rest more easily. So! Let me lean
Against the wall, so that I may not fall
In dying.

Wilhelm— Brother, do you suffer pain?

Axel— No! Light and calm and peaceful is my heart.

Wilhelm— Axel, would you not wish to see your Valborg
Once more before you die?

Axel— Ah, Wilhelm, yes!

Wilhelm— Then will I hasten up and fetch her straightway.

Axel— Stay yet a moment! It might happen, Wilhelm,
That Axel were no more when Valborg comes.
Then tell the chosen of my heart I died
With Valborg's name upon my lips.

Wilhelm — That will I.
Axel — Tell her that Hakon is a noble hero;
That Axel's confidence was not misplaced
In trusting to his royal heart.
Wilhelm — I will.
Axel — Greet Helfred,—greet my darling sister, Wilhelm!
At Immersborg; and thank her lovingly
For all the thoughts and feelings, joys and sorrows,
She ever shared from childhood with her brother.
Ah, Helfred understood me, knew me well!
Tell her that I have not forgot my sister
In e'en mine hour of death.
Wilhelm — Good! I will greet her.
Axel — But Valborg first and last! my earnest wish
Is, that whene'er her days on earth are ended,
Axel may slumber by her side.
Wilhelm — Your wish
Shall be fulfilled. Hast more to tell me?
Axel — Nay.
Wilhelm — Well then,—I go!
Axel [*grasping his hand*] —
My noble, faithful comrade!
Thanks for your friendship and your true devotion.
In deeds you showed it, though in words but seldom.
Take from this feeble hand my life's farewell!
Wilhelm — Farewell, farewell!
Axel — Wilhelm, was I your friend?
Wilhelm — My only friend! Now have I none remaining.
[*He goes.*

Axel [*alone*] —
I die for land and lord, as did my sires.
What honorable Norseman more desires?
O God! with joy my soul doth fly to Thee;
For thou wilt give the chosen of my heart
To be my bride in thine eternity,
Where Axel from his Valborg ne'er shall part.

[*The sun 'shines through the choir window.*]

All hail to thee, thou new-born morning light!
Thou comest to enlighten my dim sight,
And tinge my pallid cheek with thy warm ray.
Soon, soon a morning glow upon me shines,
That never waxes into glaring day;
An evening glow that ne'er to night declines.

My youthful hopes! ye were no shadows vain;—
'Twas mine to love, and to be loved again;
A friend was mine; a noble king God gave,
Whom I have fitted for his station high,
Whom by my death it is my lot to save.
Well, Axel! thou hast lived, so thou canst die.

And see, my Valborg! yonder angels twine
A wreath of blue forget-me-nots like thine.
Then thou shalt never from thine Axel part,
When thou shalt meet him in those realms above,
More worthy of thy beauty and thine heart,
Where 'tis no sin to nourish sacred love.
Farewell, my Valborg! [*He dies.*

Wilhelm [*coming with Valborg*]—

He is still alive!
He is alive! Heard you?—he spoke of Valborg!
Valborg—I took his life's farewell. [*She gazes on him.*
He is no more.
Mine Axel! dost thou live? If thou dost live,
Lift upon me thine eye for the last time,
Thou noble soul! and let thy blessing shine
On Valborg in thy fixed and dying gaze.
He is no more. Ah, he is dead! He died
With Valborg's name upon his lips. Well, thou
Hast fought thy fight, brave youth! Fell he not for
His king?
Wilhelm— Ay, as a hero.
Valborg— Glorious death!
Far better this than fly to foreign lands,
To spend thy days in barren banishment,
And waste away with grief of heart, my Axel!
Thou sufferest now no longer, heart-loved youth!
Now hast thou won thyself eternal honor.
Thy Fatherland, thy noble mother Norway,
Is proud of Axel—of her gallant son.
For many an age shall thy beloved name
Be heard fresh-sounding on her grateful lips;
At Thing-motes men shall often high extol
Thy hero-deed; while in the ladies' bower,
At eventide old ballads shall be sung,
Recounting Axel's love and faithfulness.
[*To Wilhelm*]—
How fair he is in death!

[*To the dead Axel*]— Thy golden locks
Are wildly scattered round thy pallid brow.

[*She arranges his hair with her hand.*]

So should it be! This brow must not be covered:
'Tis arched so high and noble, like the heavens.
See how he smiles in death!
[*She kisses him.*] Farewell, my Axel!
Thy Valborg follows soon.

[*She rises up, and lays her hand upon her breast, whilst she draws her breath deeply and heavily.*]

Ay, soon! ay, soon!

Wilhelm— My noble Valborg, you are pale.

Valborg— My Axel
Is paler still. Peace, my kind Wilhelm! peace!
Disturb not Valborg in her loneliness.
[*With enthusiasm*]—
How pleasant seems it here within the church!
How brightly beams the sunshine through the windows,
As at this very hour, my Axel! yesterday,
When first thou pressedst Valborg to thy heart.
How homelike 'tis, how cheerful, in the church!
Here shall we live right happily together,
Peacefully dwelling opposite each other,—
Thou with thy father, Valborg with her mother.
And when the clock strikes twelve, and in yon birch
Outside our window sings each night the thrush,
The wall and marble stones will open wide,
And we shall meet at Harold Gille's grave,
And thence go hand in hand up to the altar,
And sit us down within the moonlit choir
And let the moon with pale and silv'ry light
Beam on our pallid cheeks, and listen to
The thrush's spring song, whilst we call to mind
The memories of our faithful love in life;
Then, when the moonlight passes from the choir,
Go back with slow and melancholy steps,
And walk three times round Harold Gille's tomb;
There shall we pause and take our loving leave
Until the next night comes. Deep in our graves
Then shall we slumber sweetly, whilst the living
Are rioting without.

Wilhelm— And Axel's wish
Was to be buried in one grave with Valborg.

Valborg — In one same grave? Ah, that were glorious, but
It may not be, my noble knight! Alas!
Axel and Valborg never were betrothed.
It may not be; yet how much would I give,
That the same coffin might contain both Valborg's
And Axel's bones!

[*She gazes down before her.*]

But, noble Wilhelm, tell me
What glistens in the dust, in yonder crevice
Of Harold's tombstone?

Wilhelm — See I right, it is
A ring.

Valborg — A ring?

Wilhelm [*takes it up*] — Yes,—it is Axel's ring.

Valborg — Axel's? Did it not roll into the grave?
O our forefather! now I understand thee;—
I understood thee then. Give me my ring!

[*She places it upon her finger.*]

Now am I truly thy betrothed, my Axel!
Now am I Axel's bride! Now may we be
Buried together in one grave.

Wilhelm — Poor girl!

Valborg — «Poor girl»? Nay, Wilhelm! happy, happy girl.
Is it not true, my noble friend,—I call you
My friend, for you were Axel Thordson's friend,—
Is it not true, my friend, you know the ballad
Of Knight Sir Aage and of Lady Else?

Wilhelm — The Danish bishop taught it to my mother;
And she, in early childhood, taught it me.

Valborg — And you remember it?

Wilhelm — Yes, perfectly.

Valborg — Oh, that is well! My Axel told me that
You have a noble voice; not delicate
And soft, like that which pleases men in life,
But deep, and strong, and solemn,—as a voice
From out the grave. Well, noble Wilhelm, will
You show me now the kindness, for the sake
Of him who was your friend, to sing this ballad
For Valborg,—whilst in recompense she places
Her ring upon his cold and lifeless hand?

Wilhelm — Yes, I will do it, if it comforts you.

Valborg — My Axel too has told me that you are
A skilled musician on the harp.

Wilhelm— Its tones
Full oft have lulled my troubled soul to rest.
Valborg— Well, see in yonder corner, dearest Wilhelm,
Close by my mother's grave, there stands a harp.
How many a sleepless night has Valborg's voice
Risen to its tuneful notes among the tombs!
How many a time has she to it begun
Aage's and Else's ballad! Never yet
I sang it to the end; for hot tears choked
My feeble voice. To you, my noble knight,
To you a stronger nature God has given;
So take the tunèd harp, and sit you down
By yonder pillar, opposite my Axel,
And sing the mournful ballad to the end,
Whilst Valborg kneels beside her Axel's corpse;
And do not rise, I pray, till all is o'er,
And Else is to Aage joined in death.
Wilhelm—I sing thee comfort in the morning dawn.

[*Valborg kneels down beside Axel's corpse; Wilhelm takes the harp, sits down, and sings.*]

*"It was the fair knight Aagen:
To an isle he went his way,
And plighted troth to Else,
Who was so fair a may.
He plighted troth to Else
All with the ruddy gold;
But or ere that day's moon came again,
Low he lay in the black, black mold.

"It was the maiden Else:
She was fulfilled of woe
When she heard how the fair knight Aagen
In the black mold lay alow.
Uprose the fair knight Aagen,
Coffin on back took he,
And he's away to her bower
Sore hard as the work might be.

"With that same chest on door he smote,
For the lack of flesh and skin;
'O hearken, maiden Else,
And let thy true love in.'

*Mr. Butler's version of this famous ballad is a creditable one; but the translation made by William Morris far surpasses it in beauty, and is here substituted.

Then answered maiden Else,
'Never open I my door,
But and if thou namest Jesu's name
As thou hadst might before!'—

«'Oh, whenso thou art joyous,
And the heart is glad in thee,
Then fares it with my coffin
That red roses are with me;
But whenso thou art sorrowful,
And weary is thy mood,
Then all within my coffin
Is it dreadful with dark blood.

«'Now is the red cock a-crowing,—
To the earth adown must I;
Down to the earth wend all dead folk,
And I wend in company.
Look thou up to the heavens aloft
To the little stars and bright,
And thou shalt see how sweetly
It fareth with the night.'

«She looked up to the heavens aloft,
To the little stars bright above;
The dead man sank into his grave,—
Ne'er again she saw her love.
Home then went maiden Else,
Mid sorrow manifold,
And ere that night's moon came again
She lay alow in the mold.»

[*Wilhelm ceases. Valborg lies motionless with her head upon Axel's shoulder.*]

Wilhelm—The song is ended, noble Valborg! [*He rises.*] Valborg,
Rise up again: my song is ended now.
Valborg! She does not move. Cold, pale! She breathes
No longer. Heaven! I had foreboded it!
Valborg is dead! As Nanna with her Baldur;
As with her Hjalmar, Ingeborg; as Else
With Ridder Aage. Her true heart has broken
With sorrow o'er the body of her Axel.
O Northern faithfulness, how strong thou art!
There lie they both, in one another's arms,
Lifeless, but now *one* life, *one* soul with God.

And Wilhelm had to sing your funeral dirge!
Well, it was but the tribute due to friendship.

[*Martial music outside the scene.*]

Gotfred [*comes*] —
Hakon is fallen: Erling is victorious.
They bring the body of the king.
Wilhelm — And so
The Gille's race is utterly extinct.
Be speedy, Gotfred! Hasten to the bishop;
Take him on board our ship; await me there;
Ere sunset we will sail from Throndhjem's Fiord.

[*Gotfred goes.*]

Wilhelm [*drawing his sword*] —
And now go, dearest, best beloved friends.
Until the grave shall open, and unite
What life had parted, shall your Wilhelm show
The honor due by friendship to your dust.
I will keep watch beside you; I will lay
Thy shield and sword, brave knight! upon thy coffin,
Encircled by thy maiden's wreath of flowers;
And on the shining plate will I engrave,
"Here Axel Thordson and fair Valborg rest;
He for his king, she for her lover died."

Translation of Pierce Butler.

THE FOES

From 'Hakon Jarl'

[Hakon's dominion is menaced by Olaf Trygvesön, who has invaded the land and seeks to substitute the faith of the Christian for that of the heathen. In his extremity, Hakon resorts to foul means, and hires one Thorer Klake to assassinate King Olaf. The attempt is unsuccessful, for Thorer Klake falls a victim to his own treachery; and Olaf Trygvesön himself seeks out Hakon in the peasant hut to which he has retired.]

Enter Olaf Trygvesön, *muffled up in a gray cloak, with a broad hat on his head.*

HAKON [*without looking up*] —
My valiant Thorer Klake, hast come at last?
Hast been successful? Dost thou bring to me
What thou didst promise? Answer, Thorer Klake.

Olaf— All things have happened as they should, my lord;
But pardon Thorer that he does not come
And bring himself King Olaf's head to thee—
'Twas difficult for him. Thor knows he had
A sort of loathing that himself should bring it,
And so he sent me.
Hakon— Well, 'tis good; away,
And deeply bury it in the dark earth.
I will not look on it myself: my eye
Bears not such sights,—they reappear in dreams.
Bury the body with it. Tell thy lord
That he shall come at once.
Olaf— He is asleep.
Hakon—Asleep?
Olaf— A midday slumber; he lies stretched
Stiffly beneath a shadowy elder-tree.
Hakon—Then wake him up. [*Aside.*] Asleep, and after such
A deed— Ha! Thorer, I admire thee;
Thou hast rare courage. [*Aloud.*] Thrall, go wake him up.
Olaf— But wilt thou first not look at Olaf's head?
Hakon—No; I have said no.
Olaf— Thou dost think, my lord,
That perhaps it is a horrid frightful sight:
It is not so, my lord; for Olaf's head
Looks fresh and sound as any in the land.
Hakon—Away, I tell thee!
Olaf— I ne'er saw the like:
I always heard that Hakon was a hero,
Few like him in the North,—and does he fear
To see a lifeless and a corpseless head?
How wouldst thou tremble then, my lord, if thou
Shouldst see it on his body?
Hakon [*turning round angrily*]—
Thrall, thou darest!
Where hast thou got it?
Olaf [*takes his hat off, and throws off his cloak*]—
On my shoulders, Earl.
Forgive me that I bring it thee myself
In such a way: 'twas easiest for me.
Hakon—What, Olaf! Ha! what treachery is here?
Olaf— Old gray-beard, spare thy rash, heroic wrath.
Attempt not to fight Olaf, but remember
That he has still his head upon his body,
And that thy impotent, gray-bearded strength
Was only fitting for the headless Olaf.

Hakon [*rushes at him*]—
Ha, Hilfheim!
Olaf [*strikes his sword, and says in a loud voice*]—
So, be quiet now, I say,
And sheathe thy sword again. My followers
Surround the house; my vessels are a match
For all of thine, and I myself have come
To win the country in an honest fight.
Thyself hast urged me with thy plots to do it.
Thou standest like a despicable thrall
In his own pitfall caught at last; but I
Will make no use of these advantages
Which fate has granted me. I am convinced
That I may boldly meet thee face to face.
Thy purpose, as thou seest, has wholly failed,
And in his own blood does thy Thorer swim.
Thou seest 'twere easy for me to have seized thee;
To strike thee down were even easier still:
But I the Christian doctrine do confess,
And do such poor advantages despise.
So choose between two courses. Still be Earl
Of Hlade as thou wast, and do me homage,
Or else take flight; for when we meet again
'Twill be the time for red and bleeding brows.
Hakon [*proudly and quietly*]—
My choice is made. I choose the latter, Olaf.
Thou callest me a villain and a thrall;
That forces up a smile upon my lips.
Olaf, one hears indeed that thou art young;
It is by mockery and arrogance
That one can judge thy age. Now, look at me
Full in the eyes; consider well my brow:
Hast thou among the thralls e'er met such looks?
Dost think that cunning or that cowardice
Could e'er have carved these wrinkles on my brow?
I did entice thee hither. Ha! 'tis true
I knew that thou didst wait but for a sign
To flutter after the enticing bait;
That in thy soul thou didst more highly prize
Thy kinship with an extinct race of kings
Than great Earl Hakon's world-renownèd deeds;
That thou didst watch the opportunity
To fall upon the old man in his rest.
Does it astonish thee that I should wish
Quickly to rid myself of such a foe?

That I deceived a dreamer who despised
The mighty gods,—does that astonish thee?
Does it astonish thee that I approved
My warriors' purpose, since a hostile fate
Attempted to dethrone, not only me,
But all Valhalla's gods?

Olaf— Remember, Hakon,—
Remember, Hakon, that e'en thou thyself
Hast been a Christian; that thou wast baptized
By Bishop Popo, and that thou since then
Didst break thy oath. How many hast thou broken?

Hakon— Accursed forever may that moment be
When by the cunning monk I was deceived,
And let myself be fooled by paltry tricks.
He held a red-hot iron in his hand,
After by magic he had covered it
With witches' ointment.

Olaf— O thou blind old man!
Thy silver hair does make me pity thee.

Hakon— Ha! spare thy pity; as thou seest me here,
Thou seest the last flash and the latest spark
Of ancient Northern force and hero's life;
And that, with all thy fever-stricken dreams,
Proud youth, thou shalt be powerless to quench.
I well do know it is the Christian custom
To pity, to convert, and to amend.
Our custom is to heartily despise you,
To ruminate upon your fall and death,
As foes to gods and to a hero's life.
That Hakon does, and therein does consist
His villainy. By Odin, and by Thor,
Thou shalt not quench old Norway's warlike flame
With all thy misty dreams of piety.

Olaf— 'Tis well: fate shall decide. We separate,
And woe to thee when next we meet again.

Hakon— Aye, woe to me if then I crush thee not.

Olaf— Heaven shall strike thee with its fiery might!

Hakon— No, with his hammer Thor the cross will smite!

Translation of Frank C. Lascelles.

THE SACRIFICE

From 'Hakon Jarl'

[A golden horn with runic inscription has been brought to Hakon, who has taken the words—

«Go to the great gods,
Give them thy best»—

to signify that he must sacrifice what is most dear to him if he would win in the impending battle with Olaf Trygvesön. Acting upon this belief, he takes Erling, his child, at early morn to the sacrificial grove.]

Enter Earl Hakon, *leading* Erling *by the hand*

ERLING—It is so cold, my father!
Hakon— My dear son,
It is yet early, therefore is it cold;
Thou shiverest, child!
Erling— That matters not, my father.
I am so glad that thou didst promise me
That I should see the sun arise to-day;
A sunrise have I never seen before.
Hakon— Dost see the golden rays which yonder break
Far in the east?
Erling [*clapping his hands*]—What lovely roses, father!
Oh, see the lovely roses, how they blush!
But tell me, my dear father, whence do come
Such masses of these lovely pearls, which are
Strewed over all the valley down below?
Oh, how they glitter up towards the roses!
Hakon— Those are no pearls; it is but morning dew.
That which thou callest roses is the sun.
Dost see it rise?
Erling— Oh, what a ball of fire!
How crimson red! O father dear, can we
Not travel thither to the morning sun?
Hakon— Towards the sun our life must ever strive;
For seest thou that lovely ruddy glow
Which glitters yonder?—that is Odin's eye.
The other, which by night thou seest shine
With a far softer and a paler glow,
Has he now left in pledge in Mimer's well,
That there it may obtain the drink which makes
His eye more fresh and more acute.
Erling— And where
And what is Mimer's well?

Hakon — The mighty sea
There, deep below, which dashes 'gainst the rocks,—
That is the deep-dug well of ancient Mimer,
That strengthens Odin's eye; and doubly bright
The sun arises, joyful and refreshed
By the cool morning waves.
Erling — Oh, how on high
It rises up! I can no longer bear
To gaze upon it, for it burns my eyes.
Hakon — The Almighty Father mounts upon his throne,
And soon the whole world will he look upon.
The golden throne doth dazzle earthly eyes;
Who dares presume to gaze upon the king
Of light and day in his full midday glow?
Erling [*turning round frightened*] —
Oh, oh! my father, who are those? such grim
And old white men, who in the shadow stand
Behind the trees there?
Hakon — Speak not so, my son!
Those are the statues of the mighty gods,
Formed in the hard stone by the hands of men.
They do not dazzle us with summer flames;
To them may Askur's sons kneel down in peace,
And gaze with reverence upon their face.
Come, let us go and see them closer, come.
Erling — Oh no, my father, I do fear! Dost see
That old, long-bearded, hoary-headed man?
He looks so fierce and grim upon me. Oh,
He makes me quite afraid!
Hakon — O Erling, Erling!
That is god Odin — art afraid of Odin?
Erling — No, no; of Odin I am not afraid,—
The real Odin yonder in the sky,
He will not harm me: he is good and bright;
He calls forth flowers from the lap of earth,
And like a flower does he gleam himself.
But that white, pallid sorcerer, he stares
As though he sought to take my life-blood.
Hakon — Ha!
Erling — My father, let me go and fetch my wreath;
I left it hanging yonder on a bush
When thou didst show me when the sun arose:
And let us then go home again, my father,
Away from these grim, ancient statues here;

For thou mayst well believe the grim old man
Has no good-will towards thee, father dear.

Hakon — Go fetch thy wreath, child, then come back at once.

[*Exit Erling.*]

The sacrificial lamb should be adorned.
Ye mighty gods, behold from Valaskjalf
Earl Hakon's faith and truth confirmed by deeds!

Re-enter Erling *with a wreath of flowers round his head*

Erling — Here am I, my dear father, with my wreath.

Hakon — Kneel down, my son, to Odin, ere thou goest;
Stretch out thy little hands towards the sky,
And say, "Great Father! hear the little Erling's prayer,
And mercifully take him in thy charge."

Erling [*kneels down, looking towards the sun, stretches out his hands, and says innocently and childlike*] —
Great Father, hear the little Erling's prayer,
And mercifully take him in thy charge!

[*Hakon, who stands behind him, draws his dagger while Erling is saying his prayer, and raises it to strike, but it falls from his hand. Erling turns towards him quietly and confidently, picks up the dagger, and says, as he gets up off his knees:*—]

My father dear, thou'st let thy dagger drop.
How sharp and bright it is! When I am big
Then I shall also have such weapons, and
Will help thee 'gainst thy enemies, my father.

Hakon — What sorcerer is't that places in thy mouth
Such words as these to scare me, and to make
Me tremble?

Erling — O my father! what's the matter?
What has, then, Erling done? Why art thou wroth?

Hakon — Come, Erling, follow me behind the gods.

Erling — Behind the grim men?

Hakon — Follow, and obey.
Behind the statue do the roses grow;
No pale white roses,—ruddy roses they,
Blood-red and purple roses. Ha! it is
A joy to see how quickly they shoot forth.
Follow, I say,—obey!

Erling [*weeping*] — My father dear,
I am so frightened at the purple roses.

Hakon — Away! already Heimdal's cock does crow,
And now the time is come, the time is come! [*Exeunt.*

Translation of Frank C. Lascelles.

SONG

From 'Correggio'

THE fairy dwells in the rocky hall,
The pilgrim sits by the waterfall;
The waters tumble as white as snow,
From the rocks above to the pool below:
"Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,
And you shall be my own love alway!

"From the bonds of the body thy soul I'll free;
Thou shalt merrily dance in the woods with me.
Sir Pilgrim, into the waters dash,
And ivory white thy bones I'll wash.
Deep, deep shalt thou rest in my oozy home,
And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam."

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,
But his limbs are so weary, he strives in vain.
The fairy she comes with her golden hair,
And she hands him a goblet of water fair;
He drinks the cool draught, and he feels amain
The frenzy of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,
He has drunken of death's deceitful flood;
Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red,—
There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.
The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there
His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanched and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free,
Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree:
In spring, when the mountain stream runs high,
His ghost with the fairy goes dancing by;
Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,
And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

NOUREDDIN READS FROM AN OLD FOLIO

From 'Aladdin'

LIFE'S gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;
And what the sage doth moil to make his prize,
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,
From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.

Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.
'Tis ever thus that Fortune freely hails
Her favorite, and on him her blessings showers,
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.
Unwooed she comes at unexpected hours;
And little it avails to rack thy brain,
And ask where lurk her long-reluctant powers;
Fain wouldst thou grasp—Hope's portal shuts amain,
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;
Unless foredoomed by Fate thy toils are vain,
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair.

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER'S ONLY HYMN

Teach me, O forest, that I may
Like autumn leaves fade glad away,
A fairer spring forecasting;
There green my tree shall glorious stand,
Deep-rooted in the lovely land
Of summer everlasting.

O little bird of passage, thou
Teach me in faith to hie me now
To shores that are uncharted;
When all is winter here, and ice,
Then shall eternal Paradise
Open to me, departed.

Teach me, thou butterfly so light,
To break from out my prison plight
That is my freedom robbing;
On earth I creep with lowly things,
But soon the golden-purple wings
Shall high in air be throbbing.

O Thou who smilest from yon sky,
Master and Savior, Christ the high,
Teach me to conquer sorrow.
Let Hope's bright flag enhearten me;
Although Good Friday bitter be,
Fair is the Easter morrow.

Translated by Richard Burton for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature'

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE JEWISH APOCRYPHA

BY CRAWFORD H. TOY

THE OLD TESTAMENT

THE greatest interest in the Old Testament has, naturally, attached to its religious thought; and it has sometimes been forgotten that as the record of the national literature of the Hebrew people, it deserves to be studied on the literary side. It need fear no comparison in this regard with the great literatures of the world. There are forms of literary art in which the Old Testament has no superior; and in any case, the pleasure which is derived from it must be increased by a recognition of its literary excellences.

Its prose portion consists of History (in which, for our purposes, we may include the Legislation) and Prophecy. The former is simple prose, the latter rhythmical and balanced. We may first consider the narrative or historical portion.

Narrative Prose

The Old Testament histories consist almost entirely of annals and anecdotes,—extracts from yearly records of events, or biographical material which is made up largely of special incidents. The style is remarkable for its simplicity. The Semitic languages (to which class the Hebrew belongs) have no involved syntactical constructions. Their sentences consist almost entirely of clauses connected by the simple conjunction "and." This peculiarity gives picturesqueness and a certain monumental character to the narratives; each clause stands out by itself, presenting a single picture. There is no attempt (as in Greek) to represent elaborate and fine logical connections of thought. And further, this formal isolatedness, if we may so term it, is not confined to the structure of the sentence and the paragraph, but also controls the composition of the historical books. The incidents are set down as independent occurrences, and there is no attempt to trace the logical connection between them.

This characteristic is abundantly illustrated in the books of Judges, Samuel, and Kings. In the first of these books we have a series of

similar yet unconnected incidents: the land of Israel is conquered or held in subjection by some neighboring people — a hero arises and throws off the yoke — there is a period of quiet, followed by a new epoch of subjection which calls forth another hero; and so on. So the lives of Saul, David, and Samuel are simple biographies, in which the incidents are, in like manner, for the most part detached; and the same remark holds of the history of the reigns of the kings who succeeded David. In the Pentateuch the lives of the Patriarchs and of Moses, and the history of the march of the people from Egypt to Canaan, are similarly composed of isolated paragraphs.

Yet on the other hand, it is to be observed that these books exhibit a marked unity of plan. The Hexateuch (the Pentateuch and Joshua) beginning with the creation of the world, and coming down to the Flood, which separates human history into two great parts, passes to the ancestor Abraham, follows his descendants to Egypt, describes their advance to the promised land, and finally the conquest and division of the territory. The aim of the work is to describe the settlement of Israel in Canaan, and all the preceding history is made to bear on that event. The Book of Judges, taking up the history at the moment when the people enter Canaan, depicts the pre-regal period as a unit; Samuel describes the establishment of the monarchy and the reigns of the first two kings; Kings gives the fortunes of the people down to the suppression of the national political life; and Chronicles, it may be added, with a still more noticeable unity, confines itself to the history of Judah. Finally, in the short books of Ezra and Nehemiah, we have the story of the introduction of the Law, and the establishment of what may be called the Jewish Church-Nation.

We have thus, in the historical books of the Old Testament, a noteworthy unity of plan, combined with the isolation of independent parts. It is further to be noted that the object of each of these histories is to express an idea. The Hexateuch is the prose epic of the choice of Israel by Jehovah. The earlier historical books — Judges, Samuel, and Kings — are historical sermons, illustrating the text that national prosperity is dependent on obedience to the God of Israel; in Chronicles the text is slightly varied, — here it is obedience to the Law of Moses which is the condition of national peace.

Examples of the finest qualities of narrative prose style are found throughout the historical books. Abraham's plea for Sodom (Gen. xviii.) combines naïveté, dignity, and moral earnestness. Jehovah, having had reports of the corruption of Sodom, comes down, accompanied by two angels, to inquire into the case, and first pays a visit to Abraham. After a repast the two angels are sent to Sodom, with instructions to destroy it; Jehovah remains with Abraham, whose

heart is sore at the thought of the destruction of the city where dwelt his kinsman Lot. The narrative proceeds:—

And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou consume the righteous with the wicked? Perhaps there are fifty righteous men within the city: wilt thou consume and not spare the place for the fifty righteous who are therein? That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; that so the righteous should be as the wicked: that be far from thee; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And Jehovah said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous, then I will spare all the place for their sake. And Abraham answered and said, My lord, I who am dust and ashes have taken upon me to speak to thee: there may perhaps lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, I will not destroy it if I find there forty and five. And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Perhaps there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for the forty's sake. And he said, Oh let not my lord be angry, and I will speak; perhaps there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it if I find thirty there. And he said, Behold now, my lord, I have taken upon me to speak to thee: perhaps there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for the twenty's sake. And he said, Oh let not my lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: perhaps ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for the ten's sake. And Jehovah went his way when he had finished speaking with Abraham, and Abraham returned to his place.

The familiar appeal of Judah on behalf of Benjamin (Gen. xliv. 18–34) must be mentioned for its exquisite pathos. Joseph, known to the brothers only as the all-powerful prime minister, pretends to suspect that they are spies, and refuses to sell them food unless they bring him their youngest brother, of whom they had spoken. Jacob, informed of this demand, at first refuses to send Benjamin — the only surviving son, as he supposes, of his beloved Rachel. Pressed by famine, he at last consents, Judah pledging himself to bring the lad back. When they reach Egypt, Joseph so arranges that Benjamin shall seem to have been guilty of theft and worthy of imprisonment. Judah, in despair, comes forward and pleads for the boy's liberty. The plea is little more than a recital of the circumstances, in simplest dramatic form; but the heart-rending situation stands out with

lifelike clearness. The same element of pathos is found in the whole story of Joseph's relations with his brothers.

For brilliant dramatic effect there is scarcely anything in literature finer than the description of Elijah's challenge to the priests of Baal (1 Kings xviii.). The conditions are chosen with singular felicity. The Sidonian Baal, the god of the Queen of Israel, is represented by four hundred and fifty prophets, backed by all the power of the royal court; for Jehovah, God of Israel, stands one proscribed fugitive, a rude Bedawi from the east of the Jordan. The scene is the sacred mountain Carmel, from whose slopes are visible the Great Sea, the rich plains of the coast, and the rugged central plateau of Israel. Elijah proposes to test the two deities, and take the more powerful; the people, trembling and expectant, agree. The narrative goes on:—

And Elijah said to the prophets of Baal, Choose one bullock for yourselves, and prepare it first, for ye are many; and call on the name of your god, but put no fire under. And they took the bullock and prepared it, and called on the name of Baal from morning till noon, saying, O Baal, answer us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they danced about the altar which they had made. And at noon Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is meditating, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or perhaps he is asleep, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lances, till the blood gushed out upon them. And when midday was past they prophesied until the time of the evening cereal offering; but there was neither voice, nor any answer, nor any that regarded. And Elijah said to all the people, Come near to me; and all the people came near to him. And he repaired the altar of Jehovah which was broken down, and made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed, put the wood in order, cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood. And he said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the offering, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time; and they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time; and they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water. And at the time of the evening cereal offering Elijah came near and said, Jehovah, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Answer me, O Jehovah, answer

me, that this people may know that thou, Jehovah, art God, and turn thou their heart back again. Then fire from heaven fell and consumed the offering and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, Jehovah, he is God; Jehovah, he is God.

After this it is somewhat surprising to find Elijah (1 Kings xix.) fleeing for his life at a threat made by the Queen. The story of his flight contains a majestic theophany:—

And he went into a cave and passed the night there. And behold, Jehovah passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks; but Jehovah was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but Jehovah was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but Jehovah was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. When Elijah heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle and went out and stood at the entrance of the cave. And there came to him a voice: What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for Jehovah, the God of hosts; because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

A characteristic picture is given in 1 Kings xxii. The allied Kings of Israel and Judah are about to attack the transjordanic city of Ramoth, and desire first a response from the oracle. The King of Judah, for some reason dissatisfied with Ahab's prophets, insists that Micaiah be called. The latter, after mocking answers, finally predicts disaster, and then proceeds to account for the favorable predictions of the court prophets:—

I saw Jehovah sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left. And Jehovah said, Who will entice Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before Jehovah and said, I will entice him. And Jehovah said to him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt entice him, and shalt prevail also: go forth and do so. Now, therefore, behold, Jehovah has put a lying spirit in the mouth of

all these thy prophets, and Jehovah has spoken evil concerning thee. Then Zedekiah the son of Kenaanah came near, and smote Micaiah on the cheek, and said, Which way went the spirit of Jehovah from me to speak to thee? And Micaiah said, Thou shalt see on that day when thou shalt go into an inner chamber to hide thyself. And the king of Israel said, Take Micaiah, and carry him back unto Amon the governor of the city, and to Joash the king's son, and say, Thus saith the king, Put this fellow in the prison, and feed him with bread and water of the worst sort, until I come in peace. And Micaiah said, If thou return at all in peace, Jehovah has not spoken by me.

A peculiar interest attaches to the three short books Ruth, Jonah, and Esther. These differ from the works above named in the fact that they describe each a single event. Each is a unity with definitely marked characters and incidents, leading to a culmination. In a word, so far as the literary form is concerned, these are short stories; and they seem to be the first productions of this sort in all the ancient world. Their predecessors in Hebrew literature are the incidents described in the Pentateuch and the historical books, in the lives of the Patriarchs, Judges, and Kings, and Prophets; as for example the story of Jephthah, the campaign of Gideon, the rebellion of Absalom, and the challenge of Elijah to the priests of Baal. These also are succinct and vivid narratives of particular incidents, but the three books here referred to have the quality of finish and plot,—elaborate arrangement of incident leading up to a dénouement,—in a still higher degree. The Moabitess Ruth, left a widow, departs with her mother-in-law to a strange land; and here, by her charm, conquers a place, and becomes the honored head of a great household. Jonah, anxious to avoid a disagreeable mission, is nevertheless forced to go to Nineveh, and there becomes the occasion of the announcement of a religious truth of primary significance,—namely, that God cares no less for Nineveh than for Jerusalem. The skill with which the narrative in Esther is constructed has always excited admiration. The splendid royal banquet—the refusal of Queen Vashti to make herself a spectacle to the drunken guests—her deposition by the offended despot, and his determination to choose another queen—the appearance of the Jewess Esther, whose nationality has been carefully concealed by her guardian Mordecai—the successive trials of the inmates of the harem, and the selection of Esther to be Queen—all this is an astounding whirligig of fortune. But this is only preparatory to the main event. The sturdy Mordecai refuses to do reverence to the King's haughty favorite Haman, who, exasperated by his persistent contempt, resolves to extirpate the

Jewish population of Persia, and procures a royal decree to that effect. The Jews are in despair. Mordecai sends word to Esther that she must go to the King (which to do unbidden is a crime) and intercede; he adds that otherwise she herself will not escape the general fate. She finally plucks courage from despair, goes, is graciously received, and invites the King and Haman to a banquet that day. At that banquet she invites them to another next day, when she will make her request. Haman, elated, listens to the advice of his wife and his friends, and prepares a lofty post on which Mordecai is to be impaled. That night the King, unable to sleep, listens to an account, in the court record, of a good deed of Mordecai, hitherto unrewarded. Who is without? he asks. The answer is: Haman (who had come to arrange the impalement of his enemy). He is summoned, enters, is asked what should be done to the man whom the King delights to honor. Thinking it could be only himself, he suggests that the man, clothed in royal apparel, ride through the streets on the King's own horse. So be it: Haman is ordered to conduct Mordecai. It is a terrible blow, and is taken by his wife and his friends as an omen of disaster. Next day, however, he comes to the Queen's banquet, and here the King asks her to state her request—he would grant it if it cost half his kingdom. The narrative continues:

Queen Esther answered: If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be granted me at my petition, and my people at my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, to perish. If we had been sold as slaves, I had held my peace. . . . And King Ahasuerus said to Queen Esther: Who is he and where is he who dares so to do? Esther answered: The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman. Haman was afraid before the king and the queen. The king rose up in wrath from the banquet of wine, and went into the palace garden, and Haman remained standing to plead for his life with Queen Esther; for he saw that there was evil determined against him by the king. Then the king returned from the garden to the banqueting-hall, and Haman had sunk down on the couch on which Esther was. And the king said: Will he do violence to the queen here in my presence? As the words went out of the king's mouth, they covered Haman's face.

The clear portraiture of persons, the succession of interesting situations, the rapidity and inevitableness of the movement, the splendid reversal of fortunes, combine to make the book a work of art of a high order.

The Prophets

The most distinctly characteristic part of Old Testament literature is the prophetical. The position of the Israelitish prophet is unique. No other people has produced a line of moral and religious patriots, who followed the fortunes of the nation from generation to generation, and amid all changes of political situation remained true to their cardinal principle,—that no conditions of power and wealth would avail a nation which did not pay strict obedience to the moral law and place its reliance in God. The prophetic writing belongs, in general, to the class of oratory. The prophets are political-religious watchmen, who appear at every crisis to announce the will of God. They denounce current sins, religious and moral. They plead, exhort, threaten, lament. They differ from other orators in that their audience is not a court of law, nor an assembly of the people, but the whole nation; and the question which they discuss is not the interpretation of a statute, or a particular point of political policy, but the universal principle of obedience to God.

The language of the prophetical discourses is for the most part rhythmical and measured, and the discourses themselves naturally fall into strophes and paragraphs. There is no metre, no fixed succession or number of syllables in a line, and no regular strophic arrangement;—on the contrary, the greatest freedom prevails in respect to length of clauses and of strophes. The elaborate strophic structure of the odes of the Greek drama does not exist in the prophetic discourses; and as divisions into verses and strophes were not given in the original Hebrew text, we are left to determine the arrangement in every case from the contents. The writings of the prophets vary greatly in style and in charm and power; but they are almost without exception vigorous and striking. Whether they denounce social evils, or inveigh against idolatry,—whether they proclaim the wrath of God, or his mercy,—whether they threaten or implore,—they are almost always strong and picturesque.

The paragraphs, the logical divisions of simple prose discourse, are generally marked in the English Revised Version. Strophic divisions, marked by headings or refrains in rhythmical elevated prose, are sometimes but not always indicated. Examples of strophes are Amos i., ii.; Isa. v. 8–24 (woes); ix. 8–x. 4 (refrain), to which should be attached v. 25; Ezek. xviii., xx., xxxii. 19–32 (not indicated in R. V.).

Among the prophets none is more eloquent than Amos in the denunciation of social evils; take, for example, the passage on the following page (Am. v. 11–24).

Forasmuch as ye trample on the poor,
And take from him exactions of wheat,
Though ye have built houses of hewn stone
Ye shall not dwell in them,
Though ye have planted pleasant vineyards
Ye shall not drink the wine thereof.
For I know how manifold are your transgressions
And how mighty are your sins,
Ye who afflict the just, who take bribes,
Who deprive the poor of their rights in courts of justice.

Therefore he that is prudent keeps silence in such a time, for it is an evil time. Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live: and then Jehovah, the God of hosts, may be with you, as ye say. Hate the evil, and love the good, and maintain justice in the courts: then it may be that Jehovah, the God of hosts, will be gracious to the remnant of Joseph.

There shall be wailing in all the broad ways,
In all the streets they shall say, Alas!
They shall call the husbandman to mourning,
And such as are skillful in lamentation to wailing.
In all vineyards shall be wailing,
For I will pass through the midst of thee, saith Jehovah.

Woe unto you who desire the day of Jehovah: why would ye have the day of Jehovah? it is darkness and not light—as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him, and when he got into his house and leaned his hand on the wall, a serpent bit him. Shall not the day of Jehovah be darkness and not light? very dark, and no brightness in it?

I hate, I despise your feasts,
I take no delight in your solemn assemblies.
Though you offer me your burnt-offerings and cereal [offerings,
I will not accept them;
The peace-offerings of your fat beasts I will not regard.
Take away from me the noise of thy songs;
The clang of thy viols I will not hear.
But let equity roll down as waters,
And justice as a perennial stream.

Amos, Isaiah, and Ezekiel display no tenderness toward their people; Hosea is an intensely loving nature; Jeremiah's prevailing attitude is one of sorrow, as in these extracts from chapters viii. and ix. of his book:—

Oh for comfort in my sorrow! My heart is sick! Hark! the cry of the Daughter of my People from a far-off land: Is not Jehovah in Zion? is not her King in her?—[Jehovah speaks:] Why have they provoked me to anger with their graven images and with foreign gods?—[The people:] The harvest is past, the autumn ingathering is ended, and we are not saved.—[The prophet:] By the ruin of the Daughter of my People my spirit is crushed; I mourn; dismay seizes me. Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is the wound of the Daughter of my People not healed?—Oh that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the Daughter of my People! Oh that I could find in the wilderness a lodging-place for travelers, that I might leave my people, and from them go far away! . . . For the mountains will I break forth into weeping and wailing, and for the pastures of the wilderness utter a lament, because they are burned, so that none passes through; voices of cattle are not heard; birds of the heaven and beasts of the field are all fled and gone. . . . Call for the mourning women, that they may come; send for women skilled in lament, that they may come and utter wailing for us, that tears may stream from our eyes and water from our eyelids.

Ezekiel's tremendous power of denunciation and of description appears throughout his book; see for example Chapters vi., xi., xvi., xx., xxiii., xxvi.–xxviii., xxix.–xxxii., xxxviii., xxxix. He thus addresses the land of Israel (vi.):—

I will bring the sword on you, and destroy your high places;
Your altars shall be desolate, your sun-images shall be broken,
I will cast down your slain before your idols,
And scatter your bones about your altars.

. . . . . .

And the remnant that escape the sword, scattered through the lands,
Shall remember me among the nations whither they are carried captive.

I will crush their faithless hearts and their apostate eyes,
And they shall loathe themselves for their abominable deeds.

Smite with the hand, stamp with the foot!
Say, alas! because of the sins of the House of Israel,
For they shall fall by sword, famine, and plague.
He who is far off shall die of the plague,
He who is near shall fall by the sword,
He who is besieged shall perish by famine:
Thus will I accomplish my fury on them.
And they shall know that I am Jehovah
When their slain lie by their idols about their altars,
On every high hill, on the mountain-tops,
Under every green tree and leafy terebinth,
Where they offered sweet savor to all their idols.

The section devoted to Tyre (xxvi.–xxviii.) is of special interest for the picture it gives of the magnificence of that city. The King of Tyre is thus described (xxviii. 12–17):—

Thou wert full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty.
In Eden, the garden of God, thou wast,
All precious stones were thine adornment,
Ruby, topaz, diamond, beryl, and onyx,
Jasper, sapphire, carbuncle, emerald. . . .
In the day when thou wast created
I placed thee with the Cherub in the sacred Mount of God,
Amid the stones of fire thou didst walk.
Perfect thou wast in thy life
From the day of thy creation till sin appeared in thee.
The vastness of thy traffic filled thee with sin,
From the Mount of God I did expel thee as profane,
The Cherub cast thee forth from amid the stones of fire.
Thou didst swell with pride in thy beauty,
Thy splendor vitiated thy wisdom.
Down to the ground I cast thee,
To kings I made thee a spectacle,
That they might feast their eyes on thee.

Alongside of this (the resemblance between which and the picture in Gen. ii.–iii. is obvious) we may put the address to Pharaoh (xxxi.), who is portrayed as a mighty tree (the cedar of Lebanon is chosen as the noblest of trees), watered by a great river (the Nile) and its canals:—

> Whom art thou like in thy greatness?
> Lo, there stood in Lebanon a mighty cedar,
> With stately boughs, lofty of stature,
> Its top reached the clouds.
> Water had made it great, the Deep had made it high,
> Streams ran through its soil, rivers over its field.
> All trees of the forest it excelled in height,
> Abundant water gave it many boughs.
> In its branches all birds had their nests,
> Under its boughs were the lairs of all beasts,
> In its shadow dwelt many nations.
> It was stately in height, in the mass of its branches,
> For its roots were richly watered.
> Cedars in the garden of God were not its equals,
> Cypresses were not like its boughs, nor plane-trees like its branches;
> No tree in the garden of God was like it
> In beauty and in mass of branches,
> And the trees of Eden, in the garden of God, did envy it.

The prophet's imagination, reveling in its picture, does not always keep figure and original sharply apart; as in the description of Pharaoh's fall (xxxi. 15–17), in which the tree and the king are skillfully blended without loss of unity:—

> Thus says the Lord Jehovah: On the day when it was hurled down to Sheol, I made the River mourn for it, the streams were held back and ceased to flow; for it I caused Lebanon to lament, for it all the trees of the field fainted with sorrow. At its resounding fall I made the nations tremble, when I hurled it down to Sheol, with those who descend into the pit; and all the trees of Eden, the choicest of Lebanon, all trees nourished by water, were consoled [that is, by the ruin of their rival]. They too had to go down with it to Sheol, to those who were slain with the sword [who had an inferior position in Sheol]; so perished its allies and they who dwelt in its shadow.

The powerful effect which Ezekiel produces by cumulation and iteration may be seen in his review (Chapter xx.) of the history of Israel, which is noteworthy also for treating the national career as one long catalogue of acts of disobedience and apostasy.

Among the Prophetical works the Book of Isaiah presents the greatest variety in literary form. The pictures of the physical and moral ruin of Judah (i., iii., v.) and of Israel (xxviii.), the descriptions of the haughty bearing and the overthrow of the King of Assyria (x., xxxvii.), the lament over Moab (xv., xvi.), the siege of Jerusalem (xxix.), the prediction of the return of the exiles (xxxv.),—these and other pieces are classic. As an example of its descriptive power we may take the picture of Jehovah's coming vengeance on Edom (xxxiv.):—

Approach, O nations, and hear,
And hearken, O ye peoples.
Let the earth hear, and all that it contains,
The world, and all that it produces.
Jehovah is wrathful against all the nations,
Furious against the whole host of them,
He has laid them under a ban,
Given them over to slaughter.
Their slain shall be cast forth,
The stench of their corpses shall ascend,
The mountains shall melt with their blood;
All the host of heaven shall decay,
The heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll,
All their host shall wither,
As withers foliage from vine, leaf from fig-tree.

My sword has drunk its fill in heaven,
Now it descends for vengeance on Edom, the banned people.

Jehovah has a sword, reeking with blood, anointed with fat,
Blood of lambs and goats, fat of kidneys of rams,
For Jehovah holds a sacrifice in Bozrah,
A mighty slaughter in the land of Edom:
With these beasts wild oxen shall fall,
And bullocks along with bulls.

Jehovah's day of vengeance comes,
The year of requital in Zion's quarrel.
Edom's stream shall turn to pitch,
And its soil to brimstone —
Burning pitch its land shall become.
It shall not be quenched night nor day,
Its smoke shall ascend for ever,
From generation to generation it shall lie waste,
None shall pass through it for ever and ever.

Pelican and bittern shall possess it,
Owl and raven shall dwell therein,
Jehovah shall stretch over it the measuring-line of desolation,
And the plummet of emptiness.
Its nobles shall vanish,
All its princes shall perish,
Thorns shall spring up in its palaces,
Nettles and thistles in its fortresses.
It shall be the habitation of jackals,
The dwelling-place of ostriches.
There beasts of the desert shall meet,
The wilderness-demon shall cry to its fellow,
The demoness of night there shall repose,
And find in it her lair;
The arrow-snake shall make its nest,
In its shadow lay and hatch and brood,
And hawks shall be gathered together.

Search Jehovah's scroll and read;
Not one of these shall be missing,
Not one shall want its mate.
For his mouth it is has commanded,
His spirit it is that has gathered them.
For them he has cast the lot,
And his hand has measured the land.
For ever and ever they shall possess it,
Dwell therein from generation to generation.

The most splendid of Prophetic rhapsodies are found in Isaiah, xl.–lxvi. We may cite from these, as an example of vivid imagination

and gorgeous coloring, the famous description of Israel's coming glory, in Chapter lx.:—

Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
And the glory of Jehovah shines upon thee.
Darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the peoples,
But Jehovah shall shine upon thee,
And his glory shall appear upon thee.
Nations shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy radiance.
Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:
They gather themselves together, they come to thee;
Thy sons shall come from far,
And thy daughters shall be carried in the arms.
Then shalt thou clearly see,
Thy heart shall expand with joy.
For the abundance of the sea shall be given thee,
The wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.
A multitude of camels shall cover thee,
The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;
Men shall come from Sheba, bringing gold and frankincense,
They shall proclaim the praises of Jehovah.
All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered to thee,
The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:
They shall be offered as acceptable sacrifices on mine altar,
And I will glorify the house of my glory.
Who are these that fly as a cloud,
As the doves to their windows?
Surely the isles shall wait for me,
And the ships of Tarshish first,
To bring thy sons from far,
Their silver and their gold with them,
For the name of Jehovah thy God,
For the Holy One of Israel,
Because he hath glorified thee.
Strangers shall build thy walls,
Their kings shall minister unto thee,
For in my wrath I smote thee,

But in my love I have mercy on thee.
Thy gates shall be open continually,
Shall not be shut by day or night;
That men may bring thee the wealth of the nations,
And their kings be led with them.
Nation and kingdom shall perish that serves thee not:
Yea, blasted shall those nations be.
The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,
The cypress, the elm, and the cedar.
I will beautify the place of my sanctuary,
And make the place of my feet glorious.
The sons of thine oppressors shall bend before thee;
They that despised thee shall bow down at thy feet;
Thou shalt be called the City of Jehovah,
Zion of the Holy One of Israel.
I will make thee an eternal excellency,
A joy of endless generations.
For bronze I will bring gold, and for iron silver.
For wood bronze, and for stones iron.
I will make thine officers peace,
And thy taskmasters justice.
Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,
Desolation nor destruction within thy borders,
But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,
And thy gates Praise.
The sun shall no more be thy light by day,
Nor the brightness of the moon give thee light by night,
But Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light,
And thy God thy glory.
Thy sun shall no more go down,
Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:
For Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light,
And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.
Thy people shall be all righteous,
They shall possess the land forever.
The little one shall become a thousand,
And the small one a strong nation.

Poetry

Hebrew poetry, it is generally admitted, is characterized as to its form by rhythm and parallelism. Rhythm is the melodious flow of syllables. Parallelism — a form characteristic of, and almost peculiar to, old Semitic poetry — is the balancing of phrases; the second line in a couplet being a repetition of the first in varied phrase, or presenting some sort of expansion of or contrast to the first. These two general classes of parallelism may be called the identical and the antithetical. An example of the first sort is:—

Rebuke me not in thy wrath,
Chasten me not in thine anger (Ps. xxxviii. 1);

or, with one slight variation:—

The heavens declare the glory of God,
The firmament showeth his handiwork (Ps. xix. 1).

Similarly:—

Jehovah reigns — let the nations tremble;
He is enthroned on the cherubs — let the earth be moved (Ps. xcix. 1).

Examples of the second are:—

The arms of the wicked shall be broken,
But Jehovah upholds the righteous (Ps. xxxvii. 17).

The plans of the mind belong to man,
The answer of the tongue is from Jehovah (Prov. xvi. 1).

Question and answer:—

I lift up mine eyes to the mountains!
Whence comes my help?
My help comes from Jehovah,
Who made heaven and earth (Ps. cxxi. 1, 2);

or, with fuller expansion:—

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend to Heaven, thou art there;
If I couch me in Sheol, lo, thou art there;
If I take the wings of the Dawn,
If I dwell in the remotest West,
There shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me (Ps. cxxxix. 7–10).

Between the extremes of complete identity and complete antithesis there are many sub-varieties, the combinations and interchanges of which, in the hands of a gifted poet, give exquisite delicacy and charm to the form of the verse.

Various efforts have been made to discover metre in Hebrew poetry, —a regular succession of feet after the manner of the Greek; but without success, and such attempts are now discountenanced by the majority of critics. Elaborate schemes of dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, and pentameter, which one still finds defended in certain modern books, may be rejected as having no basis in fact. There might be more to say in favor of a system of ictus or beats of the voice. It is true that all poetry is marked by a certain succession of rhythmic beats. But the succession does not occur in Hebrew according to any fixed rule. It appears to be determined by the feeling of the poet, and its appreciation may safely be left to the feeling of the reader. This much is true, that, in a series of couplets, the same number of accented syllables may be employed in each couplet, and we may thus have a guide in fixing the limits of the stanzas; but even these limits we must leave to the free choice of the poet, without attempting to impose our rules on him. To such norms, characterized by the number of beats, we may give the names binary (when the line has two beats), ternary (of three beats), quaternary, and so on. In the Book of Proverbs many of the lines or verses are ternary; elsewhere we find other forms. These can rarely be reproduced exactly in English.

Naturally also, these groups of couplets arrange themselves in strophes or stanzas; but here again, no fixed rule prevails. A stanza may consist of two, three, four, or more couplets; and adjoining stanzas may differ in their number of couplets. As the original text does not indicate any such division, we are left to the rhythm of the couplets and to the connection of the sense to determine the order of the strophes. An example of a symmetrical division in the stanzas is found in the second Psalm, which consists of four stanzas of three couplets each. In the first, the hostile nations are introduced as speaking; in the second the speaker is Jehovah; in the third the speaker is the royal Son, whose coronation has just been announced; and in the fourth, the poet exhorts the nation to obedience.

Hebrew poetry is either emotional or gnomic. It either enounces rules of life, in the form of apophthegms or proverbs, or it describes the poet's own feeling in the presence of any phenomenon of joy or suffering. It thus, in general, belongs to the class which we call lyric. It does not present any example of what we call epic and dramatic. There has been a natural desire to discover, in the Old Testament poetry, examples of the poetic forms familiar to us in Greek literature; and so it has been said that the Book of Job is a drama or an epic, and that the Song of Songs is a lyric drama. But a little reflection suffices to show that the Book of Job lacks the essential element of epic and drama; that is to say, action. It is, in

fact, nothing but an argument consisting of elaborate speeches, with a conclusion attached. There is no catastrophe toward which all the acts of the personages tend. The interest lies in the discussion of a religious theme; Jehovah permits the debate to go on to a certain point, and then intervenes, the human actors having nothing to do with bringing about the result. The Song of Songs is a series of love songs, so delicately conceived, so undefined in shape, so lacking in indications of place and time, that no two critics have as yet agreed in their conclusions as to who are the actors in the supposed drama, or where the action takes place, or what is its culmination. It is obviously necessary to take it, not as a drama, but as a group of songs. And in general, we do nothing but harm to the old Hebrew literature in trying to force it into the forms of a foreign people. The mistake is similar to that which has been made by Hebrew grammarians, who have tried to construct Hebrew grammar in the forms of Greek or Latin grammar; a procedure which, as scholars are now coming to recognize, can result only in misapprehension and misrepresentation. It is no less fatal to the poetic form of a people to force it into the categories of another people. Justice will be done to the Old Testament on its literary side only when we take it for what it is, and try to apprehend its form and enjoy its beauties according to its own rules.

So far as regards the higher characteristics of poetry, these are the same in the Old Testament as elsewhere. There is eloquence, pathos, charm, sublimity,—qualities which are confined to no one race or people. And that the poetry is subjective—that it contains only the expression of the poet's feeling or reflection—will be evident from a brief review of the books themselves.

Let us begin with the Book of Psalms, the longest and most varied of the poetic books of the Old Testament. It contains simple lucid bits of description, agonizing cries to God for help, exultation for victory, rejoicing in time of peace, expression of consciousness of sin, and odes of praise to the God of Israel. As an example of a gentle, calm confidence and joy, we may take the 23d Psalm:—

THE Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want;—
He makes me recline in green pastures,
He leads me to still waters.
He restores my soul,
He guides me in safe paths for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of gloom,
I fear no evil,
For thou art with me,
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest me a table in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runs over.
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Here the imagery, derived from the shepherd's life, is of the most restful sort; and the whole picture is one of perfect repose under the protection of God. In contrast with this, the 24th Psalm is an exulting ode of praise; and the first part, verses 1–6, which states the moral qualities demanded of those who are to serve Jehovah in his temple, begins with a declaration of the Divine might:—

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,
The world, and they that dwell therein;
For he has founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

The second part is the hymn of a solemn procession, in which Jehovah is spoken of as entering the temple, and it is conceived in the finest vein of stirring song:—

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Be ye lift up, ye ancient doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in!

Here a member of the choir sings:—

Who is the King of Glory?

And the answer comes from the whole choir:—

The Lord strong and mighty!
The Lord mighty in battle!

The chorus is then repeated:—

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Yea, lift them up, ye ancient doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in!

Again the question and answer:—

Who is this King of Glory?
The Lord of Hosts,
He is the King of Glory!

Among the most beautiful of the odes of the Psalter are the so-called Pilgrim songs (Pss. cxx.–cxxxiv.); each bears the title *Song of Ascents*, the meaning of which is doubtful; they differ greatly from one another in sentiment and length. One of them, Ps. cxxvii., is a song of the household, speaking of house and children. Another,

Ps. cxxxii., describes the choosing of the site of the temple. We shall not find a more beautiful expression of trust in God than that which is given by the 121st Psalm:—

I LIFT up mine eyes to the mountains!
Whence comes my help?
My help comes from the Lord,
Who made Heaven and Earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He who keeps thee does not slumber.
Behold, he who keeps Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps.
The Lord is thy keeper,
The Lord is a shade on thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord will keep thee from all evil,
He will preserve thy life.
The Lord will keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for evermore.

The longer psalms are either odes written on the occasion of some national festivity, or narrations of national history, or, in a few cases, the expression of national experiences. Of these perhaps the most striking are the 18th and the 68th. The former is a description of struggle and victory. It contains one of the most magnificent of poetical passages:—

IN MY distress I called upon the Lord,
I cried unto my God.
He heard my voice from his palace,
And my cry came to his ears.
Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of the mountains were shaken.
Smoke ascended in his nostrils,
Fire out of his mouth devoured,
Coals were kindled by it!
He bowed the heavens and descended;
Thick darkness was under his feet.
He rode upon a cherub and did fly;
He flew on the wings of the wind!
He made darkness his habitation,
And darkest clouds his pavilion.
In brightness passed his thick clouds,
With hail and coals of fire.
The Lord thundered in heaven,

The Most High uttered his voice.
He sent out his arrows and scattered them,
Shot forth his lightnings and appalled them.
Then the bed of the Deep appeared;
The foundations of the world were laid bare,
At thy rebuke, O Lord,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils!

It was from this passage that Sternhold and Hopkins elicited the only bit of poetry in their metrical version of the Psalms:—

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad!

The 68th Psalm is a procession-ode, consisting of a series of stanzas of singular majesty and force. Psalms lxxvii. and lxxxix., cv. and cvi. are historical reviews. Psalms ciii. and civ. are odes in celebration of the glorious and beneficent deeds of Jehovah.

A peculiarity of the Psalter is the presence of alphabetical psalms, in which each verse or stanza begins with a letter of the alphabet in order. There are a number of these: the alphabetical arrangement is, however, not always perfect; and it is, of course, not recognizable in the English translation. The most noteworthy example is the 119th Psalm, a collection of couplets in praise of the Law. It is divided into twenty-two stanzas (according to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet) of eight couplets each. Such psalms, however, are naturally the least attractive in poetic form.

The Psalter is divided in the Hebrew Bible, and in the English Revised Version, into five books (in imitation of the division of the Pentateuch): and these are supposed to indicate collections which were made at different times; the whole having been finally combined into our present Psalm-book. The Psalter grew with the temple services, and many — perhaps the most — of its hymns were intended for recitation in the sacred place.

A peculiar and very effective form of Hebrew poetry is the elegy. The discovery of the form of the Hebrew elegy or lament (the recognition of which adds not a little to the reader's pleasure) is due to Professor Karl Budde, now of Strassburg. The elegiac verse is characterized by a short clause, followed by a still shorter clause, giving to the phrase a peculiar restrained movement. The most

noted example of this poetic form is found in our Book of Lamentations — a collection of laments over the sorrows of Israel. Thus, in the beginning of the second chapter: —

THE Lord in his anger has smitten
The daughter of Zion,
And cast down from heaven to earth
The beauty of Israel;
He has not remembered his footstool
In the day of his wrath!

The Lord has destroyed without mercy
The dwellings of Jacob;
Has thrown down in anger the stronghold
Of the daughter of Judah;
Has cast to the ground, desecrated,
The realm and its princes.

One feels here how the emotion of the poet drives him into this sad brief appendage at the end of each line. Elegies are not confined to the Book of Lamentations, but are found elsewhere in the Old Testament. In Ezekiel xix. are two laments, one for the princes and the other for the nation. The first reads as follows: —

THY mother was like a lioness | among lions.
Amid young lions she couched, | she reared her whelps.

One of her whelps she brought up, | he became a young lion.
He learned to seize his prey, | men he devoured.
Against him the nations raised a cry, | in their pit he was taken.
They brought him with hooks away | to the land of Egypt.
She saw that she had failed, | her hope had perished.

Another of her whelps she took, | a young lion she made him.
(Etc.)

So the magnificent ode, written in elegiac form, in Isaiah xiv., in which the fall of the King of Babylon is celebrated: —

HOW IS the tyrant quelled, | quelled his havoc!
The Lord has broken the staff of the wicked, | the ruler's sceptre!
Who, in his wrath, smote the nations | with blows unceasing!
At rest is the world, and at peace — | breaks forth into song!
Over thee exult the spruce-trees, | the cedars of Lebanon: —
"Since thou art laid low there comes no longer | the woodman against us."
The realm of Shades beneath is stirred | to meet thine arrival.

It rouses the Shades for thee— | the heroes of earth,
Rouses from their thrones | the kings of the nations.
To thee they all speak, and say:—
"Thou too art become weak as we, | art become like us;
Thy pomp is brought down to the Shades, | the clang of thy harps;
Mold is the bed beneath thee | and worms thy covering.
How art thou fallen from heaven, | bright star of dawn!
How art thou hurled to the ground, | thou conqueror of nations!
Thou hadst thought in thy heart, | 'To heaven I'll mount,
High above the stars of God | exalt my throne;
I will sit on the mount of God | in farthest north;
To the heights of the clouds I'll ascend— | be like the Most High!'
And now thou art hurled to the realm of death,
To the deepest abyss."

A still better conception of the power of the elegiac verse is given by the fine alphabetic ode in triplets contained in Lamentations i.

How sitteth the city solitary, | once full of people.
She who was great among the nations | is become as a widow.
The princess among the provinces | is become tributary.

She weepeth sore in the night, | her cheeks are wet with tears;
She hath none to comfort her | among all her lovers;
All her friends are traitors, | are become her enemies.

Exiled is Judah in grievous affliction, | in bitter servitude;
She dwelleth among the nations, | findeth no rest;
All her persecutors overtook her | in the midst of her straits.

The ways to Zion do mourn, | none come to her feasts;
All her gates are desolate, | her priests do sigh;
Her virgins are deeply afflicted, | and she is in bitterness.

Her adversaries are become supreme, | her enemies prosper;
For Jehovah hath sorely afflicted her | for her many sins;
Her children are gone into captivity | before the adversary.

Gone from the Daughter of Zion | is all her splendor.
Her princes are become like harts | that find no pasture:
Powerless they have fled | before the pursuer.

Jerusalem remembereth her days | of affliction and misery,
When her people succumbed to the foe, | and none did help her;
On her her enemies gazed, | mocked at her bereavement.

Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, | foul is she become;
All that honored her despise her | because they have seen her disgrace.
Yea, she herself sigheth | and turneth away.

Her filthiness is in her skirts, | she remembered not her end;
Wonderful is her downfall, | she hath no comforter.
Behold, O Jehovah, my affliction, | for the foe doth triumph.

The adversary hath laid his hand | on all her treasures;
She hath beheld the nations enter | her sanctuary,
Who, thou commandedst, should not come into | thy congregation.

All her people sigh, | seeking bread.
Their treasures they have given for food | their life to sustain.
See, O Jehovah, and behold | how I am despised.

Ho, all ye that pass by, | behold and see
If there be sorrow like to the sorrow | which is come upon me,
Wherewith Jehovah hath afflicted me | in the day of his anger.

Fire from on high he hath sent, | into my bones hath driven it,
Hath spread a net for my feet, | turned me back;
Desolate he hath made me, | faint all the day.

Bound is the yoke of my trespasses | by his hand;
Knit together they lie on my neck, | my strength doth fail.
The Lord hath given me up to them | whom I cannot withstand.

My heroes the Lord hath cast down | in the midst of me,
Hath summoned a solemn assembly | to crush my warriors;
In a wine-press he hath trodden | the virgin daughter of Judah.

For these things weep mine eyes, | my tears run down;
Far away from me is the comforter | who should revive my soul;
Desolate are my children | because the foe hath prevailed.

Zion spreadeth forth her hands, | there is none to comfort her;
This hath Jehovah ordained for Jacob,— | that his neighbors should be his foes;
Among them is Jerusalem become | a thing of loathing.

Jehovah, he is just — I have rebelled against him.
Hear, all ye peoples, | behold my sorrow:
My virgins and my young men | are gone into captivity.

On my friends I called, | they deceived me.
My priests and my elders | perished in the city,
Seeking food for themselves | to sustain their lives.

Behold, O Jehovah, my deep distress: | my soul is troubled;
My heart is o'erwhelmed within me, | rebellious was I.
Abroad the sword bereaveth, | at home is death.

They have heard that I sigh, | there is none to comfort me.
My foes have heard of my trouble, | they are glad thou didst it.
Bring in the day thou hast announced, | let them be like me.

Regard thou all their wickedness; | do to them
As thou hast done to me | for all my sins!
For many are my sighs, | my heart is faint.

Other examples of the elegy are found in Amos, v. 1; Ezek., xxvii. 32–36, and xxxii. 19–32.

The Book of Job must be reckoned among the great poems of the world. The prose introduction — the story of the crushing of Job's worldly hopes — is itself full of power. The poem is unique in form. It is a series of monologues, all united by the author's intention to develop a certain idea in connection with the question, "Why do the righteous suffer?" The Three Friends affirm that the righteous do *not* suffer, — that is, that no man suffers except for wrong-doing. Job combats this view to the uttermost, holding that he is righteous and that he suffers. Elihu further insists that suffering is designed to destroy the pride of men who are otherwise good. Finally, Jehovah intervenes, and proclaims the wonderfulness of his government of the world, and Job is reduced to silence. The freshness and variety of thought, — the picture of a terrible struggle in Job's soul, — the majestic descriptions of Divine power, — all these together give a peculiar impressiveness to the book. At the outset, Job gives us a glimpse into his own soul: —

Perish the day wherein I was born,
And the night which said, Behold, a man!
Let that day be darkness;
May God ask not of it;
May no light shine on it;
May darkness and gloom claim it,
Clouds dwell on it, and eclipses terrify it!

Job longs for death, that he may go to that sad underworld, and dwell

With kings and councilors of the earth,
Who built tombs for themselves,

Where —

The wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

To this outburst, the eldest of the three friends, Eliphaz, replies by insisting on the general rule that men receive in this world what they deserve; and he expresses his conclusion in the form of a vision: —

Stealthily came to me a word,
And a whisper to my ear;
In thoughts, from visions of the night,
When deep sleep falls on men.
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake;
And a breath passed over my face,
The hair of my head stood up.
There It stood! — Its semblance I could not see! —
A form was before my eyes!
I heard a voice which whispered,
"Shall man be more just than God, —
A creature purer than the Creator? —
He puts no trust in his servants,
His angels he charges with folly:
How much more them who dwell in houses of clay,
Whose foundation is in the dust?"

Job replies to this, and is answered by the second friend, replies to him, is followed by the third friend, and so for several rounds of argument, — the only effect of which on Job is to draw him to deeper hopelessness. He exclaims (vii. 7): —

A tree cut down may sprout again,
Its tender branch will not cease.
Though its root wax old in the earth,
And its stock die in the ground,
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dies and wastes away,
Breathes out his life, and where is he?
The waters pour out of the sea,
The river dries up and fails;

So man lies down and rises not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,
Nor be raised out of their sleep!

Then there comes to him a vague wish that God would think of him after death in the underworld, and he exclaims:—

Oh that thou wouldst hide me in the underworld,
Keep me secret till thy wrath be past,
Appoint me a set time, and remember me!

The finest outbursts of poetry are to be found in the speeches of Job himself, yet others also contain many striking pieces. See, for example, the speech of Zophar, Chapter xx.; that of Eliphaz, Chapter xxii.; and that of Bildad, Chapter xxv. Elihu's description of the chastening power of suffering in xxxiii. 19–28 is also full of vigor:—

He is chastened with pain on his bed,
In his bones is continual torment;
He abhors all nourishing bread,
Cares not for dainty food;
His flesh wastes away to nothing,
His bones, hid no longer, stick out,
And he draws near unto the pit,—
His life approaches the dead!

If there be an interpreter with him
Who will shew him what is right,
Will be gracious to him, and say,
"Loose him! I have ransomed his life,"
Then his flesh becomes fresher than a child's,
He returns to the days of his youth,
He prays to God, who accepts him,
Shews him his face in joy,
Restores to him his righteousness.
He sings before him, and says:—
"I had sinned, and done what was wrong,
But it was not requited to me;
He has redeemed me from the pit!
My life shall behold the light!"

The speeches of Jehovah make a magnificent poem in themselves. Chapters xxviii., xxxix., are worthy to stand alongside the first chapter of Genesis for sublimity of statement, and have in addition the freshness and color of a fine imagination. One other poem in Job, that contained in Chapter xxviii., we may reserve, in order to place it alongside of several similar poems.

We have already seen that the Canticles, or Song of Songs, must be taken as a group of songs of love, in which it is impossible to discover any relation of time and place. It may be compared, for poetic grace, with the finest idylls of Theocritus. It breathes the air of the fields and mountains; and in this respect is unique among the Old Testament books. For ancient poetry does not occupy itself directly with external nature. Neither among the Greeks nor among the Hebrews do we find the phenomena of nature introduced into poetry for their own sake: they are used as illustrations purely. The reason of this is not that the ancients did not love nature,—certainly they must have been alive to its charm. It is rather that only in modern times have men come to that habit of close observation of nature which has made it possible to use its varying forms as part of poetic material. So, in the Psalms, clouds and mountains, stream and sunshine, appear as exhibiting the power and wisdom or the wrath or the love of God. But not even in such Psalms as xviii. and xix. does the poet dwell on these phenomena for their own sake. In this book we seem to have an exception to this rule; as in the beautiful spring song in Chapter ii.:—

> The voice of my Beloved! Lo, he comes,
> Leaping over the mountains,
> Skipping over the hills!
> My Beloved is like a roe, a young hart.
> Now he stands behind our wall,
> Looks through the window,
> Peeps through the lattice.
> My beloved spake, and said to me:—
> Arise, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!
> For lo, the winter is past,
> The rain is over and gone,
> The flowers appear on the earth,
> The time of the singing of birds is come,
> The voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land,
> The fig-tree ripens her figs,
> The vines are in blossom,
> They give forth their fragrance.
> Arise, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!

Here the pictures introduced are all of the country, and all charming, and the poet *seems* to dwell on them for their own sake. But after all he does not do this. It is the lover who describes the beautiful face of nature, in order to tempt his beloved to come forth and roam with him over the fields and hills. Nevertheless, the pictures of natural scenery which he gives are very striking, and

might easily prepare the way for that completer contemplation of nature which is found in the modern poets.

It is the occurrence of responsive songs in the book that has suggested the opinion that it is a drama. How vague the speeches and the supposed dialogue are, will appear from the following examples. The occasion of the first address to the Jerusalem ladies (i. 5, 6) is not obvious:—

I am dark but comely,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar,
As the curtains of Solomon.
Scorn me not because I am dark,
Because the sun has shone on me.
For my brothers were wroth with me,
And made me keeper of the vineyards.

On this follows the first dialogue:—

The Beloved speaks (i. 7):
Tell me, thou whom I love,
Where thou feedest thy flock at noon;
For I would not seem to be a loiterer
Beside thy comrades' flocks.

The Lover replies (i. 8):
If thou know not, O fairest of women,
Go, follow the tracks of the flock,
And feed thy kids by the shepherds' tents.

After a brief descriptive strophe, the second dialogue proceeds (i. 15–ii. 6):—

Thou art fair, my Love, thou art fair,
Thou hast the eyes of a dove.

Thou art fair, my Love, and lovely.
Our couch is the greensward,
The beams of our house are the cedars,
The walls of our rooms are the cypresses.

I am a rose of Sharon,
A lily of the valleys.

As a lily among thorns,
So is my Love among the maidens.

As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my Love among the youths.
Under his shadow I sat with delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting-house,
And his banner over me was love.

Stay me with raisins, strengthen me with apples,
For I am sick with love.
Be his left hand under my head!
Let his right hand embrace me!

Refrain (ii. 7, iii. 5):

I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the gazelles and the hinds of the field,
Rouse not nor awaken love
Until it please!

The search by night for the Beloved (iii. 1–4):

At night on my bed I sought my Beloved,
Sought him, and found him not.
(I said) I will arise and go through the city;
In the streets and the squares
I will seek my Beloved.
I sought him and found him not.
The watchmen, patrolling the city, found me.
"Saw ye my beloved?"
Scarce had I passed from them,
When I found him whom I love,
I held him, would not let him go.

The vagueness of this narration is equaled by that of its companion song, the less fortunate search for the Lover, of which we cannot say whether it is a dream or reality (v. 2–7):—

I sleep, but my heart is awake.
Hark! my Beloved knocks, and cries:
Open to me, my sister, my friend,
My dove, my perfect one!
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night.
(*She*): I have put off my dress—
Must I put it on again?
I have washed my feet—
Must I defile them?

My Beloved put his hand through the window,
My soul yearned for him.
I rose to open to my Beloved,
And my hand dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with liquid myrrh,
On the handles of the bolt.
I opened to my Beloved,
But he had withdrawn and was gone—
My heart had failed me when he spake.
I sought him, but found him not,
I called, he answered not.
The watchmen, patrolling the city, found me.
They smote me, they wounded me,
The keepers of the walls took from me my veil.

This exquisite piece is the expression of the longing of love; it does not belong to a drama. The reference to the night-watchmen of the city is to be noted.

We add two beautiful expressions of love, the first, of joy in the possession of the beloved one (iv. 16, v. 1):—

Awake, O north wind; come, O south!
Breathe on my garden that its balsam may flow!

Let my Beloved come into his garden,
And enjoy its precious fruits!

I am come into my garden, my sister-bride,
I have gathered my myrrh with my balsam,
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey,
I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Then, love on its spontaneous, enduring, and controlling side (viii. 6, 7):—

Set me as a seal-ring on thy heart,
As a seal-ring on thine arm.
For love is strong as death,
Passion is firm as the Underworld.
Its flames are flames of fire,
Many waters cannot quench it,
Rivers cannot drown it.
If a man would give all his possessions for it,
He would be utterly despised.

The book is a group of rhapsodies in praise of pure and faithful love. It has no movement, no dénouement, no plot, nothing but the

isolated passionate utterances of a pair of lovers. Its hero is not Solomon, but a shepherd, and its heroine is a country maiden; she is not carried off by Solomon to his harem. The King is introduced or alluded to by way of illustration: not always, it would seem, with approbation,—see vi. 8, 9, where the Lover contrasts his one Beloved with the numerous members of a great harem. Its unity is the unity of an idea; the many attempts which have been made to discover in it a unity of action have none of them gained general acceptance.

The gnomic literature of the Hebrews, contained mainly in the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes (but also in certain Psalms, as the 27th and the 49th), has, by its nature, little of the poetic, except the outward form; its balanced phrases present excellent examples of Semitic parallelism. In some cases a longer description gathers force by the accumulation of details; as in the well-known picture of the good housewife (Prov. xxxi. 10–31), which is in the nature of an ode to the housewife, as Ps. cxix. is an ode to the Law.

Ecclesiastes is written for the most part in prose, and has passages of great eloquence and beauty. The author counsels quiet acceptance of what God has given (iii. 11–15):—

He has made everything beautiful in its time. He presents the world to man, yet so that man, from beginning to end, cannot find out what he has done. I thence conclude that there is nothing better for them than to rejoice and taste of happiness while they live; for when one eats and drinks, and enjoys what he has acquired by his labor, this is the gift of God. I know that whatever God does shall be for ever. Nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it. God so acts that men may fear him. That which is, has already existed; that which is to be, has already been; that which has passed away, God seeks in order to give it existence again.

He warns against all excess (vii. 15–17):—

All this have I seen in the days of my vain life. The good man perishes in spite of his goodness, and the bad man lives long in spite of his badness. Be not too righteous, nor pretend to be too wise, lest thou destroy thyself. Be not too wicked, nor too foolish, lest thou die before thy time.

The description of old age and its slowly lessening powers (xii. 1–7) belongs to the best productions of Hebrew literature:—

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the sad days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say,

«I have no pleasure in them;» before the sun, the light, the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain; when the house-guards tremble, the strong men bow, when the maidens grinding corn cease because they are few, and those who look out of the windows are darkened, and the street-doors are shut; when the sound of the grinding is low; when one starts up from sleep at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music are brought low, and one is afraid of what is high, and terrors are in the way; when the almond-tree blossoms, the grasshopper is a burden, and all stimulants fail; because man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: before the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it.

The failure of light and the recurrence of rain (verses 1, 2) indicate the growing gloom of old age. The decay of natural powers is represented (verses 3, 4) by the cessation of activity in a great house falling into ruin: arms (guards) and legs (strong men) lose their strength, the teeth (maidens grinding) are few, the eyes grow dim (windows); in a word, the avenues of the senses are closed (the doors are shut). Then comes (verses 4, 5) a more literal description of bodily weakness: the old man cannot sleep, music gives him no pleasure, he walks about in fear and trembling, his hair turns white (almond-tree), the smallest weight is burdensome, the appetite does not respond to stimulants. Finally comes the end,—from the fountain of life no water can be drawn. With this gloomy portraiture of old age we may compare the cheerful picture given by Cicero. The object of the preacher is to lead men to use aright the vigorous season of youth.

The Apocalypse

There remains to be mentioned the apocalypse, a species of composition which must be regarded as a creation of Hebrew thought. Before the eye of a seer the history of generations or centuries is unrolled in a series of visions, the culminating point of which is the triumph of the people of Israel. It is the visional expression of that unification of history which is given in simple narrative form in the Hexateuch and suggested in the Prophets. Kingdoms rise and fall, and all things move toward the divinely appointed goal,—the establishment of Israel in peace and prosperity. In the Book of Daniel (the only elaborated apocalypse in the Old Testament) the kingdoms set forth are the Babylonian, the Median, the Persian, and the Greek;

and the visions all end with the downfall of Antiochus Epiphanes (see particularly Chapter xi.). A majestic picture is presented in the description of the judgment of the enemies of Israel, the "one like a man" being explained in the context as meaning Faithful Israel (vii. 9–14):—

I BEHELD till thrones were placed, and one that was full of years did sit: his raiment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was fiery flames and its wheels burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; a thousand thousands ministered unto him and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; the judgment was set and the books were opened. I beheld at that time till, because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake, the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and he was given to be burned with fire. And as for the rest of the beasts, their dominion was taken away, yet their lives were prolonged for a season and a time. I saw in the night visions, and behold there came with the clouds of heaven one like a man, and he came to the Ancient of Days, and was brought into his presence. And to him was given dominion and glory and a kingdom that all peoples, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom one that shall not be destroyed.

The Hebrew power of narration is well illustrated in the scenes described in Chapters ii.–vi.

THE APOCRYPHA

THE books which constitute the Old Testament were slowly gathered by the Jews into a sacred canon, the discussions on which did not cease until the Synod of Jamnia, held probably about A. D. 95. Meantime the Jews had been producing other works, which, though some of them were excellent in tone, were for various reasons not thought worthy by the Palestinian rabbis to be accepted as sacred scripture. In respect to some of these books the Alexandrian Jews appear to have held a different opinion; some are included in the Septuagint along with the canonical books, and it is to these that the name Apocrypha properly belongs. The purpose of some of the Alexandrian additions is obvious. Since, for example, the Hebrew Book of Esther does not contain the name of God, or make any reference to religion, the Greek supplies this lack by adding visions and

prayers. In any case we have, in this Jewish Apocrypha, a very interesting mass of literature, reflecting the religious and literary culture of the Jews in the two centuries preceding the beginning of our era. In addition to the works constituting the Apocrypha proper (that is, the extra-canonical or deuterocanonical books contained in the Septuagint,) there are several others, of no less importance and equally deserving of mention. Such, for example, are the Books of Enoch and the Sibyllines. We need make no distinction between the two classes, but may take them all together.

The first book of this sort in order of time is the work commonly called Ecclesiasticus, or the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach; better called the Proverbs of Ben-Sira, or simply Ben-Sira. It was composed about 190 B. C. in Hebrew, by Jesus (Joshua) ben-Sira; translated into Greek by his grandson in Alexandria in 132 B. C.; and afterwards translated into Latin, Syriac, and Arabic. The book consists for the most part of apophthegms which resemble those in our Book of Proverbs. It contains also several extended poems of no little beauty; among which may be cited those in Chapters i. and xxiv., and the roll of the great men of Israel, Chapters xliv.–l. Its sayings are marked by great worldly wisdom, and bear the impress of a man who lived in a large city. In common with the other Wisdom books, it shows the marks of Greek influence in its conception of wisdom and of morality.

Nothing was known of the Hebrew original until the present year (1897), when MSS. containing about ten chapters (xxxix. 15–xlix. 11), came to Oxford, and the text has now been edited. The language of the fragment does not differ in style from that of the canonical Book of Proverbs; it is classical, but with a small admixture of later words. This fact is of great literary interest, as helping to the solution of the question how long classical Hebrew continued to be used in books: it appears that it was employed certainly as late as 190 B. C.; the occurrence of some late words is of course to be expected in this period. It further appears that the Versions, while they in general render the Hebrew correctly, differ from it in not a few instances. Several scholars had undertaken to reproduce the Hebrew from the Greek and the Syriac; it turns out that they had not in a single case written the Hebrew of a verse as it is given in this MS., but have in many instances departed widely from it,—a fact which should teach us caution in attempting to restore Hebrew texts from ancient Greek, Syriac, Latin, and Ethiopic translations. Another important point is settled by this text. It had been contended (especially by Professor Margoliouth of Oxford) that the poetical form of the Hebrew Ben-Sira was metrical, and that the original could often be restored by the aid of the laws of metre. The form, however, is distinctly not metrical; it is simply the old

Hebrew rhythm, such as appears in Psalms, Proverbs, and all the poetical parts of the Old Testament. One leaf of the MS. was brought by Mrs. Lewis from the East; the remainder was secured for the Bodleian Library through Professor Sayce. The MS. contains variants, and must be subjected to critical sifting.

Not long after Ben-Sira came the apocalyptic Book of Enoch, which now exists mainly in an Ethiopic translation. The apocalypse had come to be a favorite form of literature among the Jews, and so continued for two hundred and fifty years. Amid depressing circumstances, it was pleasant to put into the mouth of some ancient seer a prediction of future success and glory for the nation. In this case it is the old patriarch Enoch who receives the revelation. The book is composite, having been added to from time to time. The first section, Chapters i.–xxxvi. (perhaps the oldest part of the book), describes the fate of evil angels, and the abodes of good and bad men after death. Next should come the section Chapters lxxxiii.–xc., in which we have the judgment of the world, ending with the victorious career of Judas Maccabæus. In addition, the section Chapters xxxvii.–lxxi. (partly a distinct work) describes further the Messianic judgment of the world. Chapters lxxii.–lxxxii. contain a description of Enoch's journey through the heavens,—a picture of the celestial physics of the time. And finally, in the last section, Chapters xci.–civ., the problem of the fate of the righteous and the wicked is discussed in a new form. The book in its present form has little literary interest, but is valuable as giving a glimpse of the religious notions of the time. The best English translation is that of R. H. Charles (1893). Along with this may be mentioned a similar work entitled 'The Secrets of Enoch,' translated from the Slavonic by W. R. Morfill, and edited by Mr. Charles (1896); it is held by him to have been composed about the beginning of our era.

Nearly contemporary with Enoch is the earliest part of the Sibylline Oracles, a work written in Greek hexameters. The Jews, not to be behind other nations of the time, would have their own Sibyl, who should tell their national fortunes, and make manifest their national greatness. The work, as we now have it, is a congeries of diverse productions, the composition of which (partly by Jews, partly by Christians) extends from the Maccabean period to the end of the first Christian century. Though it has no literary value, it formerly enjoyed extraordinary popularity, as the «teste David cum Sibylla» of the 'Dies Iræ' indicates. Its predictions traverse the periods extending from the creation of the world down to the times of the various authors. An excellent English metrical translation is that of M. S. Terry (1890).

Other apocalypses may be briefly mentioned. The Assumption (or Ascension) of Moses, written in the first quarter of the first

century of our era, puts into the mouth of Moses a prediction of Jewish history, which comes on down, through the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, to Herod the Great, and possibly even to a later period. The period after the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans was prolific in this species of writing. The Apocalypse of Baruch (the scribe of Jeremiah) sketches the history down to the destruction of the Second Temple. The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs (predictions uttered by the twelve sons of Jacob), come down to about the same time. To the end of the first century also belongs the Fourth Book of Esdras, remarkable for its elaborate visions. Many of these works are based on Jewish originals, with Christian additions.

The Jewish skill in story-telling is illustrated in the books of Tobit and Judith. The former of these is a charming sketch of family life in the second century B. C. The well-ordered households of Tobit and Raguel, the ingenuous youth and maiden Tobias and Sara, the affable angel Rafael, his disingenuousness and his business capacity, are drawn to the life. The Persian demon Asmodeus, and the exorcism by the heart and liver of the fish, show how far the Jews then practiced magic arts; and the golden rule (iv. 15) indicates the advance of their ethical ideas. The historical data are thoroughly confused. The Book of Judith, though somewhat inflated in style, is dramatically powerful; in spite of its absurd historical framework, and the dubious procedure of the heroine, the dénouement has a heroic coloring. Both books furnished subjects to the older painters and sculptors, and are entitled to our gratitude for having given us Donatello's Judith and Botticelli's Tobias.

The historical literature is meagre. The only work which can properly lay claim to the name "history" is the First Book of Maccabees; which, written probably in the earlier part of the first century B. C., narrates the story of the Maccabean uprising, to the death of Simon, the successor of Judas, B. C. 175–135. The style is simple and effective, and the work is valuable as an authority for the times. Second Maccabees is largely a collection of legendary matter relating to the period 175–160 B. C. It contains (Chapters vi. and vii.) two famous descriptions of the constancy of Jewish martyrs.

The Third and Fourth Books of Maccabees, which are not contained in our Greek Apocrypha, belong in the category not of history but of romance. The Third Book deals with a great deliverance of the Jews from the purposed revenge of Ptolemy IV. The Fourth Book is a philosophical treatise on the supremacy of reason, the discourse being based on the story of Eleazar and the Seven Brothers, in Second Maccabees, referred to above. The book is of interest as giving an example of Jewish attempts to deal with Jewish beliefs in the spirit of Stoicism. The historian Josephus, and the philosopher

TOBIAS AND THE ANGELS.

Photogravure from a painting by Botticelli.

Philo, may be mentioned here, but are entitled to independent treatment.

The Wisdom of Solomon appears to have been composed in the first century B. C., and to have been written in Greek. For elevation of thought and beauty of style it deserves the first place among the Apocryphal books, and high rank in the literature of the world. It is the first Jewish work in which the belief in ethical immortality appears; and this belief is for the author a complete solution of the problem (hitherto unsolved) of the earthly sufferings of the righteous. A student of Greek philosophy, his conception of wisdom and of the Cosmos differs from earlier Jewish ideas in its distinctly Stoic form; his Wisdom approaches nearly the Logos of Philo. The following extract (Chapter v.) will exhibit his resemblances to and differences from the older poetry and rhythmical prose:—

THE LAMENT OF THE WICKED

Then shall the righteous man take bold stand
Before those who afflict him and ignore his labors.
Seeing it, they shall be seized with terrible fear
And amazed at his unexpected deliverance.
Repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit,
They shall say to themselves:—

This was he whom we fools once had in derision,
As a proverb of reproach.
We accounted his life madness and his end without honor.
But he is numbered among the children of God,
And his lot is among the saints.

We have erred from the way of truth,
The light of righteousness has not shined upon us,
Nor the sun of righteousness risen upon us.
We have trod the paths of lawlessness and destruction,
We have traversed trackless deserts,
The way of the Lord we have not known.

What has pride profited us?
What good has riches with vaunting brought us?
All those things have passed like a shadow,
Like a post that hastes by,
Like a ship that passes over the tossing deep,
Of whose transit no trace can be found,
Nor the pathway of its keel in the waves;

Or as, when a bird has flown through the air,
No token of her way is to be found,
But the light air beaten with the stroke of her wings
And cleft by the violence of their motion
Is passed through, and no sign of its flight is found;
Or as, when an arrow is shot at a mark,
The parted air straightway comes together again,
So that one knows not its course:
So we as soon as born, began to fail;
Of virtue we had no sign to show,
But in our wickedness were consumed.
For the hope of the ungodly is like dust blown away by the wind,
Like froth driven by the storm, like smoke dispersed by the tempest,
And it passes as the remembrance of the guest of a day.
But the righteous live for evermore;
Their reward is with the Lord,
The care of them with the most High.
Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom
And a beautiful crown from the hand of the Lord.
For with his right hand he will cover them,
With his arm he will shield them.
He will take his zeal as panoply
And make the creation his weapon to ward off foes.
He will put on righteousness as breastplate,
And unfeigned justice as helmet;
He will take holiness as an invincible shield;
His piercing wrath he will sharpen for a sword,
And the world shall fight with him against the wicked.
Then shall the right-aiming thunderbolts speed;
From the clouds, as from a well-drawn bow, they shall fly to the mark,
And wrathful hailstones shall be cast as out of a bow.
The sea shall rage against them,
The floods shall fiercely drown them.
A mighty wind shall withstand them,
Like a storm blow them away.
And so iniquity shall lay waste the whole earth,
And wrong-doing overthrow the thrones of the mighty.

As an illustration of the variety of style in the gnomic poetry, we append three odes in praise of wisdom, taken from Job, Ben-Sira, and Wisdom.

JOB XXVIII.

THERE is a mine for silver,
And a place where gold is washed.
Iron is taken out of the dust,
And copper melted out of stone.
Man penetrates to the extremity of darkness,
Searches out the farthest bound,
The dark and gloomy rock,
Sinks a shaft under the abodes of men—
Forgotten, without foothold they hang,
Swinging out of human sight.
Out of the earth comes bread,
Its depths are upheaved as by fire,
In its stones are sapphires,
And in its dust is gold.

The path thereto no vulture knows,
Nor does eye of falcon see it;
Wild beasts tread it not,
The lion stalks not over it.
Man lays his hand on the rock,
Upturns mountains by the roots,
Cuts passages in the rocks,
All precious things he sees,
Binds the streams that they flow not,
Hidden things he brings to light.

But wisdom, where is it found,
And the place of understanding, where?
The way to it man knows not;
It is not in the land of the living.
Says the deep, it is not in me;
Says the sea, it is not with me.
It is not bought with gold,
Silver is not weighed as its price;
It is not estimated in gold of Ophir,
Or by precious onyx or sapphire;
Gold and glass do not equal it,
Nor is it to be exchanged for golden vessels;
Coral and crystal are not to be mentioned,
The price of wisdom is above pearls.
The topaz of Ethiopia does not equal it,
Its value is not reckoned in gold.

Wisdom, then, whence comes it?
Where is the place of understanding?
It is hid from the eyes of all living,
Concealed from the birds of heaven.
Abaddon and Death can but say:
We have heard of it with our ears.
God understands its way,
He alone knows its place.
He looked to the ends of the earth,
Under the whole heaven he saw,
Settled the weight of the wind,
Fixed the water by measure,
Made a law for the rain,
A path for the lightning of thunder,—
Then he saw it and declared it,
Established and searched it out,
And to man he said:
The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom,
And to depart from evil is understanding.

ECCLESIASTICUS XXIV.

WISDOM shall praise herself,
Glory in the midst of her people,
In the congregation of the Most High open her [mouth
And triumph before his power.

From the mouth of the Most High I came,
And covered the earth as a cloud.
In high places I dwelt,
My throne was in the pillar of cloud.
Alone I compassed the heaven,
Walked in the depth of the abyss.
In every people and nation I got a possession.
With all these did I seek rest.
In whose land should I abide?
Then the Creator of all things commanded,
My Maker set down my tent,
And said, Thy dwelling be in Jacob,
And thy domain in Israel!
Of old in the beginning he created me,
And I shall never fail.
Before him in the sacred tabernacle I ministered;
Thus was I established in Sion.

In the beloved city he placed me,
In Jerusalem was my authority.
I took root in an honored people,
In the portion of the Lord's possession.
Lofty I grew, like a cedar in Lebanon,
Like a cypress on the mountains of Hermon;
I was high like a palm-tree in Engaddi.
I resembled a rose-plant in Jericho,
A fair olive-tree in the field.
Like a plane-tree I grew up.
I was fragrant as cinnamon and aspalath,
Yielded an odor like myrrh,
Like galbanum and onyx and storax
And the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle.
Like the terebinth I stretched out my branches,
Branches of honor and grace.
Like the vine I put forth fair buds,
And my flowers were honor and riches.
Come unto me, all ye that desire me,
And sate yourselves with my fruits.
My memorial is sweeter than honey,
And mine inheritance than the honeycomb.
They that eat me shall yet be hungry,
They that drink me shall yet be thirsty.
He who obeys me shall never be put to shame,
They who work by me shall not do amiss.

All these things are the book of the covenant of God the Most High,
The law which Moses commanded
As an heritage to the congregations of Jacob,
Filling all things with wisdom like Pison,
Like Tigris in the time of new fruits;
Making understanding abound like Euphrates,
Like Jordan in the time of harvest;
Bringing instruction to light like the Nile,
Like Geon in time of vintage.
The first man knew her not perfectly,
Nor shall the last find her out.
For her thoughts are vaster than the sea,
Her counsels profounder than the great Deep.

I came forth as a brook from a river,
As a conduit into a garden.

I said, I will water my garden,
Abundantly water my bed.
And lo, my brook became a river,
And my river became a sea.
I will yet make wisdom shine as the dawn
And send forth her light afar off.
I will yet pour out wisdom as prophecy
And leave it to all ages forever.
Not for myself alone have I labored,
But for all them that seek wisdom.

WISDOM OF SOLOMON, VII. 22–29

WISDOM, the architect of all things, taught me.
In her is a spirit, intelligent, holy,
One, manifold, subtle,
Lively, clear, undefiled,
Lucid, unharmable, right-loving, quick,
Unfettered, beneficent, philanthropic,
Steadfast, sure, free from care,
Having all power, overseeing all things,
Permeating all spirits,
All that are wise and pure and subtlest.
Wisdom, of all things, is freest in movement;
By her pureness she traverses and permeates all things;
She is the breath of the power of God,
A pure effluence from the glory of the Almighty;
With her no impure thing may mingle.
She is the brightness of the everlasting light,
The unspotted mirror of the power of God,
The image of his goodness.
Being but one, she yet can do all things;
Remaining in herself, she makes all things new:
In all ages entering into holy souls,
She makes them friends of God and prophets.
For God loves none but him who dwells with wisdom.
She is more beautiful than the sun,
Fairer than the host of stars;
Being compared with light, she is found to excel it.

MARGARET OLIPHANT WILSON OLIPHANT

(1828–1897)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

MARGARET OLIPHANT WILSON OLIPHANT was born in Midlothian, in 1828, and published her first novel, 'Some Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside,' at the early age of twenty. Since then, this prolific writer has given to the world some seventy romances; a large number of historical and critical essays; 'English Literature at the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century' (3 vols.); the 'Victorian Age of English Literature'; the 'Makers of Florence, Venice, and Rome'—designed as historical guide-books for the visitor to those cities; a good many short lives of artists and men of letters for different English series; and some half-dozen extensive and carefully studied biographies of famous men and women, which take rank with the best contemporary work in that important line.

MARGARET OLIPHANT

As a mere monument of industry, this library of a hundred odd volumes would command respect; still more when we consider the high average level of literary excellence maintained throughout these many books. All are written with ease and natural eloquence, and some with charming spirit; while the truly extraordinary imaginative power displayed in a sketch like that of 'The Beleaguered City,' the nice critical discernment of many of the essays, and especially the keen yet sympathetic divination of human character and motive which gives their highest value to both the novels and the biographies, constitute an assemblage of qualities rarely associated in the same writer, and go to make up a noteworthy and almost unique life work.

Many of Mrs. Oliphant's earlier stories and essays appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, to which she was for years a principal contributor. It was the picturesque tale of 'Zaidee,' published in 1856, which first revealed her peculiar vein of arch and quietly ironical

humor. Mr. Ruskin was then at the summit of his grave ascendency over the romantic mind; but no one is more likely than himself to have relished the detailed description of Mr. Burtonshaw's new house, which was provided, in deference to a recent recommendation of his own, with a species of richly sculptured spout through which articles of food were "shunted" to the beggars, for whom comfortable seats had also been provided under the back porch;—a process which went on to the satisfaction of all parties, until it was discovered that the family plate was rapidly disappearing by the same convenient channel.

Seven years later, in the 'Chronicles of Carlingford,' we find Mrs. Oliphant at the height of her descriptive and dramatic power. Here, like Mr. Trollope in the 'Chronicles of Barset,' and George Eliot in 'Middlemarch,' she annexed and made her own a small province of English life, which she developed, thoroughly and delightfully, in all its grades of rank and shades of opinion. Good and bad, *élite* and vulgar, clergy and laity, the denizens of the ideal country town of a generation ago live and move amid their mellow old-fashioned surroundings, with all their curious and inevitable, yet often unconscious action and reaction upon one another. Mrs. Oliphant's humor is at its richest in depicting the career of that great altruist and gallant social reformer, Lucilla Marjoribanks; and she has seldom struck a deeper note of tragedy than in the histories of the proud and persecuted young minister of Salem Chapel, and the Roman Catholic convert Gerald Wentworth. Some of her later tales, however,—as, for example, 'The Story of Valentine and his Brother,' 'Sir Tom,' 'In Trust,' 'A House Divided against Itself,' and 'The Cuckoo in the Nest,'—are better constructed than the Chronicles, which are essentially novels of character rather than of plot. Her greatest fault as a story-teller has always been a tendency to over-minute analysis of motive and mood; and to an undue repetition of her own reflections upon her people, who are after all so thoroughly alive that they may usually be trusted to act and speak for themselves.

The admirable 'Life of Edward Irving' appeared almost simultaneously with the earliest Chronicle of Carlingford. Mrs. Oliphant was now at the "half-way house," and her power of characterization was fully ripe. She had, moreover, in this particular case, a very strong sympathy with her subject, and unusual qualifications for dealing with its difficulties. Herself a loyal Scot in race, and a born Presbyterian, she knew by instinct the sources of that strange spirit, and all the conditions of the bleak Lowland life into which it was born. The early struggles of Edward Irving, his piety and his ambition; the terrible test of his sudden and unparalleled London popularity, and that other test, no less terrible, of its abrupt decline; the

grotesque fanaticism which invaded his originally healthful mind, and disgraced him irremediably with the world polite; the tragedy of his expulsion from the fold of his fathers, and of his early death in uttermost humiliation and sadness;—into all these experiences his biographer could and did enter without an effort. She perceived his desperate sincerity, and became his impassioned apologist; and in a narrative more thrilling than most of her fictions, she compelled the attention of a scoffing world. She must be held completely to have vindicated the blameless private conduct, and the perfectly disinterested purpose, of the eccentric founder of the so-called Catholic Apostolic Church. The life of Edward Irving was a triumphant piece of special pleading. That of Count Charles de Montalembert, published in 1872,—exactly a decade later,—shows abilities of a yet higher order; for it contains an exposition both lucid and dispassionate of an even more obscure bit of modern religious history. Mrs. Oliphant had become familiar with the man Montalembert while making her excellent translation of his monumental work on the Monks of the West; and she brought to the estimation of his fine character and conspicuous course, a thorough knowledge of the questions and controversies with which his name is identified, and an exquisite poise of judgment. It had always been a great puzzle to the Protestant mind, how the three famous men who led that untimely movement toward liberalism inside the Catholic Church, and gave the proud name of «The Future» to the short-lived journal which they edited,—how Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert could have been all that they were, and no more; all so revolutionary and two so reactionary. Mrs. Oliphant has virtually solved the enigma; and her account of the way in which Henri Lacordaire received the rebuff of the Holy See, when the three associates in the publication of L'Avenir had gone with so *naïf* a confidence to seek the papal sanction for their generous undertaking, strikingly illustrates her power of putting herself in the place of one whose conclusions are erroneous to her, and whose action she more than half deplores.

Mrs. Oliphant has written three more biographies of unusual interest and merit: the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, of Jeanne d'Arc, and of her own distinguished kinsman, Laurence Oliphant. They may best be considered together, for her view of each of these curiously diverse careers is modified by a marked feature of her own mind,—her tendency, namely, toward religious mysticism. She is herself, apparently, deeply persuaded not merely of the reality of a future life, but of the existence, all about us, of a super-sensual scheme of things, having a perfectly definite though as yet unfathomed connection with the things which we see and hear. Into this mysterious region—so near and yet so far—our own loved ones vanish when

they depart from us. What do they there become to one another, and what may they still be to ourselves? It is needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant has not answered this importunate question; but she has the air of having received light upon it, which she imparts in what may be described, collectively, as her Studies of the Unseen. The first, and altogether the most symmetrical and remarkable, of this series — which includes 'Old Lady Mary,' 'The Little Pilgrim,' and some others — appeared in 1880. It was called 'A Beleaguered City,' and purports to be the attested narrative of the maire and sundry citizens of the town of Semur in Haute Bretagne, of a singular series of events which at one time took place in that municipality. These amounted to no less than an invasion of the town by the innumerable souls of all its deceased citizens, and the expulsion in a body of the living, who remained encamped without the walls while the supernatural visitation continued. Nothing can surpass the verisimilitude with which this strange and powerful conception is wrought out. The energy of its first inspiration never flags. There is not an inconsistent occurrence, and hardly a superfluous word, in all the thrilling narrative. The French instinct in matters religious, so tender and genuine though so alien to our own, and the French turn of thought as well as expression, are faultlessly preserved. Here, for once, Mrs. Oliphant's very style, so apt to be redundant and discursive, is perfect in its direct simplicity. It is her highest literary achievement; a sacred poem in prose, which shakes the soul at the first perusal almost with the force of an actual revelation.

It is easy to see that to a mind capable of such a conception, both the visions of St. Francis and the «voices» of Jeanne d'Arc would possess a peculiar interest; and that Mrs. Oliphant would not be disposed to regard either from a strictly rationalistic point of view. She does not pretend to do so; but while clearly avowing her own belief in the direct Divine guidance of both the saint and the martyr, she searches the best sources of information concerning the material and mundane side of their careers, in the most patient and critical spirit of modern inquiry. This is especially the case in the life of Jeanne d'Arc, where the but recently published 'Procès' is followed step by step, and the defense of the supposed sorceress is allowed to rest almost entirely on her own artless and solemn asseverations. Nor has Mrs. Oliphant ever shown herself more truly judicial than in her manner of apportioning the responsibility for the hideous and cowardly crime of Jeanne's murder, between the vindictive English authorities of the day and the Maid's own faithless countrymen.

In describing the strange career of that most modern-minded of mystics, her own far-away cousin Laurence Oliphant, our author had

to deal with the problem of a soul's destiny under strikingly novel conditions. But though she cannot repress her honorable scorn for the element of vulgar charlatanry in the self-styled Prophet, at whose bidding Laurence Oliphant, his mother and his wife, sacrificed so much, her testimony is no less clear and unhesitating than in the case of the mediæval devotees, to the reality of that higher life for which they gladly lost all that is supposed to render this life desirable to highly civilized creatures. This testimony is, in fact, Mrs. Oliphant's true message to the world; and in bearing it she but ranges herself with the chief seers of her own generation,—with Tennyson and with Browning, both of whom departed from an unbelieving world with the word of faith upon their lips.

For the rest, the 'Life of Laurence Oliphant' is upon the whole the ablest of the three biographies which have here been grouped together. The author touchingly acknowledges, in her preface, the assistance in preparing it of her gifted son, Francis Oliphant, whose early death has been one of the heaviest sorrows of her later years. But to dwell on the number of those years, or anticipate the hand of time, would be both ungrateful and impertinent in the readers of one whose power of sustained production has proved so very exceptional, and whose natural force is apparently quite unabated.

[This was written before Mrs. Oliphant's death. She died June 25th, 1897, after this article was in type.]

Harriet Waters Preston

A COMFORT TO HER DEAR PAPA

From 'Miss Marjoribanks'

Miss Marjoribanks lost her mother when she was only fifteen, and when, to add to the misfortune, she was absent at school, and could not have it in her power to soothe her dear mamma's last moments, as she herself said. Words are sometimes very poor exponents of such an event; but it happens now and then, on the other hand, that a plain intimation expresses too much, and suggests emotion and suffering which in reality have but little if any existence. Mrs. Marjoribanks, poor lady, had been an invalid for many years; she had grown a little peevish in her loneliness, not feeling herself of much account in this world. There are some rare natures that are content

to acquiesce in the general neglect, and forget themselves when they find themselves forgotten; but it is unfortunately much more usual to take the plan adopted by Mrs. Marjoribanks, who devoted all her powers, during the last ten years of her life, to the solacement and care of that poor self which other people neglected. The consequence was, that when she disappeared from her sofa,—except from the mere physical fact that she was no longer there,—no one except her maid, whose occupation was gone, could have found out much difference. Her husband, it is true, who had somewhere, hidden deep in some secret corner of his physical organization, the remains of a heart, experienced a certain sentiment of sadness when he re-entered the house from which she had gone away forever. But Dr. Marjoribanks was too busy a man to waste his feelings on a mere sentiment.

His daughter, however, was only fifteen, and had floods of tears at her command, as was natural at that age. All the way home she revolved the situation in her mind, which was considerably enlightened by novels and popular philosophy; for the lady at the head of Miss Marjoribanks's school was a devoted admirer of 'Friends in Council,' and was fond of bestowing that work as a prize, with pencil-marks on the margin,—so that Lucilla's mind had been cultivated, and was brimful of the best of sentiments. She made up her mind on her journey to a great many virtuous resolutions; for in such a case as hers, it was evidently the duty of an only child to devote herself to her father's comfort, and become the sunshine of his life, as so many young persons of her age have been known to become in literature. Miss Marjoribanks had a lively mind, and was capable of grasping all the circumstances of the situation at a glance. Thus between the outbreaks of her tears for her mother, it became apparent to her that she must sacrifice her own feelings, and make a cheerful home for papa, and that a great many changes would be necessary in the household—changes which went so far as even to extend to the furniture. Miss Marjoribanks sketched to herself, as she lay back in the corner of the railway carriage with her veil down, how she would wind herself up to the duty of presiding at her papa's dinner parties, and charming everybody by her good-humor and brightness, and devotion to his comfort; and how, when it was all over, she would withdraw and cry her eyes out in her own room, and be found in the morning languid and worn-out, but always heroical, ready to go down-stairs and assist

at her dear papa's breakfast, and keep up her smiles for him till he had gone out to his patients.

Altogether the picture was a very pretty one; and considering that a great many young ladies in deep mourning put force upon their feelings in novels, and maintain a smile for the benefit of the observant male creatures of whom they have the charge, the idea was not at all extravagant, considering again that Miss Marjoribanks was but fifteen. She was not however exactly the kind of figure for this *mise en scène*. When her schoolfellows talked of her to their friends,—for Lucilla was already an important personage at Mount Pleasant,—the most common description they gave of her was that she was "a large girl"; and there was great truth in the adjective. She was not to be described as a tall girl, which conveys an altogether different idea, but she was large in all particulars,—full and well developed, with somewhat large features; not at all pretty as yet, though it was known in Mount Pleasant that somebody had said that such a face might ripen into beauty, and become "grandiose," for anything anybody could tell. Miss Marjoribanks was not vain: but the word had taken possession of her imagination, as was natural, and solaced her much when she made the painful discovery that her gloves were half a number larger, and her shoes a hairbreadth broader, than those of any of her companions; but the hands and the feet were both perfectly well shaped, and being at the same time well clothed and plump, were much more presentable and pleasant to look upon than the lean rudimentary schoolgirl hands with which they were surrounded. To add to these excellences, Lucilla had a mass of hair, which, if it could but have been cleared a little in its tint, would have been golden, though at present it was nothing more than tawny, and curly to exasperation. She wore it in large thick curls, which did not however float or wave, or do any of the graceful things which curls ought to do; for it had this aggravating quality, that it would not grow long, but would grow ridiculously unmanageably thick,—to the admiration of her companions, but to her own despair, for there was no knowing what to do with those short but ponderous locks.

These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be

done; or rather, to speak more truly, had rehearsed everything, according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind a good deal occupied with itself. First she meant to fall into her father's arms,—forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter,—and then to rush up to the chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. "And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!" Lucilla said to herself with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come downstairs again, pale as death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless,—as such cases had been known,—Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unawares, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of her first sorrow, as she imagined,—but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.

When Miss Marjoribanks reached home, her mother had been dead for twenty-four hours; and her father was not at the door to receive her as she had expected, but by the bedside of a patient in extremity, who could not consent to go out of the world without the doctor. This was a sad reversal of her intentions, but Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribanks's maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. "I can't abear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss," sobbed the faithful attendant. "I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I shouldn't mind going after her. Whenever any one gets a good friend in this world, they're the first to be took away," said the weeping handmaiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light.

"Ah, Ellis," cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in the arms of this anxious attendant, "we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!" With this end, Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded doctor during those few dim

days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the doctor returned — serious enough, heaven knows — to the great house, where the faded helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often; but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed; but not from excess of emotion. On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing-master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough,—perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be solaced by paternal *attendrissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter.

It was May, and the weather was warm for the season: but Lucilla had caused the fire to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be "a comfort" to him; and for the same reason she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the doctor went into his favorite seclusion, tired and heated and sad,—for even on the day of his wife's funeral the favorite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of,—the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and the tea service.

"Let me know when dinner is ready," he said in a voice like thunder; "and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room."

Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea things to be dismissed up-stairs; where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma's sofa, and where Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious 'ealth and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole, master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habitudes disturbed. "Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves," said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the doctor, though generally "very particular," swallowed without remark.

About an hour afterwards he went up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife's sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart; though indeed she had herself decided already, in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother's. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment. It would have been a satisfaction to him just then to have been left to himself, and permitted to work on quietly at his profession, and to write his papers for the Lancet, and to see his friends now and then when he chose; for Dr. Marjoribanks was not a man

who had any great need of sympathy by nature, or who was at all addicted to demonstrations of feeling: consequently he drew his wife's sofa a little further from the fire, and took his seat on it soberly, quite unaware that by so doing he was putting a knife into his daughter's heart.

"I hope you have had something to eat, Lucilla," he said: "don't get into that foolish habit of flying to tea as a man flies to a dram. It's a more innocent stimulant, but it's the same kind of intention. I am not so much against a fire: it has always a kind of cheerful look."

"Oh, papa," cried his daughter, with a flood of indignant tears, "you can't suppose I want anything to look cheerful this dreadful day."

"I am far from blaming you, my dear," said the doctor: "it is natural you should cry. I am sorry I did not write for my sister to come, who would have taken care of you; but I dislike strangers in the house at such a time. However, I hope, Lucilla, you will soon feel yourself able to return to school; occupation is always the best remedy, and you will have your friends and companions — "

"Papa!" cried Miss Marjoribanks; and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made *long*, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess, for at least a year). "Papa!" she exclaimed with fervor, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, "oh, don't send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma's place, and be — all — that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more," cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. "I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions — nor — nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. O papa, you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!"

This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lucilla;" but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa,

where the doctor was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room: "It is only for this once — I can — cannot help it," she cried.

When her father found that he could neither soothe her nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother too had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognize, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased, her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners of his mouth.

"It is very good of you to propose sacrificing yourself for me," he said; "and if you would sacrifice your excitement in the mean time, and listen to me quietly, it would really be something: but you are only fifteen, Lucilla, and I have no wish to take you from school just now; — wait till I have done. Your poor mother is gone, and it is very natural you should cry; but you were a good child to her on the whole, which will be a comfort to you. We did everything that could be thought of to prolong her days, and when that was impossible, to lessen what she had to suffer; and we have every reason to hope," said the doctor, as indeed he was accustomed to say in the exercise of his profession to mourning relatives, "that she's far better off now than if she had been with us. When that is said, I don't know that there is anything more to add. I am not fond of sacrifices, either one way or another; and I've a great objection to any one making a sacrifice for me — "

"But oh, papa, it would be no sacrifice," said Lucilla, "if you would only let me be a comfort to you!"

"That is just where it is, my dear," said the steady doctor: "I have been used to be left a great deal to myself; and I am not prepared to say that the responsibility of having you here without a mother to take care of you, and all your lessons interrupted, would not neutralize any comfort you might be. You see," said Dr. Marjoribanks, trying to soften matters a little, "a man is what his habits make him; and I have been used to be left a great deal to myself. It answers in some cases, but I doubt if it would answer with me."

And then there was a pause, in which Lucilla wept and stifled her tears in her handkerchief, with a warmer flood of vexation and disappointment than even her natural grief had produced. "Of course, papa, if I can't be any comfort — I will — go back to school," she sobbed, with a touch of sullenness which did not escape the doctor's ear.

"Yes, my dear, you will certainly go back to school," said the peremptory father: "I never had any doubt on that subject. You can stay over Sunday and rest yourself. Monday or Tuesday will be time enough to go back to Mount Pleasant; and now you had better ring the bell, and get somebody to bring you something — or I'll see to that when I go down-stairs. It's getting late, and this has been a fatiguing day. I'll send you up some negus, and I think you had better go to bed."

And with these commonplace words, Dr. Marjoribanks withdrew in calm possession of the field. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him, and betook herself to her own room; and swallowed her negus with a sense not only of defeat, but of disappointment and mortification, which was very unpleasant. To go back again and be an ordinary schoolgirl, after the pomp of woe in which she had come away, was naturally a painful thought; — she who had ordered her mourning to be made long, and contemplated new furniture in the drawing-room, and expected to be mistress of her father's house, not to speak of the still dearer privilege of being a comfort to him; and now, after all, her active mind was to be condemned over again to verbs and chromatic scales, though she felt within herself capacities so much more extended. Miss Marjoribanks did not by any means learn by this defeat to take the characters of the other *personæ* in her little drama into consideration, when she rehearsed her pet scenes hereafter, — for

that is a knowledge slowly acquired,—but she was wise enough to know when resistance was futile; and like most people of lively imagination, she had a power of submitting to circumstances when it became impossible to change them. Thus she consented to postpone her reign, if not with a good grace, yet still without foolish resistance, and retired with the full honors of war. She had already rearranged all the details, and settled upon all the means possible of preparing herself for what she called the charge of the establishment when her final emancipation took place, before she returned to school. "Papa thought me too young," she said, when she reached Mount Pleasant, "though it was dreadful to come away and leave him alone with only the servants: but dear Miss Martha, you will let me learn all about political economy and things, to help me manage everything; for now that dear mamma is gone, there is nobody but me to be a comfort to papa."

And by this means Miss Marjoribanks managed to influence the excellent woman who believed in 'Friends in Council,' and to direct the future tenor of her education; while at least, in that one moment of opportunity, she had achieved long dresses, which was a visible mark of womanhood, and a step which could not be retraced.

THE DELIVERANCE

From 'The Ladies Lindores'

[The Lindores are a simple family, of good birth and breeding, who for years have wandered happily over the Continent, living in cheap places on a meagre income, and making friends with everybody. Unexpectedly inheriting the title, and finding the estates insufficient, Lord Lindores determines that his pretty daughters must marry fortunes. The elder, Lady Caroline, is sacrificed to the richest man in the county, a coarse, purse-proud, vain, and brutal ignoramus, whom she abhors, and who grows daily more and more detestable. Suddenly he is killed by an accident, induced by his own evil temper and bravado.]

Carry, upon the other side of the great house, had retired to her room in the weariness that followed her effort to look cheerful and do the honors of her table. She had made that effort very bravely; and though it did not even conceal from Millefleurs the position of affairs, still less deceive her own family, yet at least it kept up the appearance of decorum necessary,

and made it easier for the guests to go through their part. . . . She lay on a sofa very quiet in the stillness of exhaustion, not doing anything, not saying anything, looking wistfully at the blue sky that was visible through the window with the soft foliage of some birch-trees waving lightly over it — and trying not to think. Indeed, she was so weary that it was scarcely necessary to try. And what was there to think about? Nothing could be done to deliver her — nothing that she was aware of even to mend her position. She was grateful to God that she was to be spared the still greater misery of seeing Beaufort, but that was all. Even heaven itself seemed to have no help for Carry. If she could have been made by some force of unknown agency to love her husband, she would still have been an unhappy wife; but it is to be feared, poor soul, that things had come to this pass with her, that she did not even wish to love her husband, and felt it less degrading to live with him under compulsion, than to be brought down to the level of his coarser nature, and take pleasure in the chains she wore. Her heart revolted at him more and more. In such a terrible case, what help was there for her in earth or heaven? Even had he been reformed,—had he been made a better man,—Carry would not have loved him: she shrank from the very suggestion that she might some time do so. There was no help for her; her position could not be bettered anyhow. She knew this so well, that all struggle except the involuntary struggle in her mind, which never could intermit, against many of the odious details of the life she had to lead, had died out of her. She had given in to the utter hopelessness of her situation. Despair is sometimes an opiate, as it is sometimes a frantic and maddening poison. There was nothing to be done for her,—no use in wearying Heaven with prayers, as some of us do. Nothing could make her better. She had given in utterly, body and soul, and this was all that was to be said. She lay there in this stillness of despair, feeling more crushed and helpless than usual after the emotions of the morning, but not otherwise disturbed; lying like a man who has been shattered by an accident, but lulled by some anodyne draught,—still, and almost motionless, letting every sensation be hushed so long as nature would permit, her hands folded, her very soul hushed and still. She took no note of time in the exhaustion of her being. She knew that when her husband returned she would be sent for, and would have to re-enter the other world of eternal strife and pain; but

here she was retired, as in her chapel, in herself — the sole effectual refuge which she had left.

The house was very well organized, very silent and orderly in general; so that it surprised Lady Caroline a little, in the depth of her quiet, to hear a distant noise as of many voices, distinct though not loud — a confusion and far-away babel of outcries and exclamations. Nothing could be more unusual; but she felt no immediate alarm, thinking that the absence of her husband and her own withdrawal had probably permitted a little outbreak of gayety or gossip down-stairs, with which she did not wish to interfere. She lay still accordingly, listening vaguely, without taking much interest in the matter. Certainly something out of the way must have happened. The sounds had sprung up all at once, — a hum of many excited voices, with sharp cries as of dismay and wailing breaking in.

At last her attention was attracted. "There has been some accident," she said to herself, sitting upright upon her sofa. As she did this she heard steps approaching her door. They came with a rush, hurrying along, the feet of at least two women, with a heavier step behind them; then paused suddenly, and there ensued a whispering and consultation close to her door. Carry was a mother, and her first thought was of her children. "They are afraid to tell me," was the thought that passed through her mind. She rose and rushed to the door, throwing it open. "What is it? Something has happened," she said, — "something you are afraid to tell me. Oh, speak, speak! — the children — "

"My leddy, it's none of the children. The children are as well as could be wished, poor dears," said her own maid, who had been suddenly revealed, standing very close to the door. The woman, her cheeks blazing with some sudden shock, eager to speak, yet terrified, stopped there with a gasp. The housekeeper, who was behind her, pushed her a little forward, supporting her with a hand on her waist, whispering confused but audible exhortations. "Oh, take heart — oh, take heart. She must be told. The Lord will give you strength," this woman said. The butler stood solemnly behind, with a very anxious, serious countenance.

To Carry, all this scene became confused by wild anxiety and terror. "What is it?" she said; "my mother? some one at home?" She stretched out her hands vaguely towards the

messengers of evil, feeling like a victim at the block, upon whose neck the executioner's knife is about to fall.

"O my leddy! far worse! far worse!" the woman cried.

Carry, in the dreadful whirl of her feelings, still paused bewildered, to ask herself what could be worse? And then there came upon her a moment of blindness, when she saw nothing, and the walls and the roof seemed to burst asunder, and whirl and whirl. She dropped upon her knees in this awful blank and blackness unawares; and then the haze dispelled, and she saw, coming out of the mist, a circle of horror-stricken pale faces, forming a sort of ring round her. She could do nothing but gasp out her husband's name — "Mr. Torrance?" with quivering lips.

"O my lady, my lady! To see her on her knees, and us bringin' her such awfu' news! But the Lord will comfort ye," cried the housekeeper, forgetting the veneration due to her mistress, and raising her in her arms. The two women supported her into her room, and she sat down again upon the sofa where she had been sitting — sitting, was it a year ago? — in the quiet, thinking that no change would ever come to her; that nothing, nothing could alter her condition; that all was over and finished for her life.

And it is to be supposed that they told poor Carry exactly the truth. She never knew. When she begged them to leave her alone till her mother came, whom they had sent for, she had no distinct knowledge of how it was, or what had happened; but she knew *that* had happened. She fell upon her knees before her bed, and buried her head in her hands, shutting out the light. Then she seized hold of herself with both her hands to keep herself (as she felt) from floating away upon that flood of new life which came swelling up all in a moment, swelling into every vein — filling high the fountain of existence which had been so feeble and so low. Oh, shut out — shut out the light, that nobody might see! close the doors and the shutters in the house of death, and every cranny, that no human eye might descry it! After a while she dropped lower, from the bed which supported her, to the floor, prostrating herself with more than Oriental humbleness. Her heart beat wildly, and in her brain there seemed to wake a hundred questions clanging like bells in her ears, filling the silence with sound. Her whole being, that had been crushed, sprang up like a flower from under a passing

foot. Was it possible? — was it possible? She pulled herself down; tried by throwing herself upon her face on the carpet, prostrating herself body and soul, to struggle against that secret, voiceless, mad exultation that came upon her against her will. Was he dead? — was he dead? struck down in the middle of his days, that man of iron? Oh, the pity of it! — oh, the horror of it! She tried to force herself to feel this — to keep down, down, that climbing joy in her. God in heaven, was it possible? she who thought nothing could happen to her more. . . .

A fire had been lighted by the anxious servants, — who saw her shiver in the nervous excitement of this great and terrible event, — and blazed brightly, throwing ruddy gleams of light through the room, and wavering ghostly shadows upon the wall. The great bed, with its tall canopies and heavy ornaments, shrouded round with satin curtains, looped and festooned with tarnished gold lace and every kind of clumsy grandeur, stood like a sort of catafalque, the object of a thousand airy assaults and attacks from the fantastic light, but always dark, — a funereal object in the midst; while the tall polished wardrobes all round the room gave back reflections like dim mirrors, showing nothing but the light. Two groups of candles on the high mantelpiece, twinkling against the dark wall, were the only other illuminations. Carry sat sunk in a big chair close to the fire. If she could have cried, if she could have talked and lamented, if she could have gone to bed, or failing this, if she had read her Bible, — the maids in the house, who hung about the doors in anxiety and curiosity, would have felt consoled for her. But she did none of these. She only sat there, her slight figure lost in the depths of the chair, still in the white dress which she had worn to receive her guests in the morning. She had not stirred — the women said, gathering round Lady Lindores in whispering eagerness — for hours, and had not even touched the cup of tea they had carried to her. "O my lady, do something to make her cry," the women said. "If she doesn't get it out it'll break her heart." They had forgotten, with the facile emotion which death, and especially a death so sudden, calls forth, that the master had been anything but the most devoted of husbands, or his wife other than the lovingest of wives. This pious superstition is always ready to smooth away the horror of deaths which are a grief to no one. "Your man's your man when a's done, even if he's but an ill ane," was the sentiment of the awe-

stricken household. "Ye never ken what he's been to ye till ye lose him." It gave them all a sense of elevation that Lady Caroline should, as they thought, be wrapped in hopeless grief,—it made them think better of her and of themselves. The two ladies went into the ghostly room with something of the same feeling.

Lady Lindores felt that she understood it,—that she had expected it. Had not her own mind been filled by sudden compunction,—the thought that perhaps she had been less tolerant of the dead man than she ought; and how much more must Carry, poor Carry, have felt the awe and pang of an almost remorse to think that he was gone, without a word, against whom her heart had risen in such rebellion, yet who was of all men the most closely involved in her very being? Lady Lindores comprehended it all; and yet it was a relief to her mind that Carry felt it so, and could thus wear the garb of mourning with reality and truth. She went in with her heart full, with tears in her eyes, the profoundest tender pity for the dead, the deepest sympathy with her child in sorrow. The room was very large, very still, very dark, save for that ruddy twilight, the two little groups of pale lights glimmering high up upon the wall, and no sign of any human presence.

"Carry, my darling!" her mother said, wondering and dismayed. Then there was a faint sound, and Carry rose, tall, slim, and white, like a ghost out of the gloom. She had been sitting there for hours, lost in thoughts, in dreams and visions. She seemed to herself to have so exhausted this event by thinking of it, that it was now years away. She stepped forward and met her mother, tenderly indeed, but with no effusion. "Have you come all the way so late to be with me, mother? How kind, how kind you are! And Edith too—"

"Kind!" cried Lady Lindores, with an almost angry bewilderment. "Did you not know I would come, Carry, my poor child? But you are stunned with this blow—"

"I suppose I was at first. Yes, I knew you would come—at first; but it seems so long since. Sit down, mother. You are cold. You have had such a miserable drive. Come near to the fire—"

"Carry, Carry dear, never mind us: it is you we are all thinking of. You must not sit there and drive yourself distracted thinking."

"Let me take off this shawl from your cap, mamma. Now you look more comfortable. Have you brought your things to stay? I am ringing to have fires lit in your rooms. Oh yes, I want you to stay. I have never been able to endure this house, you know, and those large rooms, and the desert feeling in it. And you will have some tea or something. I must give orders—"

"Carry," cried her mother, arresting her hand on the bell, "Edith and I will see to all that. Don't pay any attention to us. I have come to take care of you, my dearest. Carry, dear, your nerves are all shattered. How could it be otherwise? You must let me get you something,—they say you have taken nothing,—and you must go to bed."

"I don't think my nerves are shattered. I am quite well. There is nothing the matter with me. You forget," she said, with something like a faint laugh, "how often we have said, mamma, how absurd to send and ask after a woman's health when there is nothing the matter with her, when only she has lost—" Here she paused a little; and then said gravely, "Even grief does not affect the health."

"Very often it does not, dear; but Carry, you must not forget that you have had a terrible shock. Even I, who am not so nearly involved—even I—" Here Lady Lindores, in her excitement and agitation, lost her voice altogether, and sobbed, unable to command herself. "Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow!" she said with broken tones. "In a moment, Carry, without warning."

Carry went to her mother's side, and drew her head upon her breast. She was perfectly composed, without a tear. "I have thought of all that," she said: "I cannot think it matters. If God is the Father of us all, we are the same to him, dead or living. What can it matter to him that we should make preparations to appear before him? Oh, all that must be folly, mother. However bad I had been, should I have to prepare to go to you?"

"Carry, Carry, my darling! It is I that should be saying this to you. You are putting too much force upon yourself: it is unnatural; it will be all the more terrible for you after."

Carry stood stooping over her mother, holding Lady Lindores's head against her bosom. She smiled faintly, and shook her head. "Has it not been unnatural altogether?" she said. . . .

"The children — poor children! have you seen them, Carry? do they know?" said Lady Lindores, drying the tears — the only tears that had been shed for Torrance — from her cheeks.

Carry did not make any reply. She went away to the other end of the room, and took up a white shawl in which she wrapped herself. "The only thing I feel is cold," she said.

"Ah, my love, that is the commonest feeling. I have felt sometimes as if I could just drag myself to the fire like a wounded animal and care for nothing more."

"But, mother, you were never in any such terrible trouble."

"Not like this — but I have lost children," said Lady Lindores. She had to pause again, her lip quivering. "To be only sorrow, there is no sorrow like that."

She had risen, and they stood together, the fantastic firelight throwing long shadows of them all over the dim and ghastly room. Suddenly Carry flung herself into her mother's arms. "O my innocent mother!" she cried. "O mother! you only know such troubles as angels may have. Look at me! look at me! I am like a mad woman. I am keeping myself in, as you say, that I may not go mad — with joy!"

Lady Lindores gave a low terrible cry, and held her daughter in her arm, pressing her desperately to her heart as if to silence her. "No, Carry — no, no," she cried.

"It is true. To think I shall never be subject to all *that* any more — that he can never come in here again — that I am free — that I can be alone. O mother, how can you tell what it is? Never to be alone; never to have a corner in the world where — some one else has not a right to come, a better right than yourself. I don't know how I have borne it. I don't know how I can have lived, disgusted, loathing myself. No, no: some time else I shall be sorry when I have time to think, when I can forget what it is that has happened to me — but in the mean time I am too happy — too — "

Lady Lindores put her hand upon her daughter's mouth. "No, no, Carry — no, no: I cannot bear it — you must not say it," she cried.

Carry took her mother's hands and kissed them, and then began to sob — the tears pouring from her eyes like rain. "I will not say anything," she cried; "no, no — nothing, mother. I had to tell you to relieve my heart. I have been able to think of nothing else all these hours. I have never had so many hours

to myself for years. It is so sweet to sit still and know that no one will burst the door open and come in. Here I can be sacred to myself, and sit and think; and all quiet — all quiet about me."

Carry looked up, clasping her hands, with the tears dropping now and then, but a smile quivering upon her mouth and in her eyes. She seemed to have reached that height of passionate emotion — the edge where expression at its highest almost loses itself, and a blank of all meaning seems the next possibility. In her white dress, with her upturned face and the wild gleam of rapture in her eyes, she was like an unearthly creature. But to describe Lady Lindores's anguish and terror and pain would be impossible. She thought her daughter was distraught. Never in her life had she come in contact with feeling so absolute, subdued by no sense of natural fitness, or even by right and wrong. . . . And the truth was that her own heart, though so panic-stricken and penetrated with so much pity for the dead, understood too, with a guilty throb, the overwhelming sense of emancipation which drove everything else from Carry's mind. She had feared it would be so. She would not allow herself to think so; but all through the darkness of the night as she drove along, she had been trembling lest she should find Carry not heart-broken but happy, yet had trusted that pity somehow would keep her in the atmosphere of gloom which ought to surround a new-made widow. It hurt Lady Lindores's tender heart that a woman should be glad when her husband died, however unworthy that husband might have been. She did her best now to soothe the excited creature, who took her excitement for happiness.

"We will talk of this no more to-night, Carry: by-and-by you will see how pitiful it all is. You will feel — as I feel. But in the mean time you are worn out. This terrible shock, even though you may think you do not feel it, has thrown you into a fever. You must let me put you to bed."

"Not here," she said with a shudder, looking round the room; "not here — I could not rest here."

"That is natural," Lady Lindores said with a sigh. "You must come with me, Carry."

"Home, mother — home! Oh, if I could! — not even to Lindores: to one of the old, poor places where we were so happy —"

"When we had no home," the mother said, shaking her head. But she too got a wistful look in her eyes at the recollection.

Those days when they were poor, wandering, of no account; when it mattered little to any one but themselves where they went, what the children might do, what alliances they made,— what halcyon days those were to look back on! In those days this miserable union, which had ended so miserably, could never have been made. Was it worth while to have had so many additional possessions added to them — rank and apparent elevation — for such a result? But she could not permit herself to think, with Carry sitting by, too ready to relapse into those feverish musings which were so terrible. She put her arm round her child and drew her tenderly away. They left the room with the lights against the wall, and the firelight giving it a *faux air* of warmth and inhabitation. Its emptiness was scarcely less tragic, scarcely less significant, than the chill of the other great room — the state chamber — in the other wing; where, with lights burning solemnly about him all night, the master of the house lay dead, unwatched by either love or sorrow. There were gloom and panic, and the shock of a great catastrophe, in the house. There were even honest regrets; for he had not been a bad master, though often a rough one: but nothing more tender. And Carry lay down with her mother's arms round her and slept, and woke in the night and asked herself what it was; then lay still in a solemn happiness,— exhausted, peaceful,— feeling as if she desired nothing more. She was delivered: as she lay silent, hidden in the darkness and peace of the night, she went over and over this one certainty, so terrible yet so sweet. "God forgive me! God forgive me!" she said softly to herself, her very breathing hushed with the sense of relief. She had come out of death into life. Was it wrong to be glad? That it was a shame and outrage upon nature was no fault of poor Carry. Sweet tears rolled into her eyes; her jarred and thwarted being came back into harmony. She lay and counted the dark silent hours striking one by one, feeling herself all wrapped in peace and ease, as if she lay in some sacred shrine. To-morrow would bring back the veils and shrouds of outside life; the need of concealment, of self-restraint, almost of hypocrisy; the strain and pain of a new existence to be begun: but to-night — this one blessed night of deliverance — was her own.

TEACHER AND PUPIL

From the 'Life of Edward Irving'

"WHEN Irving first came to Haddington," writes one of his pupils, "he was a tall, ruddy, robust, handsome youth, cheerful and kindly disposed; he soon won the confidence of his advanced pupils, and was admitted into the best society in the town and neighborhood." Into one house at least he went with a more genial introduction, and under circumstances equally interesting and amusing. This was the house of Dr. Welsh, the principal medical man of the district; whose family consisted of one little daughter, for whose training he entertained more ambitious views than little girls are generally the subjects of. This little girl, however, was as unique in mind as in circumstances. She heard, with eager childish wonder, a perennial discussion carried on between her father and mother about her education: both were naturally anxious to secure the special sympathy and companionship of their only child. The doctor, recovering from his disappointment that she *was* a girl, was bent upon educating her like a boy, to make up as far as possible for the unfortunate drawback of sex; while her mother, on the contrary, hoped for nothing higher in her daughter than the sweet domestic companion most congenial to herself.

The child, who was not supposed to understand, listened eagerly, as children invariably do listen to all that is intended to be spoken over their heads. Her ambition was roused; to be educated like a boy became the object of her entire thoughts, and set her little mind working with independent projects of its own. She resolved to take the first step in this awful but fascinating course on her own responsibility. Having already divined that Latin was the first grand point of distinction, she made up her mind to settle the matter by learning Latin. A copy of the 'Rudiments' was quickly found in the lumber-room of the house, and a tutor not much farther off in a humble student of the neighborhood. The little scholar had a dramatic instinct: she did not pour forth her first lesson as soon as it was acquired, or rashly betray her secret. She waited the fitting place and moment. It was evening, when dinner had softened out the asperities of the day; the doctor sat in luxurious leisure in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his coffee, and all the cheerful accessories of the fireside picture were complete. The little

heroine had arranged herself under the table, under the crimson folds of the cover, which concealed her small person. All was still; the moment had arrived;—"Penna, pennæ, pennam!" burst forth the little voice in breathless steadiness. The result may be imagined: the doctor smothered his child with kisses, and even the mother herself had not a word to say; the victory was complete.

After this pretty scene, the proud doctor asked Sir John Leslie to send him a tutor for the little pupil who had made so promising a beginning. Sir John recommended the youthful teacher who was already in Haddington, and Edward Irving became the teacher of the little girl. Their hours of study were from six to eight in the morning,—which inclines one to imagine that in spite of his fondness, the excellent doctor must have held his household under Spartan discipline,—and again in the evening after school hours. When the young tutor arrived in the dark of the winter mornings, and found his little pupil, scarcely dressed, peeping out of her room, he used to snatch her up in his arms and carry her to the door, to name to her the stars shining in the cold firmament hours before dawn; and when the lessons were over, he set the child up on the table at which they had been pursuing their studies, and taught her logic, to the great tribulation of the household in which the little philosopher pushed her inquiries into the puzzling metaphysics of life. The greatest affection sprang up, as was natural, between the child and her young teacher, whose heart at all times of his life was always open to children. After the lapse of all these years, their companionship looks both pathetic and amusing. A lifelong friendship sprang out of that early connection. The pupil, with all the enthusiasm of childhood, believed everything possible to the mind which gave its first impulse to her own; and the teacher never lost the affectionate, indulgent love with which the little woman, thus confided to his boyish care, inspired him. Their intercourse did not have the romantic conclusion it might have been supposed likely to end in; but as a friendship, existed unbroken through all kinds of vicissitudes, and even through entire separation, disapproval, and outward estrangement, to the end of Irving's life.

When the lessons were over, it was a rule that the young teacher should leave a daily report of his pupil's progress; when, alas! that report was *pessima*, the little girl was punished. One day he paused long before putting his sentence upon paper.

The culprit sat on the table, small, downcast, and conscious of failure. The preceptor lingered remorsefully over his verdict, wavering between justice and mercy. At last he looked up at her with pitiful looks: "Jane, my heart is broken!" cried the sympathetic tutor; "but I *must* tell the truth:" and with reluctant pen he wrote the dread deliverance, *pessima!* The small offender doubtless forgot the penalty that followed, but she has not yet forgotten the compassionate dilemma in which truth was the unwilling conqueror.

The youth who entered his house under such circumstances soon became a favorite guest at the fireside of the doctor; who, himself a man of education and intelligence, and of that disposition which makes men beloved, was not slow to find out the great qualities of his young visitor. There are some men who seem born to the inalienable good fortune of lighting upon the best people,—"the most worthy," according to Irving's own expression long afterward,—wherever they go. Irving's happiness in this way began at Haddington. The doctor's wife seems to have been one of those fair, sweet women whose remembrance lasts longer than greatness. There is no charm of beauty more delightful than that fragrance of it which lingers for generations in the place where it has been an unconsciously refining and tender influence. The Annandale youth came into a little world of humanizing graces when he entered that atmosphere, and it was only natural that he should retain the warmest recollection of it throughout his life. It must have been of countless benefit to him in this early stage of his career. The main quality in himself which struck observers was — in strong and strange contradiction to the extreme devotion of *belief* manifested in his latter years — the critical and almost skeptical tendency of his mind, impatient of superficial "received truths," and eager for proof and demonstration of everything. Perhaps mathematics, which then reigned paramount in his mind, was to blame: he was as anxious to discuss, to prove and disprove, as a Scotch student fresh from college is naturally disposed to be. It was a peculiarity natural to his age and condition; and as his language was always inclined to the superlative, and his feelings invariably took part in every matter which commended itself to his mind, it is probable that this inclination showed with a certain exaggeration to surrounding eyes. "This youth will scrape a hole in everything he is called on to believe," said the doctor; a strange prophecy, looking at it by the light of events.

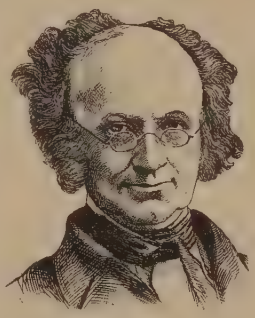
FRANCIS SYLVESTER O'MAHONY

"FATHER PROUT"

(1804–1866)

BY JOHN MALONE

FOR nothing is the Scythian race of Europe's westernmost island more remarkable than for the delightful and sympathetic character of that individual of the human species so peculiar to the country's history, the Irish Parish Priest. In childhood and in youth avid of learning, gathering its fruits as a "poor scholar" amid the hedge-rows of his famine-oppressed fields and pastures, he becomes in manhood the soldier of fortune and knight-errant of human thought. When in maturer years he receives the message of his ministry, he carries out the duty of his state with a dignity and fervor largely interspersed with a thousand quirks of native wit and irrepressible humor. Quick with sympathy, tender with consolation, and strong as any bog-trotter, with an arm ready to wield a pike and a back ready to bear a burden, second to none in generosity as a host or geniality as a comrade, — the power of the *saggart* over his people is as absolute as that of any czar, and as sweet as that of the All-Father whose human type he is.



FRANCIS O'MAHONY

In that brilliant company assembled about a table made immortal as that of Arthur by the genius of Maclise, there smiles, by a happy chance, beside the grave face of our own Washington Irving, the gracious and restless genius of him who brought that wonderful and fascinating element into hostile English literature through the personality of our beloved friend of Watergrasshill, "Father Prout."

Francis Sylvester O'Mahony (I beg the reader to put the accent upon the first syllable of the patronymic) was born in a humble family of the city of Cork in the year 1804, and was, as the first-born, disposed to the priesthood, in accordance with the rule of Irish

families. He passed through the ordinary ways of education in his own country, until he was thought sufficiently qualified to enter upon his studies for the sacred office. With this end in view he was placed in the College of the Jesuits at Amiens in France. After serving under the strict rule of that order in various colleges of the Continent for the period necessary to fulfill his novitiate, he became attached, in the capacity of disciplinary prefect, to the college of Clongowes Wood in his native country. The military rigor of the Jesuit order sent him forth under marching orders, after a brief period of service amongst his own people, and he seems to have passed from house to house in Italy and Germany, according to the usual plan adopted by the order for the detachment from individuals of ties of place and comradeship. These ties seem to have been too strongly secured to the young Irishman, for he was allowed to withdraw from the schools of the disciples of Loyola, and to complete his priestly equipment and ordination amongst those not bound by the rules of monastic life. It is certain that he was made a priest in Italy, whence he returned to his native city, where for a time he occupied the position of curate to a gentle pastor, whose useful and consoling ministry had never extended beyond the charm of the sound of «Shandon Bells.»

Very little has been told of Father Prout's life while he followed the course of studies prescribed by the Jesuit schools; but imagination affords a special delight to those who contemplate that mind seething with the irrepressible chemistry of wit, vainly striving to accommodate itself to the tasks imposed upon the young recruits of that most rigorous and perfect of human institutions for the subjection of self.

The schoolmaster from Marlborough Street, «Billy» Maginn, was directly responsible for the introduction of «Father Prout» to the great world. When we reflect that the «Wizard of the North» had so grandly set an example of anonymity to the younger generation, it is not to be wondered at that so many gems of brilliant thought first gleamed to the sun of Fame through the rough coating of fictitious authorship, or that O'Mahony sheltered his bantlings under such a cover.

When the supposed «Frank Cresswell» communicated to wits and worldlings the beloved contents of Father Prout's strong chest, it was not long before the youngsters about Grub Street realized that there was a new pen in town; and, fully equipped as they were for the enjoyable game of literary hide-and-seek, then so much in vogue amongst them, they soon brought to their coterie the dearest and best of that knightly circle of the pen, Father Frank Mahony, priest, poet, inimitable jester, loving friend, faithful steadfast Irishman, and

Christian gentleman. How glorious were the days and nights of those "Fraserians" no one can be ignorant who looks around that circle, which, beginning with Maginn and the decanters, is carried on by Barry Cornwall, Southey, Thackeray, Churchill, Murphy, Ainsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Fraser, Crofton Croker, Lockhart, Theodore Hook, D'Orsay, and Carlyle, to Mahony and Irving. At this time Father Prout always wrote his name, according to the English method, without the "O'"; but in his last years he returned again to the use of the dignified prefix of his ancestral family.

In Fraser he poured out the treasure of a heart full of wisdom and odd conceits, and overflowing with brilliant translations from the classics of old and new tongues, and rogueries of his own invention attributed to old and famous or unknown names, for the mystification of the jolly and mischievous crew which swarmed from royal and noble drawing-rooms, through the lobbies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to the supper-rooms and convivial resorts which filled the neighborhood of Printing-House Square.

It was Charles Dickens's idea which made Father Mahony one of the first, and certainly one of the best, foreign correspondents. The two met one day as "Prout" was about to depart for Italy; and "Boz" suggested that the priest should furnish the Daily News with letters on the state of social affairs in Rome, during those eventful days which closed the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. and opened that of Pius IX. Could anything have made "Prout's" name more famous, it must have been the recognition of his peculiar fitness for this work, which speedily followed the publication of his letters over the pseudonym of "Sylvester Savonarola," first given in the News, and republished in book form under the title of 'Final Reliques of Father Prout,' by Blanchard Jerrold.

It was during the year 1834 that, in Cork, "Father Prout" began his literary career. It was in 1866 that, in Paris, under the direction of Father Lefèvre of the Society of Jesus, he received the last sacraments of his church, and went from the dear neighborhood of the "New Street of the Little Fields," where he had once cozily settled his good friends the newly married Thackerays, to the company of the comrades of Christ who are mustered out of active service militant.

FATHER PROUT

From the 'Reliques'

I AM a younger son. I belong to an ancient but poor and dilapidated house, of which the patrimonial estate was barely enough for my elder; hence, as my share resembled what is scientifically called an evanescent quantity, I was directed to apply to that noble refuge of unprovided genius — the bar! To the bar, with a heavy heart and aching head, I devoted year after year; and was about to become a tolerable proficient in the black letter, when an epistle from Ireland reached me in Furnival's Inn, and altered my prospects materially. This dispatch was from an old Catholic aunt whom I had in that country, and whose house I had been sent to when a child, on the speculation that this visit to my venerable relative, who to her other good qualities added that of being a resolute spinster, might determine her, as she was both rich and capricious, to make me her inheritor. The letter urged my immediate presence in the dying chamber of the Lady Cresswell; and as no time was to be lost, I contrived to reach in two days the lonely and desolate mansion on Watergrasshill, in the vicinity of Cork. As I entered the apartment, by the scanty light of the lamp that glimmered dimly I recognized with some difficulty the emaciated form of my gaunt and withered kinswoman, over whose features, originally thin and wan, the pallid hue of approaching death cast additional ghastliness. By the bedside stood the rueful and unearthly form of Father Prout; and while the sort of chiaroscuro in which his figure appeared, half shrouded, half revealed, served to impress me with a proper awe for his solemn functions, the scene itself, and the probable consequences to me of this last interview with my aunt, affected me exceedingly. I involuntarily knelt; and while I felt my hands grasped by the long, cold, and bony fingers of the dying, my whole frame thrilled; and her words, the last she spoke in this world, fell on my ears with all the effect of a potent witchery, never to be forgotten! "Frank," said the Lady Cresswell, "my lands and perishable riches I have bequeathed to you, though you hold not the creed of which this is a minister, and I die a worthless but steadfast votary: only promise me and this holy man that, in memory of one to whom your welfare is dear, you will keep the fast of Lent while you

live; and as I cannot control your inward belief, be at least in this respect a Roman Catholic: I ask no more." How could I have refused so simple an injunction? and what junior member of the bar would not hold a good rental by so easy a tenure? In brief, I was pledged in that solemn hour to Father Prout, and to my kind and simple-hearted aunt, whose grave is in Rathcooney and whose soul is in heaven.

During my short stay at Watergrasshill (a wild and romantic district, of which every brake and fell, every bog and quagmire, is well known to Crofton Croker — for it is the very Arcadia of his fictions), I formed an intimacy with this Father Andrew Prout, the pastor of the upland, and a man celebrated in the south of Ireland. He was one of that race of priests now unfortunately extinct, or very nearly so, like the old breed of wolf-dogs, in the island: I allude to those of his order who were educated abroad, before the French Revolution, and had imbibed, from associating with the polished and high-born clergy of the old Gallican church, a loftier range of thought and a superior delicacy of sentiment. Hence, in his evidence before the House of Lords, "the glorious Dan" has not concealed the grudge he feels towards those clergymen, educated on the Continent, who having witnessed the doings of the *sans-culottes* in France, have no fancy to a rehearsal of the same in Ireland. Of this class was Prout, P. P. of Watergrasshill: but his real value was very faintly appreciated by his rude flock; he was not understood by his contemporaries; his thoughts were not their thoughts, neither could he commune with kindred souls on that wild mountain. Of his genealogy nothing was ever known with certainty; but in this he resembled Melchizedek. Like Eugene Aram, he had excited the most intense interest in the highest quarters, still did he studiously court retirement. He was thought by some to be deep in alchemy, like Friar Bacon; but the gaugers never even suspected him of distilling "potheen." He was known to have brought from France a spirit of the most chivalrous gallantry; still, like Fénelon retired from the court of Louis XIV., he shunned the attractions of the sex, for the sake of his pastoral charge: but in the rigor of his abstinence and the frugality of his diet he resembled no one, and none kept Lent so strictly.

Of his gallantry one anecdote will be sufficient. The fashionable Mrs. Pepper, with two female companions, traveling through the county of Cork, stopped for Divine service at the chapel of

Watergrasshill (which is on the high-road on the Dublin line), and entered its rude gate while Prout was addressing his congregation. His quick eye soon detected his fair visitants standing behind the motley crowd, by whom they were totally unnoticed, so intent were all on the discourse; when, interrupting the thread of his homily to procure suitable accommodation for the strangers, "Boys!" cried the old man, "why don't ye give three chairs for the ladies?" "Three cheers for the ladies!" re-echoed at once the parish clerk. It was what might be termed a clerical, but certainly a very natural, error: and so acceptable a proposal was suitably responded to by the frieze-coated multitude, whose triple shout shook the very cobwebs on the roof of the chapel!—after which slight incident, service was quietly resumed.

He was extremely fond of angling; a recreation which, while it ministered to his necessary relaxation from the toils of the mission, enabled him to observe cheaply the fish diet imperative on fast days. For this, he had established his residence at the mountain-source of a considerable brook, which, after winding through the parish, joins the Blackwater at Fermoy; and on its banks would he be found, armed with his rod and wrapt in his strange cassock, fit to personate the river-god or presiding genius of the stream.

His modest parlor would not ill become the hut of one of the fishermen of Galilee. A huge net in festoons curtained his casement; a salmon-spear, sundry rods, and fishing-tackle hung round the walls and over his bookcase, which latter was to him the perennial spring of refined enjoyment. Still, he would sigh for the vast libraries of France, and her well-appointed scientific halls, where he had spent his youth in converse with the first literary characters and most learned divines: and once he directed my attention to what appeared to be a row of folio volumes at the bottom of his collection, but which I found on trial to be so many large flat stone-flags, with parchment backs, bearing the appropriate title of Cornelii a Lapide *Opera quæ extant omnia;* by which semblance of that old Jesuit's commentaries he consoled himself for the absence of the original.

His classic acquirements were considerable, as will appear by his Essay on Lent; and while they made him a most instructive companion, his unobtrusive merit left the most favorable impression. The general character of a Churchman is singularly improved by the tributary accomplishments of the scholar, and

literature is like a pure grain of Araby's incense in the golden censer of religion. His taste for the fine arts was more genuine than might be conjectured from the scanty specimens that adorned his apartment, though perfectly in keeping with his favorite sport: for there hung over the mantelpiece a print of Raphael's cartoon, the 'Miraculous Draught'; here 'Tobit Rescued by an Angel from the Fish,' and there 'St. Anthony Preaching to the Fishes.'

THE SHANDON BELLS

From 'The Rogueries of Tom Moore,' in the 'Reliques'

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Nôtre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly:
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

DON IGNACIO LOYOLA'S VIGIL

In the Chapel of Our Lady of Montserrat

From 'Literature and the Jesuits,' in the 'Reliques'

When at thy shrine, most holy maid!
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,
And bared his helmèd brow,—
Not that he feared war's visage grim,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had aught to daunt, I trow,—

"Glory!" he cried, "with thee I've done!
Fame, thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now;
To track *thy* footsteps, Savior God!
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod:
Hear and record my vow.

"Yes, thou shalt reign! Chained to thy throne,
The mind of man thy sway shall own,
And to its conqueror bow.
Genius his lyre to thee shall lift,
And intellect its choicest gift
Proudly on thee bestow."

Straight on the marble floor he knelt,
And in his breast exulting felt
A vivid furnace glow;
Forth to his task the giant sped:
Earth shook abroad beneath his tread,
And idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss;
O'er a new hemisphere the Cross
Shone in the azure sky;
And from the isles of far Japan
To the broad Andes, won o'er man
A bloodless victory!

MALBROUCK

From 'The Songs of France,' in the 'Reliques'

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's:
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he'd better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.

For "Trinity Feast" is over,
And has brought no news from Dover;
And Easter is past, moreover:
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not well knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prithee come faster!
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster,
Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear.

But since to speak I'm hurried,"
Added this page, quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
(And here he shed a tear.)

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his 'berring,'
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.

«One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
Who only bore a shield.

«The third was helmet-bearer—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw it with terror,
And covered a hero's brains.

«Now, having got so far, I
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)
The fourth is left nothing to carry;
So there the thing remains.»

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK

From 'The Songs of France,' in the 'Reliques'

COME, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on the Don.
Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray!—thy chest is proud and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe!
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—
In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy!
Proud as when first thou slack'dst thy thirst in the flow of conquered Seine,
Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is strong and ample!
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguered on their thrones by their own vassal crew;
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;
And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help to keep their bondsmen down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross
Shall bend alike when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss!
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a GIANT,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all defiant;
Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed;
And the "form" I saw *was* ATTILA! of this earth the Scourge Anointed.
From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to pounce;
And proudly neigh, my charger gray!—Oh, thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and science?
Hath she not wept, her cities swept by our hordes of trampling stallions?
And tower and arch crushed in the march of our barbarous battalions?
Can *we* not wield our father's shield? the same war-hatchet handle?
Do our blades want length, or the reaper's strength, for the harvest of the Vandal?
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray, for thy chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

(1844–1890)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Few men had a more romantic or picturesque life than John Boyle O'Reilly; and few men have lived more consistent lives, though consistency is not generally looked upon as an attribute of romance. From the beginning to the end of his career he showed high qualities, illumined by that glow which not even the poet Wordsworth could describe, when he called it the "light that never was on sea or land." And at no time did the actor in so many thrilling incidents fall below the elevation that one expects in a hero of romance. His thoughts, his moods, his quality, his temperament,—all are thoroughly expressed in the pages of his poetry. If the essence of literature is personality and the exact expression of it, Boyle O'Reilly's work will live when the old wrongs that wrung his heart are gone, and the liberty he loved blesses the spots which to his eyes were made desolate by tyranny. The effects of that work can never be estimated; they were felt by youth and age, by men of every religious opinion and none; they made for righteousness, for peace with honor, for toleration, sympathy, and the highest patriotism.

Boyle O'Reilly

He was born June 28th, 1844, at Dowth Castle, near the town of Drogheda, in Ireland. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the closest friend of the poet, who understood him by experience and intuition, gives in his 'Life, Poems, and Speeches of John Boyle O'Reilly' (New York: Cassell Publishing Co.), a description of the traditions and surroundings of this beautiful spot. They helped to develop the passionate, chivalrous love of his native country and of liberty in the boy. He was brought up in an atmosphere of legend and story; and his father, a schoolmaster of the higher type, joined with a clever mother in laying the foundation of his literary success. He began his life work as a compositor in a printing-office in Ireland; and continued it in the

same vocation at Preston, in Lancashire, where he made many warm friends. His experience in the British army, his connection with the Fenian movement, his imprisonment, his Australian exile, the thrilling details of his escape, supplied material for his romance of 'Moondyne,' and helped to add riches to an imagination which turned all that it touched into new and rare forms. If there were space here for a detailed biography, one could not do better than to quote from Mr. Roche's 'Life'; but this paper must concern itself with the reflection of that life as expressed in literary form. In the United States, after adventures by sea and land, and tortures and suffering borne with a heroism that was both Greek and Christian, he found the spirit of freedom in concrete form. Our country satisfied his aspirations for liberty; he loved Ireland not less, but America more; he was exiled from the land of his birth, yet he found ample consolation in the country he had chosen. An Irishman and a Catholic, he made an epoch in the history of his people in the United States; and he was, as editor of the Boston Pilot, enabled to do this through the support and encouragement of one of the most eminent prelates of his church, Archbishop Williams.

In the hundreds of paragraphs and leaders that came from his pen during his connection with the Pilot (1870–90), there is the plasticity and strength which show in 'Moondyne' (1878), and in his part of 'The King's Men' (1884).

'The King's Men' was written by him in collaboration with Robert Grant, «J. S. of Dale,» and John F. Wheelwright. It had as a precedent 'Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other,' done by six writers, marshaled by the author of 'The Man Without a Country.' It appeared in the Boston Globe, and achieved great success. The plan of the book was a «projection» into the reign of George V. George, during a revolution of his subjects, had found an asylum in America, in the thirty-third year of the German Republic and in the seventieth of the French. O'Reilly's part in this romance is not difficult to discover in the picture of life in Dartmouth Prison, and in those luminous touches which the writer's love of liberty and heart-breaking experience enabled him to give. All O'Reilly's prose, even in its most careless form, shows the gift of the writer born with the power of so welding impression and expression that thought and style become as closely united as soul and body. And as he grew older, his power as a prose writer increased. As with most poets, his prose shows qualities entirely different from his verse. In his verse his forte is not in description; in his prose he describes minutely and with the keenness of an etcher. His poetry is especially transparent: the man is plain; he scarcely needs a biographer who can give himself as he is to the world.

'Moondyne' has glowing pages; there are things in it that remind us of the fervor of Victor Hugo. It is not as a writer of prose that O'Reilly lives, however, but by that lyrical force which obliges us to retain in our memories the song of the singer, whether we will or not. He was more than what we call a lyrist; he was a bard in the Celtic sense,—a prophet, a seer, the denouncer of wrong, the interpreter of love, the inspirer of valor, of awe, of hope. And he had the respect of the bard for a mission that was his as his heart was his; no poet was ever less self-conscious and no poet more personal. His lines written under a bust of Keats interpret the thought of many that remember him:—

> «A godlike face, with human love and will
> And tender fancy traced in every line;
> A godlike face, but oh, how human still!
> Dear Keats, who love the gods their love is thine.»

O'Reilly's first volume, 'Songs of the Southern Seas,' was made up of narrative poems; it appeared in 1873. 'Songs, Legends, and Ballads' (1878) contained the 'Songs' with additions. There was a new flavor in the ballads,—for they were veritable ballads. The taste of the public for color and the fundamental emotions in stirring musical narrative was fully gratified in these poems. Above all, they were original in the sense that they contained impressions taken from a personal view of life. They had the pathos of the mind that had possessed only itself for years, and the nobility which comes to a great soul which prison walls help to larger freedom. Critics and readers recognized the strength and beauty of 'The Amber Whale,' 'The King of the Vasse,' and 'Ensign Epps'; and though lacking the depth of thought of his later song, they have kept their place in the hearts of the people. In remote towns and villages, in places the most unexpected, the family scrap-book has these swinging poems; and there are few anthologies arranged for the popular taste without at least 'The Dukite Snake' or 'The Day Guard.'

Of his lyrics,—the singing poems, expressing a reflection, a thought, a mood,—'In Bohemia' is probably the general favorite. But the place of a poet is not settled by the one poem read and re-read, quoted and re-quoted. The surface indications do not manifest the strength or the grasp of the poet; there are depths into which his nobler thought sinks. In a time of crisis, if freedom were threatened, there are poems of O'Reilly's which would serve to fire the hearts in which they live with the fervor that came at the sound of Julia Ward Howe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' or Father Ryan's 'Conquered Banner.' 'The Cry of the Dreamer,' clinging to the heart and memory, is not one of these, but it has virility in it,—and this

quality is never lacking in the slightest of his lyrics. O'Reilly's lines 'An Art Master' express his view of merely technical skill in verse:—

«He gathered cherry-stones and carved them quaintly
Into fine semblances of flies and flowers;
With subtle skill he even imaged faintly
The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

«His little blocks he loved to file and polish;
An ampler means he asked not, but despised.
All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,
For then his genius would be highly prized.

«For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions
And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
Serene his way through surging years and fashions,
While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones to file.»

His genius and manliness had been recognized by America when he was cut off from this life, August 10th, 1890. It seemed to him and his friends that there was much to do in the sunlight of kindliness which shone about him; but to use his own words in 'The Dead Singer,'—

«The singer who lived is always alive: we hearken and always hear.»

It is too early to estimate O'Reilly's place among the poets of his chosen land,—if indeed a poet's place can be settled by the rough comparisons of the critic. All that can be done is to indicate certain pieces of his that have acquired the approval of the critics and the enthusiasm of the people.

Maurice Francis Egan

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ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty,
That flowers and flames in height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer,—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell — his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won;
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge 'was made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I AM tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

A DEAD MAN

THE Trapper died—our hero—and we grieved;
In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
"His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;
"A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best,—
How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

MY TROUBLES!

I WROTE down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

THE RAINBOW'S TREASURE

WHERE the foot of the rainbow meets the field,
And the grass resplendent glows,
The earth will a precious treasure yield,
So the olden story goes.
In a crystal cup are the diamonds piled,
For him who can swiftly chase
Over torrent and desert and precipice wild,
To the rainbow's wandering base.

There were two in the field at work one day,
Two brothers, who blithely sung,
When across their valley's deep-winding way
The glorious arch was flung!
And one saw naught but a sign of rain,
And feared for his sheaves unbound;
And one is away, over mountain and plain,
Till the mystical treasure is found!

Through forest and stream, in a blissful dream,
The rainbow lured him on;
With a siren's guile it loitered awhile,
Then leagues away was gone.
Over brake and brier he followed fleet;
The people scoffed as he passed;
But in thirst and heat, and with wounded feet,
He nears the prize at last.

It is closer and closer — he wins the race —
One strain for the goal in sight:
Its radiance falls on his yearning face —
The blended colors unite!
He laves his brow in the iris beam —
He reaches — Ah woe! the sound
From the misty gulf where he ends his dream,
And the crystal cup is found!

'Tis the old, old story: one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky;
While another is blind to the present need,
But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the selfsame mill,
You may bind them heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plow.

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having, and Had;
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad:
For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the joy we Had is its ghost.
Now which is the better—the joy unknown, or the joy we have clasped and lost?

A WHITE ROSE

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

THE INFINITE

The Infinite always is silent:
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

OSSIAN

AND OSSIANIC POETRY

BY WILLIAM SHARP AND ERNEST RHYS

THE old controversy over "Ossian," which once engaged so many famous disputants from Dr. Samuel Johnson to Matthew Arnold, need no longer trouble the reader on his way through the world's literature. Celtic research and the modern sense of our ancient poetry have changed the venue. We have a whole cycle of Gaelic tales and poems now on the subject, which have been gradually unearthed, affording new clues and a clearer outlook. Out of these fuller materials we may still construct, if we will, an ideal Ossian, just as Macpherson did. But we must remember, if we do, that there is no corresponding real Ossian, the actual and undeniable author of these Gaelic sagas or any part of them. Indeed, to be at all precise in choosing their typical hero, we should have to admit that a better name than Ossian's for our label would be Finn's*; while the whole cycle is wider than the names of either Finn or Ossian would fully suggest.

It is Ossian, however, to whom, by force of habit and by popular suffrage, we still look and probably shall ever look as the king in this haunted realm. And Ossian's name, no doubt, will still best serve to characterize the poetry which fragmentarily but none the less potently long ago fascinated Macpherson, and through him caught the ear of Europe.

Who then was Ossian?†

Ossian, or Oisin, was traditionally the son of Finn; that Finn mac Cumhool (Cool) whose name is in Celtic literature the beacon round which all other lesser lights congregate. Oisin may be roughly assigned in history to the Ireland of the end of the third century. According to Scottish tradition, Finn, however, was the son of a Scottish king who came over from Ireland, and of a Scandinavian

* Finn, Fionn, Fin. The Scottish or rather Macphersonian equivalent, Fingal, is not ancient.

† Ossian is the Scottish variant, and that most familiar to non-Celtic peoples. *Osh-shin* is the common pronunciation in the Highlands. The proper spelling is Oisin; but even in Ireland the name is never so pronounced, but variably as Usheen, Isheen, Useen, Washeen, and otherwise.

princess; and we may say at once that this mixed Celtic and Norse origin is significant, not only for the personal history of the hero himself, but for that of the whole heroic literature to which he and his son Ossian lend characteristic life, color, and antique circumstance. It is to the fine fusion of certain Norse with certain Gaelic elements, in the Aryan past, that we owe the particular *genre*, at any rate, which was produced in the Scottish region associated with Ossian. Some difference is to be found if we turn to the more purely Irish of our Gaelic originals, and seek in Ireland for the old battle which is almost always, in Celtic tradition, the beginning of what we may call epic balladry.

In this case it is the battle of Cnucha (Castleknock), ten miles from the present city of Dublin, which sets the war-music going. Here it was that Conn of the Hundred Battles warred with Cool (Cumhool) Finn's father, and Cool was slain by Aedh, afterwards known as "Goll," or the Blind, because he lost an eye in the battle. This gives a *leitmotiv* to the dramatic episodes that follow, in Finn's desire for revenge on his father's enemies. Here begins a sort of tribal warfare between Munster and Connaught, which ends in the destruction of the followers of Finn, the "Fianna,"—a name, by the way, which, although it so closely resembles Finn's, has no connection with it; meaning simply the tribal militia, or "Fenians," to use the modern equivalent that has been too long removed from its original context to be successfully replaced there. The battle of Gowra is the last great event of this war. At Gowra, Ossian and his son Oscar fought disastrously against the descendants of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the power of the Fianna was finally broken.

In these battles and their allied and sequent episodes and disasters and tribal intrigues, we arrive at the basis of the Irish traditions of the Ossianic cycle. And though there is endless variation in the names and dates and places involved, according as these traditions were retailed in one country-side, or one century, or another, we still find that behind them lurks a real fragment of heroic history, colored perhaps by some earlier Celtic myth, and in any case full of potential romance, heroic imagination, and a crude but splendid poetry. It is not only that the subject-matter behind it is so full and rich, but that the manner and turn of its expression is also so individual and sonorous and effective. As for its subject-matter, it may be said to range over something like thirteen or fourteen centuries, from first to last. We have already referred to its quasi-historical first beginnings in the third century, when Fionn's father fought Conn of the Hundred Battles, and fell by the hand of Goll; and many critics are content to accept this as the extreme starting-point. But if we accept the conclusions of such authorities in Celtic folk-lore as

Professor Kuno Meyer and his collaborator Mr. Alfred Nutt, we shall have to travel much further back into time. Mr. Nutt has stated very ingeniously and carefully the claim for a mythical prehistoric origin for the Ossianic cycle. "Every Celtic tribe," he writes, "possessed traditions both mythical and historical. . . . Myth and history acted and reacted upon each other, and produced heroic saga, which may be defined as myth tinged and distorted by history. The largest element is as a rule suggested by myth, so that the varying heroic sagas of a race have always a great deal in common."

Whether we quite accept this or not, in its entirety, we cannot ignore the distinct mythical coloring of many parts of the Ossianic cycle; and admitting it to exist, we are at once carried to the remote pre-Gaelic antiquity of the Aryan peoples, who personified sun, stars, earth, sea, air, fire, and water, and told the folk-tales which were to grow into Homeric epics, Norse sagas, and Ossianic ballads, as races and languages grew and took on a local habitation and a name.

These wild-birds of old tradition found in their flight through time a congenial resting-place in the mountain regions which we associate with Ossian, whether in Scotland or Ireland. There they prospered and their broods grew and spread, century after century. To drop the figure of speech, the descendants of these first folk-tales, that grew and turned themselves into little heroic histories, multiplied wherever the Gaelic imagination worked on the memories of the people, and the Gaelic tongue gave it characteristic expression. Thus we have, in the immense number of MSS. dealing with Ossianic materials, ballads and stories which date from almost every century from the tenth to the eighteenth. Successive bards and tale-tellers shaped them and colored them anew time after time, fitting them to the need of the period; using them now as a thinly veiled fable of recent events, now as an allegory of war, and now as a localized and modified narrative of some Norse invasion or some lingering tribal feud.

There is nothing more interesting in the whole history of the world's literature than this passage of the Ossianic tradition through the centuries until it arrived in the eighteenth at Macpherson, whose genius gave it new effect and a new set of disguises that still puzzle many people. At this late hour in our own day it has had a strange and significant re-birth, though in the spirit rather than in the letter.

We wish here to pursue the tradition in its adventures, and as much for the entertainment to be had by the way as for its curious historical and severely literary interest. One or two of its earlier phases have already been touched upon; but we have said nothing yet of the exceedingly characteristic way in which the early conflict in Gaeldom between the old pagan and the new Christian cult is

given dramatic expression in the cycle. One of the richest of its sections is that devoted to the series of ballad-colloquies between St. Patrick and Ossian, as the special pleaders respectively of the new and the old order.

«The spirit of banter,» says Dr. Hyde, «with which St. Patrick and the Church are treated, and in which the fun just stops short of irreverence, is a mediæval, not a primitive trait; . . . we all remember the inimitable felicity with which that great English-speaking Gael, Sir Walter Scott, has caught this Ossianic tone in the lines which Hector McIntyre repeats for the Antiquary:—

«'Patrick the psalm-singer,
Since you will not listen to one of my stories
Though you never heard it before,
I am sorry to tell you
You are little better than an ass.'

«To which the saint replies:—

«'Upon my word, son of Fingal,
While I am warbling the psalms,
The clamor of your old-woman's tales
Disturbs my devotional exercises.'»

With this grotesque echo we may compare the real text of one of the actual 'Dialogues' or 'Colloquies,' which we owe to the Irish Ossianic Society's good offices. The MS. in this case was a comparatively modern copy, but the faithfulness of the copy may be guaranteed from ancient sources:—

COLLOQUY OF OSSIAN AND ST. PATRICK

St. Patrick—
Ossian, long and late thy sleep!
Rise up, and hear the psalm!
Thy strength is gone, thy swiftness flown,
That made thee known,—and thy fierce right arm!

Ossian—
My swiftness and my strength are flown
Since Fionn's swords are swept away!
And no holy priest, since his song has ceased,
Has ever pleased me with his lay.

St. Patrick—
Thou hast not heard such hymns as mine,
Since the world began until this day!
But your dream is still of the host on the hill,
Though thou art ill and worn and gray!

Ossian—I used to join the host on the hill,
O Patrick of the sombre brow!
And it fits not thee to cast at me
My misery, as thou didst now.

I have heard songs more sweet than these
In praise of priests. At Letterlee
How long I heard the rare blackbird,
Or the Fiann Dord* and its melody.

And the sweet song-thrush of Glenasgael,
And the rush of the boats upon the shore,
And the hounds full-cry, when the deer sweep by,
Than thy psalmody I love much more.

It must be admitted that in these strange 'Colloquies,' it is to Ossian that all the most lovely lyrical passages are allocated. He defeats again and again the solemn monitions of his saintly co-disputant, by the most tender and impassioned recall of the old delights of the land he so loved. Now it is the plaintive whistle of the sea-mews, now the bellow of the oxen and the low of the calves of Glend'-mhael, or the soft, swift gallop of the fawns in the forest glade, or the murmur of the falling mountain streams. Above all, the song of the blackbird haunts him; reviving in his old-man's heart all that was sweetest in the youth and joyous springtime of the Fiann era, when it was at its most auspicious period. Ossian's ode to the 'Blackbird of Derrycarn,' which is generally found in the Gaelic MSS., printed apart from the current Patrick-cum-Ossian text, is one of the most sweet and haunting of all his lyrical recountings of that joyous past. Fortunately, it is accompanied as printed first in the transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin by an excellent translation by William Leahy; which however, excellent as it is,—as excellent as any foreign tongue can make it seem,—yet can render no full account of the charm and melancholy sweetness and music of the Gaelic. We have adopted, with some slight modifications, this version of Leahy's:—

TO THE BLACKBIRD OF DERRYCARN

Ossian Sang

Sweet bird and bard of sable wing,
Sweet warbler, hid in Carna grove,
No lays so haunting shall I hear
Again, though round the earth I rove.

* The *Dord* was a hunting or war horn.

Cease, son of Alphron, cease thy bells,
That call sick men to church again!
In Carna wood now hark awhile,
And hear my blackbird's magic strain.

Ah, if its plaint thou truly heard,
Its melancholy song of old,
Thou wouldst forget thy psalms awhile,
As down thy cheeks the tears were rolled.

For where it sings, in Carna wood,
That westward throws its sombre shade,
There, listening to its strain too long,
The Fians — noble race — delayed.

That note it was, from Carna wood,
That woke the hind on Cora steep;
That note it was, in the wakeful dawn,
Lulled Fionn yet to sweeter sleep.

It sang beside the weedy pool
That into triple rills divides,
Where, cooling in the crystal wave,
The bird of silvery feather glides.

It sang again by Croan's heath,
And from yon water-girded hill,
A deeper note, a cry of woe,
That lingers — tender, pensive — still.

It sang so once to Fionn's host,
And pleased the heroes with its plaint:
More lore, they deemed, the blackbird knew,
Than lurks in penances, O Saint!

So far we have been drawing chiefly upon the rich Irish store of these things; but the Fianna of Albin were as rich in saga as the Fianna of Erin, and the Scottish Ossianic or Fiannic ballads and stories are fully as interesting. They show certain differences, local and temporal, from the purely Irish corresponding versions of the same events in the Fian tribal warfare; but there is no doubt that the early basis of tradition is the same in both countries. The Norse coloring is more marked, and much sooner felt, in the Scottish than in the Irish Ossianic material. We soon come, in fact, as we ransack the Scottish MSS., upon the signs of the third stage in the history of the cycle. Of these stages, it may be well to remind the reader here that the first is, roughly speaking, the passage of Aryan myth

into definite heroic forms of tradition,—in this case forms which carry the radiant colors of Fian heroes; the second stage is the use of the tradition to express the early dramatic conflict between Christian and pagan Celtdom; the third stage is the vigorous adaptation again of the same tradition to the moving bardic narrative of the struggle with the Norse invaders; the fourth stage is the slow process through centuries of comparative peace, by which the bards and chroniclers, falling back upon the past, spent their art, memory, and imagination upon the accumulated materials,—selecting from them, modifying them, inventing too on occasion, or coloring anew the parts that had become worn, but yet through all this preserving a certain fidelity to the essentials of the cycle. The fifth stage is that of the deliberate literary use of the materials, by men of genius like Macpherson, who are of course fully justified in their doings if only they make it quite clear what their relation to their original materials is. There is yet another stage which we might add: that of the modern patient critical investigation of such a cycle, so as to clear the ground for its future uses both by science and by poetry.

In tracing these stages, one may find it convenient to treat both the Irish and Scottish Gaelic contributions to the subject as one; but in the third which we mentioned, where it is a question of the Norse invader, we certainly get our best popular illustrations from the Scottish side. Take for example the ballad of 'The Fian Banners,' which shows in so striking a light the combination of archaic and later material. There is a heroic ring about it which must suffice here to suggest the fine old Gaelic tune to which it was sung traditionally as the Gaelic tribes marched to war against the invading Vikings.

THE FIAN BANNERS

THE Norland King stood on the height
And scanned the rolling sea;
He proudly eyed his gallant ships
That rode triumphantly.

And then he looked where lay his camp,
Along the rocky coast,
And where were seen the heroes brave
Of Lochlin's famous host.

Then to the land he turned, and there
A fierce-like hero came;
Above him was a flag of gold,
That waved and shone like flame.

"Sweet bard," thus spoke the Norland King,
"What banner comes in sight?
The valiant chief that leads the host,
Who is that man of might?"

"That," said the bard, "is young MacDoon;
His is that banner bright;
When forth the Féinn to battle go,
He's foremost in the fight."

"Sweet bard, another comes; I see
A blood-red banner tossed
Above a mighty hero's head
Who waves it o'er a host."

"That banner," quoth the bard, "belongs
To good and valiant Rayne;
Beneath it, feet are bathed in blood
And heads are cleft in twain."

"Sweet bard, what banner now I see?
A leader fierce and strong
Behind it moves with heroes brave
Who furious round him throng."

"That is the banner of Great Gaul:*
That silken shred of gold
Is first to march and last to turn,
And flight ne'er stained its fold."

"Sweet bard, another now I see,—
High o'er a host it glows:
Tell whether it has ever shone
O'er fields of slaughtered foes?"

"That gory flag is Cailt's,†" quoth he:
"It proudly peers in sight;
It won its fame on many a field
In fierce and bloody fight."

"Sweet bard, another still I see;
A host it flutters o'er,
Like bird above the roaring surge
That laves the storm-swept shore."

*Goll. †Cailte.

"The Broom of Peril," quoth the bard,
"Young Oscar's banner, see:
Amidst the conflict of dread chiefs
The proudest name has he."

The banner of great Finn we raised;
The Sunbeam gleaming far,
With golden spangles of renown
From many a field of war.

The flag was fastened to its staff
With nine strong chains of gold,
With nine times nine chiefs for each chain;
Before it foes oft rolled.

"Redeem your pledge to me," said Finn:
"Uplift your deeds of might,
To Lochlin as you did before
In many a blood-stained fight!"

Like torrents from the mountain heights,
That roll resistless on,
So down upon the foe we rushed,
And victory won.

"The Lochlins," or "the people of Lochlin," was the usual name given to the Norse invaders by the old Gaels. In fact, the name still survives in many current proverbs, as well as in Fian fragments of rhyme and balladry.

The whole history of the Ossianic saga-cycle affords, through all the five stages we have roughly assigned to it, a curious study of primitive tradition enriching itself by constant accretions, and adapting itself to new conditions. The cycle does not even confine itself, in this process, to purely Celtic colors and heroic devices. It carries us on occasion back into the far East, where its mythic first beginnings were, as the late J. F. Campbell pointed out in his 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands.' There are suggestions, and very strong ones, not only of Aryan folk-lore but of Arabian romance. It is true, one does not find to the same degree as in the Welsh 'Mabinogion' the infusion of the mediæval chivalric sentiment, turned to such delightful account by the Latin races. But there are instances in plenty to be cited of chivalric devices, from the Ossianic sagas, which seem to connect themselves with more southern chivalries.

Some of the customs of the ancient Celtic chivalry bear a curious resemblance to the more finished code of mediæval Europe. If a lady put *geasa* (obligation) on a knight or chief, he must obey her, no matter what she asked of him. Thus when the great Finn

was still in his barbaric youth, and clad in the skins of wild animals, he met one day with a highly romantic adventure. Approaching a stream that ran between steep banks, he descried on one side a party of damsels, and on the other a party of knights. One who was clearly the princess among these maidens was, on Finn's approach, loudly declaring that he who should desire her hand must first leap the deep, swift stream betwixt them. On the other bank stood the unfortunate lover, clapping his arms, without courage for the deed. Thereat Finn came boldly forward, and asked the lady if her hand should be his on his accomplishing the feat? She answered that he looked a handsome youth, though so marvelously ill clad; and that he might have her if he showed himself man enough for the deed. So Finn took the leap; but then she laid *geasa* on him that he should do the like every year. Another princess laid *geasa* upon him that he should leap over a *dallan* as high as his chin, with another stone of the same size borne upward on the palm of his hand.

Another and tragic instance of the *geasa* is to be found in the fate of the beautiful but unfortunate Diarmud MacDoon: one of the most unforgetable figures in all Ossianic literature. Diarmud possessed one fatal gift, the *ball-seirce*,—the power of kindling love in all the women he met. He was said to have the magic «spot of beauty» on his forehead, which drew the hearts of all who looked on him. He was a nephew of Finn, who rejoiced in his bold feats. The beginning of his misfortune was the wedding feast of Finn with Grainne, the daughter of King Cormac. At the feast the bride laid *geasa* on Diarmud that he should carry her off from her people; and though this was against his own feeling and his oath of chivalry, he was obliged to obey. The well-known beautiful ballad 'The Lay of Diarmud' tells the story of this tragic episode, and Diarmud's death. The story has been told again and again by Gaelic and Anglo-Celtic poets; and in its many different versions affords a key of many wards to the Ossianic entrance-gate. We have references to it in eleventh-century MSS., as well as in nineteenth-century reprints; and in its most recent reincarnation in modern Irish poetry, we have a suggestive instance to compare with the literary method of a very different school of poetry in the last century,—Macpherson's, to wit.

Before we turn now, and finally, to the consideration of Macpherson's Ossiana, as resuming in another form and under other colors the old heroic spirit of the cycle, let us remind the reader that its whole extent, from the old primitive Fionn and Diarmud and Ossian to their mediæval or modern counterpart, is simply immense. We can only pretend here to show the way into this enchanted realm, and to give a clue to the best and most picturesque parts of it. But it must be remembered that there is a great deal of

rough ground to get over, and many a thorny thicket to be struggled through, and many a tiring monotonous road to be traversed. These are the risks of the adventure; but such risks did not frighten away Ossian and his fellowship of old, and ought not to frighten the Ossianic student to-day who reads, as they fought, with some spirit and mother-wit.

Fianna, or Faerie Host,*—as sure as old Celtic history can make them, or as tenuous as the myths of the elements personified by primitive man ere the Gael reached Britain, they leave one at last haunted by a music that is only to be found in Celtic poetry. For a last echo of its melody we must fall back on an unrhymed version, as affording a fairer point of departure into the long dithyrambic rhymeless Ossiana of Macpherson.

In well-devised battle array,
Ahead of their fair chieftain
They march amidst blue spears,
White, curly-headed bands.

They scatter the forces of their foes,
They ravage every hostile land,
Splendidly they march, they march,—
Impetuous, avenging host!

No wonder if their strength be great:
Sons of kings and queens, each one!
On all their heads are
Beautiful golden-yellow manes;

With smooth, comely bodies,
With bright blue-starred eyes,
With pure crystal teeth,
With thin red lips:

Splendidly they march, they march:
Good they are at man-slaying.

In these lines of the 'Fairy Host' we have a color, a life, that is indicative of old Celtic poetry, and that we miss in the Ossianic poetry of Macpherson. Broadly, the gloom which characterizes so much modern Celtic and Anglo-Celtic poetry is not to be found in the ancient ballads and narratives. True, a genuinely indicative sense of fatality, of the inevitableness of tragic doom, is often to be found there. To this day, 'The Lay of Diarmud and Grainne,' or the story

*This is a common interpretation: but the real Fairy Host of tradition is the mythical Dedannan folk, the Tuatha dé Danann,—"the proudly secure, beautiful, song-loving, peaceful, hunting people" who inhabited Ireland before it was invaded by the Milesians; *i. e.*, the Iberian-Celtic immigration from Spain under Mil (Mil, Miledh, or Miles).

of 'The Children of Lir,' whether accepted as they have come to us, or (as in the latter instance) disengaged from early monkish or mediæval embroidering, remain typical Celtic productions; as, on another side, may be said of the relatively little known but remarkable 'Lay of the Amadan Mor,' or 'The Great Fool,' a Gaelic type after the manner of a Sir Galahad crossed with Don Quixote.*

In Macpherson's 'Ossian'—much of which is mere rhetoric, much of which is arbitrary, and of the eighteenth rather than of the third century—the abiding charm is that of the lament of a perishing people; the abiding spell, that of the passing of an ancient and irrevocable order of things. We read it now, not as an authentic chronicle of the doings of Finn and his cycle, not even as an authentic patchwork of old ballads and narratives, but as an imaginary record based upon fragmentary and fugitive survivals, told not according to the letter but according to the spirit,—told too in the manner of the sombre imagination of the Highland Gael, an individual distinct in many respects from his Irish congener. But we touch the bed-rock of Celtic emotion here too, again and again.

But first let us see how the rhythmic prose of some of the ancient poets runs; for it is often ignorance that makes English critics speak of Macpherson's prose as wholly arbitrary and unnatural to the Celtic genius. Here is a very ancient Ossianic production known as

CREDHE'S LAMENT

The haven roars, and O the haven roars, over the rushing race of Rinn-dá-bharc! The drowning of the warrior of loch dá chonn—that is what the wave impinging on the strand laments. Melodious is the crane, and O melodious is the crane, in the marshlands of Druim-dá-thrén! 'Tis she that may not save her brood alive: the wild dog of two colors is intent upon her nestlings. A woeful note, and O a woeful note, is that which the thrush in Drumqueen emits! but not more cheerful is the wail that the blackbird makes in Letterlee. A woeful sound, and O a woeful sound, is that the deer utters in Drumdaleish! Dead lies the doe of Druim Silenn: the mighty stag bells after her. Sore suffering to me, and O suffering sore, is the hero's death—his death, that used to lie with me! . . . Sore suffering to me is Cael, and O Cael is a suffering sore, that by my side he is in dead man's form! That the wave should have swept over his white body,—that is what hath distracted me, so great was his

*It is interesting to note that he has an equivalent in the Peronik of Breton-Celtic legend, as well as in Cymric and Arthurian romance.

delightfulness. A dismal roar, and O a dismal roar, is that the shore-surf makes upon the strand! seeing that the same hath drowned the comely noble man; to me it is an affliction that Cael ever sought to encounter it. A woeful booming, and O a boom of woe, is that which the wave makes upon the northward beach! beating as it does against the polished rock, lamenting for Cael, now that he is gone. A woeful fight, and O a fight of woe, is that the wave wages against the southern shore! As for me, my span is determined! . . . A woeful melody, and O a melody of woe, is that which the heavy surge of Tullachleish emits! As for me, the calamity that is fallen upon me having shattered me, for me prosperity exists no more. Since now Crimthann's son is drowned, one that I may love after him there is not in being. Many a chief is fallen by his hand, and in the battle his shield never uttered outcry!

There are some who prefer these old Celtic productions literally translated, while others can take no pleasure in them unless they are rendered anew in prose narrative or in rhymed verse. 'Credhe's Lament' exemplifies one kind; the following Ossianic ballad the other. It is an extended and less simple but otherwise faithful version of the lament of Deirdrê (Macpherson's Darthula—for the Irish *Deirdrê* is in the Highlands *Dearduil*, which is pronounced *Darthool*), the Helen of Gaeldom.

DEIRDRÊ'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH

THE lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone—alone:
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone:
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping:
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright:
Many a day the three before me
On their linkèd bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore:
Many a time the noble three
Reddened their blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of the greyhounds at their feet:
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw,
Hook and arrow, line and bow:
Never again, by stream or plain,
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions were ye ever,—
Harsh to me, your sister, never;
Woods and wilds, and misty valleys,
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh to hear my true-love singing!
Sweet as sounds of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy shealing,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Passed the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo, now sleep, morn and even:
Lark, alone enchant the heaven!
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain—
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain—
Heron, in the free air warm ye—
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye!

Erin's stay no more you are,
Rulers of the ridge of war;
Never more 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Woe to Eman, roof and wall!
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
Tenfold woe and black dishonor
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep:
Sick I am, and fain would sleep!
Dig the grave and make it ready;
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Here now are two of the Ossianic ballads as Macpherson has rendered them, trying in his rhythmic prose to capture the spirit and charm and glamour of the original. The theme of the first, of a woman disguising herself as a man so as to be near or perhaps to reach her lover, is common to many lands.

COLNA-DONA

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

ARGUMENT.— Fingal dispatched Ossian, and Toscar the son of Conloch and father of Malvina, to raise a stone on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighboring chief, invited them to a feast. They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamored of Toscar. An incident at a hunting party brings their loves to a happy issue.

COL-AMON of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales, I behold thy course, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls! There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who among the maids was like the Love of Heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king we moved to Crona of the streams,— Toscar of grassy Lutha, and Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were borne before us; for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes; he had rolled away the strangers like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown; from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for at the fame of their race they brighten in the wind.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed at intervals three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mold around the stone, and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone! after Selma's race have failed! Prone, from the stormy night, the traveler shall lay him by thy side: thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams; the years that were past shall return. Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war; the darkened moon looks from heaven on the troubled field. He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply, "This gray stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years."

From Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young branches, before him.

"Sons of the mighty," he said, "ye bring back the days of old, when first I descended from waves, on Selma's streamy vale! I pursued Duthmocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled along the sea, and my sails were spread behind him. Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days in the hall, and saw the blue eyes of Erin, Ros-crána, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. Nor forgot did my steps depart: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul; they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old!"

Car-ul kindled the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero's race. "When battle," said the king, "shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath, my race shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. Have not our fathers met in peace? they will say, and lay aside the shield."

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed

Colna-dona. Toscar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean, when it bursts from a cloud and brightens the foamy side of a wave. . . .

[Here an episode is entirely lost; or at least is handed down so imperfectly that it does not deserve a place in the poem.]

With morning we awaked the woods, and hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned through Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a shield and pointless spear. "Whence," said Toscar of Lutha, "is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

"By Col-amon of streams," said the youth, "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her course is now in deserts, with the son of the king; he that seized with love her soul as it wandered through the hall." "Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "hast thou marked the warrior's course? He must fall: give thou that bossy shield!" In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it rose the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising graceful on swift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king! Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose!

THE SONGS OF SELMA

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

STAR of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! Thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud; thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint

of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come; but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

COLMA

It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly, from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes: we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent awhile! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar! it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone.

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both

to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent forever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it now till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Once more, readers may care to see a fragment of an authentic old Ossianic ballad, that of the 'Colloquy of Oisin and St. Patrick,' with literal translation by its side. Oisin and St. Patrick are at feud throughout; Oisin in effect ever telling the Christian saint that he cannot believe his unworthy tales, and above all his disparagements about Fionn and his heroes; and St. Patrick in turn assuring him that Fionn and all his chivalry «now have hell for their portion.»

13

'Nuair a shuig headh Fiunn air chnochd
Sheinnemid port don Ord fhiann
Chuire nan codal na slòigh
'S Ochòin ba bhinne na do chliar.

13

When Fionn sat upon a hill, and sang a song to our heroes which would enchant the multitude to sleep, oh how much sweeter was it than thy hymns!

14

Smeorach bheag dhuth o Ghleann smàil
Faghar nom bàre rie an tuinn
Sheinnemid fein le' puist
'Sbha sinn feinn sair Cruitt ro bhinn.

14

Sweet are the thrush's notes, and long the sound of the rushing waves; but sweeter far the voice of the harps, when we struck them to the sound of our songs.

15

Bha bri gaothair dheug aig Fiunn
Zugradhmed cad air Ghleann smàil
'Sbabhenne Glaoghairm air còn
Na do chlaig a Cleirich chăidh.

15

Loud of old we heard the voices of our heroes among the hills and glens; and more sweet in mine ears that noise, and the noise of your hounds, than thy bells, O cleric!

Students of old Gaelic literature in the original should consult in particular the 'Transactions of the Ossianic Society' (Dublin), and the late J. F. Campbell's superb and invaluable 'Leabhar na Feinne.'

But now the subject may fittingly be taken leave of in the 'Death-Song of Ossian,'—a song familiar throughout Gaeldom in a score of forms. Here the rendering of Macpherson is given, as not only beautiful in itself, and apt to the chief singer of ancient Gaels, but also as conveying something of the dominant spirit which permeates the Ossianic ballads and poems and prose romances, from the days when the earliest Fian bards struck their *clarsachs* (rude harps) to the latest of the Ossianic chroniclers of to-day, the poet of 'The Wanderings of Usheen' (W. B. Yeats):—

THE DEATH-SONG OF OSSIAN

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the Voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of the bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

William Sharp

Ernest Rhys

OUIDA

(LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE)

(1840–)

THE novels of Ouida belong to no distinct school of fiction. They are rather a law unto themselves in their mingling of extravagant romance with realism; of plots that might have come out of the 'Decameron,' with imaginative fancies as pure and tender as those of an innocent and dreamy child; of democratic ideals worthy of Rousseau and Byron, with a childlike love of rank and its insignia.

OUIDA

Ouida is less dramatic than lyric in the style and form of her novels. Her strong poetic feeling is the source at once of her weakness and of her strength as a writer of fiction. She has the poet's sympathy with nature, and the poet's sensitiveness to beauty in every form; but she lacks the dramatist's insight into the complexities of human nature. She has only a faint perception of the many delicate gradations of character between exalted goodness and its opposite extreme. She is at her best when she is writing of primitive natures, and of lives close to the earth. The peasant boy in 'A Dog of Flanders,' yearning to look once upon the Christ of Rubens; Signa, a gifted child of the people, striving to express the passionate soul of music within him; the heroine of 'In Maremma,' hiding her girlhood in the dim richness of an Etruscan tomb; Cigarette in 'Under Two Flags,' dying for love as only a child of nature can: these simple, sensuous, passionate children are the creation of Ouida's genius. She has sympathy with the single-hearted emotions of the sons of the soil. Her temperament fits her to understand their hates and loves, so free from artificial restraints; their hopes and fears compressed into intensity by the narrowness of their mental outlook. She can portray child-life with exquisite truthfulness, because children when left to themselves are primitive in thought and feeling; natural in their emotions and direct in their expression of them. They are

the true democrats of society. Because Ouida is a poet, she has the spirit of democracy; which belongs to poets and children, and to all childlike souls who have love in their hearts, and know nothing of the importance of amassing money and making proper marriages. This idealizing, dreamy, and from an economical standpoint worthless, democracy of feeling, draws her to the oppressed, the down-trodden, and the poor; to suffering children, and to geniuses whose souls seek the stars while their bodies are racked with hunger.

Ouida's creed receives a personal embodiment in Tricotrin, the hero of the novel by that name. He is one of the most fascinating of her creations; yet he is only half real, being the product of her poetical rather than her dramatic instinct. He is entitled to wealth and rank, yet he despises both; he has the knowledge of the man of the world combined with the saintliness of Francis of Assisi, yet he is less of a saint than of a philosopher, and less of a philosopher than of a poet. He roams over the world, living out the poetry within him in Christ-like deeds of mercy; he sacrifices his life at last for the good of the Paris mob.

In Ouida's novels the innocent and the high-minded are continually suffering for others. To her, the world stands ready to stone genius and goodness. The motto of her books might be the one which she places at the head of 'Signa': «I cast a palm upon the flood; the deeps devour it. Others throw lead, and lo! it buoyant sails.» Her women who are near to God and nature are crucified by their love; her men of the same type by their nobility. Ouida finds no place for great souls in society as it exists. She divides humanity into two classes,—the good and the bad, the artificial and the natural. In one class she places children, peasants, and poets; and about these three orders she has woven her most beautiful and tender and unreal romances. In the other class she places the Vere de Veres, the worshipers of Mammon, the schemers and the sharks of society. Ouida's intense temperament induces her always to deal in extremes, whether of wealth or rank or goodness. In her, however, exaggeration becomes refreshment, because she is enough of an artist to clothe her most daring excursions into the improbable with a realistic atmosphere. Her society novels are as far removed from the realism of modern fiction as 'The Mysteries of Udolpho'; yet their epigrammatic comments upon society and human nature lend to them a fictitious lifelikeness. In 'The Princess Napraxine,' 'Othmar,' 'A House Party,' 'Friendship,' and the redoubtable 'Moths,' Ouida portrays a world with which she is somewhat familiar. She has been upon the edges of it,—a precarious position for a woman of her temperament. She is half in and half out of the society towards which she is, on the whole, antagonistic.

Her real name is Louise de la Ramée; an Englishwoman of French extraction, she was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1840. She was reared in London, and there began to write for periodicals; taking as a pen-name a younger sister's contraction of her Christian name, «Louise.» Her first novel, 'Granville de Vigne,' was published as a serial in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, and appeared in book form in 1863. It is typical of the majority of her later stories of high life. Ouida is a lover of rank only when rank is synonymous with distinction. She appreciates to the full the poetic elements in the character of the true aristocrat, the Vandyke or Velasquez noble; but she has the greatest contempt for the modern fashionable mob of London or Paris, which values wealth above blood, and notoriety above breeding. The insular, Philistine materialism of high-born Englishmen is peculiarly distasteful to her. Her latest novel, 'The Massarenes,' is a powerful satire upon the English aristocracy. William Massarene is a low-born Irishman, who, having made a monstrous fortune in the United States, buys the way for himself and his family into the highest circles in England. His millions secure him everything from a seat in Parliament to the friendship of royalty. Ouida treats this theme with great skill and penetration. Her mockery of the «thoroughbred» puppets, fawning on wealth in the guise of vulgarity, reaches its height of expression in this book. At the same time she does justice to the genuine aristocrat by portraying one English nobleman, at least, who refuses to join the mob in their chase of gold. Ouida matches the vulgarity of America with the vulgarity of England; her fiercest condemnation falls on her own countrymen, however, because she assumes that they know better.

She finds her consolation in the last home and refuge of poetry in this century,—Italy. Of late years she has lived in Florence. Her susceptibility to beauty makes her peculiarly successful in her novels of Italian life. These are worked out against a background of romantic nature, and of places rich in traditions of poetry and art. They are steeped in the magical air of the land which knew Petrarch and Raphael. They portray with sympathy the gay, pensive, passionate, graceful Italian character. Not a few of Ouida's novels and stories will live because of the leaven of poetry in them. Their barbarous extravagance and their meretricious one-sidedness are outweighed by their genuine perception of the noblest qualities of human nature, and by their recognition of the beautiful. Although they do not conform to the highest standard of romantic fiction, the first demand of which is truth to reality, they provide an escape into that world which differs sufficiently from the actual world to offer all the refreshments of change. In their character they approach the fairy tales which grown-up children cannot altogether do without.

THE SILK STOCKINGS

From 'Bébée, or Two Little Wooden Shoes'

"If I could save a centime a day, I could buy a pair of stockings this time next year," thought Bébée, locking her shoes with her other treasures in her drawer the next morning, and taking her broom and pail to wash down her little palace.

But a centime a day is a great deal in Brabant, when one has not always enough for bare bread, and when, in the long chill winter, one must weave thread lace all through the short daylight for next to nothing at all: for there are so many women in Brabant, and every one of them, young or old, can make lace, and if one do not like the pitiful wage, one may leave it and go and die for what the master lace-makers care or know; there will always be enough, many more than enough, to twist the thread round the bobbins, and weave the bridal veils and the trains for the courts.

"And besides, if I can save a centime, the Varnhart children ought to have it," thought Bébée, as she swept the dust together. It was so selfish of her to be dreaming about a pair of stockings, when those little things often went for days on a stew of nettles.

So she looked at her own pretty feet,—pretty and slender and arched, rosy and fair and uncramped by the pressure of leather,—and resigned her day-dream with a brave heart, as she put up her broom and went out to weed and hoe and trim and prune the garden that had been for once neglected the night before.

"One could not move half so easily in stockings," she thought with true philosophy, as she worked among the black fresh sweet-smelling mold, and kissed a rose now and then as she passed one.

When she got into the city that day, her rush-bottomed chair, which was always left upside down in case rain should fall in the night, was set ready for her; and on its seat was a gay, gilded box, such as rich people give away full of bonbons.

Bébée stood and looked from the box to the Broodhuis, from the Broodhuis to the box; she glanced around, but no one had come there so early as she, except the tinker, who was busy quarreling with his wife, and letting his smelting-fire burn a hole in his breeches.

"The box was certainly for her, since it was set upon her chair." — Bébée pondered a moment; then little by little opened the lid.

Within, on a nest of rose-satin, were two pair of silk stockings! — real silk! — with the prettiest clocks worked up their sides in color!

Bébée gave a little scream, and stood still, the blood hot in her cheeks. No one heard her: the tinker's wife, who alone was near, having just wished Heaven to send a judgment on her husband, was busy putting out his smoking small-clothes. It is a way that women and wives have, and they never see the bathos of it.

The Place filled gradually.

The customary crowds gathered. The business of the day began underneath the multitudinous tones of the chiming bells. Bébée's business began too; she put the box behind her with a beating heart, and tied up her flowers.

It was fairies, of course! but they had never sét a rush-bottomed chair on its legs before, and this action of theirs frightened her.

It was rather an empty morning. She sold little, and there was the more time to think.

About an hour after noon, a voice addressed her,—

"Have you more moss-roses for me?"

Bébée looked up with a smile, and found some. It was her companion of the cathedral. She had thought much of the red shoes and the silver clasps, but she had thought nothing at all of him.

"You are not too proud to be paid to-day?" he said, giving her a silver franc — he would not alarm her with any more gold; she thanked him, and slipped it in her little leathern pouch, and went on sorting some clove-pinks.

"You do not seem to remember me?" he said with a little sadness.

"Oh, I remember you," said Bébée, lifting her frank eyes. "But you know I speak to so many people, and they are all nothing to me."

"Who is anything to you?" It was softly and insidiously spoken, but it awoke no echo.

"Vanhart's children," she answered him instantly. "And old Annémie by the wharfside — and Tambour — and Antoine's grave — and the starling — and of course, above all, the flowers."

"And the fairies, I suppose? though they do nothing for you."

She looked at him eagerly:—

"They have done something to-day. I have found a box, and some stockings — such beautiful stockings! Silk ones! Is it not very odd?"

"It is more odd they should have forgotten you so long. May I see them?"

"I cannot show them to you now. Those ladies are going to buy. But you can see them later — if you wait."

"I will wait and paint the Broodhuis."

"So many people do that: you are a painter then?"

"Yes — in a way."

He sat down on an edge of the stall, and spread his things there, and sketched, whilst the traffic went on around them. He was very many years older than she; handsome, with a dark and changeful and listless face; he wore brown velvet, and had a red ribbon at his throat; he looked a little as Egmont might have done when wooing Claire.

Bébée, as she sold the flowers and took the change fifty times in the hour, glanced at him now and then, and watched the movements of his hands — she could not have told why.

Always among men and women, always in the crowds of the streets, people were nothing to her; she went through them as through a field of standing corn,— only in the field she would have tarried for poppies, and in the town she tarried for no one.

She dealt with men as with women: simply, truthfully, frankly, with the innocent fearlessness of a child. When they told her she was pretty, she smiled; it was just as they said that her flowers were sweet.

But this man's hands moved so swiftly; and as she saw her Broodhuis growing into color and form beneath them, she could not choose but look now and then, and twice she gave her change wrong.

He spoke to her rarely, and sketched on and on in rapid bold strokes the quaint graces and massive richness of the Maison du Roi.

There is no crowd so busy in Brabant that it will not find leisure to stare. The Fleming or the Walloon has nothing of the Frenchman's courtesy: he is rough and rude; he remains a peasant even when town-bred, and the surly insolence of the

"Gueux" is in him still. He is kindly to his fellows, though not to beasts; he is shrewd, patient, thrifty, industrious, and good in very many ways, but civil never.

A good score of them left off their occupations and clustered round the painter, staring, chattering, pushing, pointing, as though a brush had never been seen in all the land of Rubens.

Bébée, ashamed of her people, got up from her chair and rebuked them.

"O men of Brussels, fie then, for shame!" she called to them as clearly as a robin sings. "Did never you see a drawing before? and are there not saints and martyrs enough to look at in the galleries? and have you never some better thing to do than to gape wide-mouthed at a stranger? What laziness — ah! just worthy of a people who sleep and smoke while their dogs work for them! Go away, all of you; look, there comes the gendarme,— it will be the worse for you.— Sir, sit under my stall; they will not dare trouble you then."

He moved under the awning, thanking her with a smile; and the people, laughing, shuffled unwillingly aside and let him paint on in peace. It was only little Bébée; but they had spoilt the child from her infancy, and were used to obey her.

The painter took a long time. He set about it with the bold ease of one used to all the intricacies of form and color, and he had the skill of a master. But he spent more than half the time looking idly at the humors of the populace, or watching how the treasures of Bébée's garden went away one by one in the hands of strangers.

Meanwhile, ever and again, sitting on the edge of her stall, with his colors and brushes tossed out on the board, he talked to her; and with the soft imperceptible skill of long practice in those arts, he drew out the details of her little simple life.

There were not always people to buy; and whilst she rested and sheltered the flowers from the sun, she answered him willingly,— and in one of her longer rests showed him the wonderful stockings.

"Do you think it *could* be the fairies?" she asked him a little doubtfully.

It was easy to make her believe any fantastical nonsense; but her fairies were ethereal divinities. She could scarcely believe that they had laid that box on her chair.

"Impossible to doubt it!" he replied unhesitatingly. "Given a belief in fairies at all, why should there be any limit to what they can do? It is the same with the saints, is it not?"

"Yes," said Bébée thoughtfully.

The saints were mixed up in her imagination with the fairies in an intricacy that would have defied the best reasonings of Father Francis.

"Well, then, you will wear the stockings, will you not? Only, believe me, your feet are far prettier without them."

Bébée laughed happily, and took another peep in the cozy rose-satin nest. But her little face had a certain perplexity. Suddenly she turned on him.

"Did not *you* put them there?"

"I? never!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite; but why ask?"

"Because," said Bébée, shutting the box resolutely and pushing it a little away, "because I would not take it if you did. You are a stranger, and a present is a debt, so Antoine always said."

"Why take a present, then, from the Varnhart children, or your old friend who gave you the clasps?"

"Ah, that is very different. When people are poor, very, very poor, equally poor, the one with the other, little presents that they save for and make with such a difficulty are just things that are a pleasure; sacrifices: like your sitting up with a sick person at night, and then she sits up with you another year when you want it. Do you not know?"

"I know you talk very prettily. But why should you not take any one else's present, though he may not be poor?"

"Because I could not return it."

"Could you not?"

The smile in his eyes dazzled her a little; it was so strange, and yet had so much light in it: but she did not understand him one whit.

"No; how could I?" she said earnestly. "If I were to save for two years, I could not get francs enough to buy anything worth giving back; and I should be so unhappy, thinking of the debt of it always. Do tell me if you put those stockings there?"

"No," he looked at her, and the trivial lie faltered and died away; the eyes, clear as crystal, questioned him so innocently.

"Well, if I did?" he said frankly, "you wished for them: what harm was there? Will you be so cruel as to refuse them from me?"

The tears sprang into Bébée's eyes. She was sorry to lose the beautiful box, but more sorry he had lied to her.

"It was very kind and good," she said regretfully. "But I cannot think why you should have done it, as you had never known me at all. And indeed, I could not take them, because Antoine would not let me if he were alive; and if I gave you a flower every day all the year round I should not pay you the worth of them—it would be quite impossible; and why should you tell me falsehoods about such a thing? a falsehood is never a thing for a man."

She shut the box and pushed it towards him, and turned to the selling of her bouquets. Her voice shook a little as she tied up a bunch of mignonette and told the price of it.

Those beautiful stockings! why had she ever seen them, and why had he told her a lie?

It made her heart heavy. For the first time in her brief life the Broodhuis seemed to frown between her and the sun.

Undisturbed, he painted on and did not look at her.

The day was nearly done. The people began to scatter. The shadows grew very long. He painted, not glancing once elsewhere than at his study. Bébée's baskets were quite empty.

She rose, and lingered, and regarded him wistfully: he was angered; perhaps she had been rude? Her little heart failed her.

If he would only look up!

But he did not look up; he kept his handsome dark face studiously over the canvas of the Broodhuis. She would have seen a smile in his eyes if he had lifted them; but he never raised his lids.

Bébée hesitated: take the stockings she would not; but perhaps she had refused them too roughly. She wished so that he would look up and save her speaking first; but he knew what he was about too warily and well to help her thus.

She waited awhile, then took one little red moss-rosebud that she had saved all day in a corner of her basket, and held it out to him frankly, shyly, as a peace-offering.

"Was I rude? I did not mean to be. But I cannot take the stockings; and why did you tell me that falsehood?"

He took the rosebud and rose too, and smiled; but he did not meet her eyes.

"Let us forget the whole matter: it is not worth a sou. If you do not take the box, leave it: it is of no use to me."

"I cannot take it."

She knew she was doing right. How was it that he could make her feel as though she were acting wrongly?

"Leave it then, I say. You are not the first woman, my dear, who has quarreled with a wish fulfilled. It is a way your sex has of rewarding gods and men. Here, you old witch—here is a treasure-trove for you. You can sell it for ten francs in the town anywhere."

As he spoke he tossed the casket and the stockings in it to an old decrepit woman, who was passing by with a baker's cart drawn by a dog; and not staying to heed her astonishment, gathered his colors and easel together.

The tears swam in Bébée's eyes as she saw the box whirled through the air.

She had done right—she was sure she had done right.

HOW TRICOTRIN FOUND VIVA

From 'Tricotrin'

IT WAS autumn; a rich golden autumn of France, with the glow of burning sunsets, and the scarlet pomp of reddened woods, and the purple and the yellow of grapes gathered for the wine-press, and the luscious dreamy odor of overripened fruits crushed by careless passing feet, upon the orchard mosses. Afar off, in the full noonday, the winding road was white and hot with dust; but here in a nook of forest land, in a dell of leafy growth between the vineyards which encompassed it, the air was cool and the sunlight broken with shade, while, through its stillness where the boughs threw the shadow darkest, a little torrent leapt and splashed, making music as it went, and washing round the base of an old ivy-grown stone tower that had fallen to ruin in the midst of its green nest.

There was no sound except one, beside that of the bright tumbling stream, though now and then there came in from the distance the ring of a convent clock's bells, or the laugh of a

young girl at work among the vines;—no sound except one, and that was the quick, sharp, gleeful crack of nuts in a monkey's teeth. There were squirrels by the score there in that solitary place who had right, hereditary and indisputable they would have said, to all the nuts that the boughs bore and the grasses hid: but Mistigri was no recognizer of rights divine; she loved nuts, and cared little how she got them, and she sat aloft in her glory, or swung herself from twig to twig, crushing and eating and flinging the shells away with all that gleeful self-satisfaction of which a little black monkey is to the full as capable, after successful piracy, as any conquering sovereign.

"Mistigri, Mistigri!" said her companion surveying her, "who could doubt your human affinity who once had seen you pilfer? Monkey stows away her stolen goods in a visible pouch unblushingly; man smuggles his away unknown in the guise of 'profit' or 'percentage,' 'commerce' or 'annexation,'—the natural advancement of civilization on the simple and normal thieving. Increased cranium, increased caution: that's all the difference, eh, Mistigri?"

Mistigri cocked her head on one side, but would not waste time in replying: her little shiny black mouth was full of good kernels.

"Why talk when you can take?" she would have asked.

Her owner did not press for an answer; but sung, carelessly, snatches of Goethe's 'Millsong' and of Müller's 'Whisper,' his voice chiming in with the bubble of the stream while he took at intervals his noontide meal, classic and uncostly, of Chasselas grapes and a big brown roll.

He was a man of some forty years, dressed in a linen blouse, with a knapsack as worn as an African soldier's lying at his feet, unstrapped, in company with a flask of good wine and a Straduarius fiddle. He himself was seated on a fallen tree, with the sun breaking through the foliage above in manifold gleams and glories, that touched the turning leaves bright red as fire, and fell on his own head when he tossed it up to fling a word to Mistigri, or to catch the last summer-song of a blackbird. It was a beautiful Homeric head: bold, kingly, careless, noble, with the royalty of the lion in its gallant poise, and the challenge of the eagle in its upward gesture;—the head which an artist would have given to his Hector, or his Phœbus, or his God Lyæus. The features were beautiful too, in their varied mobile

eloquent meanings; with their poet's brows, their reveler's laugh, their soldier's daring, their student's thought, their many and conflicting utterances, whose contradictions made one unity — the unity of genius.

At this moment there was only the enjoyment of a rich and sunny nature, in an idle moment, written on them, as he ate his grapes and threw fragments of wit up at Mistigri where she was perched among the nut boughs. But the brilliant eyes, so blue in some lights, so black in others, had the lustre and the depths of infinite meditation in them; and the curling lips that were hidden under the fullness of their beard had the delicate fine mockery of the satirist blent with the brighter, franker mirth of genial sympathies. And his face changed as he cast the crumbs of his finished meal to some ducks that paddled lower down in the stream, where it grew stiller around the old tower, and took up his Straduarius from the ground with the touch of a man who loves the thing that he touches. The song of the water that had made the melody to his banquet was in his brain; — sweet, wild, entangled sounds that he must needs reproduce, with the selfsame fancy that a painter must catch the fleeting hues of fair scenes that would haunt him forever unless exorcised thus.

"Quiet, Mistigri!" he said softly, and the monkey sat still on her hazel bough, eating indeed, but noiselessly. He listened one moment more to the stream, then drew the bow across the strings. The music thrilled out upon the silence, catching the song of the brook in harmony as Goethe caught it in verse, — all its fresh delicious babble, all its rush of silvery sound, all its cool and soothing murmur, all its pauses of deep rest. All of which the woodland torrent told: of the winds that had tossed the boughs into its foam; of the women-faces its tranquil pools had mirrored; of the blue burden of forget-me-nots and the snowy weight of lilies it had borne so lovingly; of the sweet familiar idyls it had seen, where it had wound its way below quaint mill-house walls choked up with ivy-growth, where the children and the pigeons paddled with rosy feet upon the resting wheel; of the weary sighs that had been breathed over it beneath the gray old convents where it heard the miserere steal in with its own ripple, and looked, itself, a thing so full of leaping joy and dancing life to the sad eyes of girl-recluses, — all these of which it told, the music told again. The strings were touched by an artist's hand; and all that duller ears heard, but dimly, in the splash and surge

of the brown fern-covered stream, he heard in marvelous poems, and translated into clearer tongue — the universal tongue which has no country and no limit, and in which the musician speaks alike to sovereign and to savage.

There was not a creature there to hear, save the yellow-winged loriotes, and Mistigri, who was absorbed in nuts: but he played on to himself an hour or more for love of the theme and the art; and an old peasant woman, going through the trees at some yards distance, and seeing nothing of the player for the screen of leaves, laughed and stroked the hair of a grandchild who clung to her, afraid of the magical woodland melodies: "The wood-elves, little one? Bah! that is only Tricotrin!"

Her feet, brushing the fallen leaves with pleasant sound, soon passed away; he played on and on,— such poetry as Bamboche drew from his violin, whereat Poussin bowed his head, weeping with the passion of women, as through his tears he beheld as in a vision the "Et in Arcadia Ego."

Then, as suddenly as he had begun, Tricotrin dropped the bow and ceased, and struck a light and smoked,— a great Arab pipe of some carved wood, black and polished by long use. On the silence that succeeded there came a low laugh of delight,— the laugh of a very young child. He looked up and down and among the ferns at his feet; the laughter was close beside him, yet he could see nothing. He smoked on indifferently, watching the bright eyes of the birds glancing out from the shadow; then the laugh came again, close at his side, as it sounded; he rose and pushed aside some branches, and looked over a broken rail behind him, beyond a tangled growth of reeds and rushes.

There he saw what had aroused him from his smoke-silence: more than half hidden under the moss and the broad tufted grasses, stretching her hands out at the gorgeous butterflies that fluttered above her head, and covered with the wide yellow leaves of gourds and the white fragrant abundance of traveler's-joy, was the child whose laughter he had heard. A child between two and three years old, her face warm with the flush of past sleep, her eyes smiling against the light, her hair lying like gold-dust on the moss, her small fair limbs struggling uncovered out of a rough red cloak that alone was folded about her. The scarlet of the mantle, the whiteness of the clematis, the yellow hues of the wild gourds, the color of the winged insects, the head of the child rising out of the mosses, and the young face that looked

like a moss-rosebud just unclosing, made a picture in their own way; and he who passed no picture by, but had pictures in his memory surpassing all the collected art of galleries, paused to survey it with his arms folded on the rail.

Its solitude, its strangeness, did not occur to him; he looked at it as at some painting of his French brethren's easels,—that was all. But the child, seeing a human eye regard her, forgot her butterflies and remembered human wants; she stretched her hands to him instead of to her playmates of the air. "*J'ai faim!*" she cried, with a plaintive self-pity: bread would be better than the butterflies.

"Hungry?" he answered, addressing her as he was wont to do Mistigri. "I have nothing for you. Who brought you there, you Waif and Stray? Put down there and left, to get rid of the trouble of you, apparently? Well, D'Alembert was dropped down in the streets, and found a foster-mother in a milkwoman, and *he* did pretty well afterward. Perhaps some dainty De Tencin brought you likewise into the world, and has hidden you like a bit of smuggled lace, only thinking you nothing so valuable. Is it so, eh?"

"*J'ai faim!*" cried the child afresh: all her history was comprised to her in the one fact that she wanted bread,—as it is comprised to a mob.

"Catch, then!" he replied to the cry, dropping into her hands from where he leant, a bunch of the Chasselas grapes that still remained in his pocket. It sufficed: the child was not so much pained by hunger as by thirst, though she scarcely knew the difference between her own sensations; her throat was dry, and the grapes were all she wanted. He, leaning over the lichen-covered rail, watched her while she enjoyed them one by one. She was a very pretty child; the prettier for that rough moss covering, out of which her delicate fair shoulders and chest rose uncovered, while the breeze blew about her yellow glossy curls.

"Left there to be got rid of—clearly," he murmured to her. "Any one who picks you up will do you the greatest injury possible. Die now in the sunshine among the flowers: you will never have such another chance of a poetical and picturesque exit. Who was ingenious enough to hide you there? The poor shirt-stitcher who was at her last sou? or Madame la Marquise who was at her last scandal? Was it Magdalene who has to wear sackcloth for having dared to sin without money to buy

absolution? or Messalina who covers ten thousand poisonous passions with a silver-embroidered robe, and is only discreetly careful of 'consequences'? Which was your progenitrix, little one, eh?"

To this question so closely concerning her, the Waif could give no answer, being gifted with only imperfect speech; but happy in the grapes, she laughed up in his eyes her unspoken thanks, shaking a cluster of clematis above her head, as happy in her couch of flowers and moss as she could have been in any silver cradle. The question concerned her in nothing yet: the bar sinister could not stretch across the sunny blue skies, the butterflies flew above her as familiarly as above the brow of a child-queen, and the white flowers did not wither sooner in bastard than in legitimate hands.

"How the sun shines on you, as if you were a princess!" he soliloquized to her. "Ah! Nature is a terrible socialist; what republicans she would make of men if they listened to her. But there is no fear for them,—they are not fond enough of her school! You look very comfortably settled here, and how soon you will get life over. You are very fortunate. You will suffer a little bit,—paf! what of that? Everybody suffers that little bit sooner or later, and it grows sharper the longer it is put off. Suppose you were picked up by somebody and lived: it would be very bad for you. You would be a lovely woman, and lovely women are the devil's aides-de-camp. You would snare men in your yellow hair, and steal their substance with the breath of your lips, and dress up lying avarice as love, and make a miser's greed wear the smile of a cherub. Ah! that you would. And then would come age, a worse thing for women like you than crime or death; and you would suffer an agony with every wrinkle, and a martyrdom with every whitening lock; and you would grow hard, and haggard, and painted, and hideous even to the vilest among men; and you would be hissed off the stage in hatred by the mouths that once shouted your triumphs, while you would hear the fresh comers laugh as they rushed on to be crowned with the roses that once wreathed your own forehead. And then would come the end,—the hospital and the wooden shell, and the grave trampled flat to the dust as soon almost as made, while the world danced on in the sunlight unheeding. Ah! be wise. Die while you can, among your butterflies and flowers!"

The child, lying below there in her nest, looked up in his eyes again and laughed: "Viva!" she cried, while she clasped her grapes in her two small hands.

"Viva? What do you mean by that? Do you mean, imperfectly, to ask to live an Italian? Fie then! That is unphilosophic. Take the advice of two philosophers. Bolingbroke says there is so much trouble in coming into the world and in going out of it, that it is barely worth while to be here at all; and I tell you the same. He had the cakes and ale too, but the one got stale and the other bitter. What will it be for you who start with neither cakes nor ale? Life's not worth much to a man. It is worth just nothing at all to a woman. It is a mistake altogether; and lasts just long enough for all to find that out, but not long enough for any to remedy it. We always live the time required to get thoroughly uncomfortable, and as soon as we are in the track to sift the problem — paf! — out we go like a rushlight, the very moment we begin to burn brightly. Be persuaded by me, and don't think of living: you have a golden opportunity of getting quittance of the whole affair. Don't throw it away!"

The good advice of Experience was, as it always is, thrown away on the impetuosity of Ignorance. The child laughed still over her Chasselas bunch, murmuring still over and over again the nearest approach she knew to a name:—

"Viva — Viva — Viva!"

"The obstinacy of women prematurely developed. Why *will* you not know when you are well off? 'Those whom the gods love die young.' If you would just now prefer to have your mother's love instead of the gods', you are wrong. What have you before you? You will be marked 'outcast.' You will have nothing as your career except to get rich by snaring the foolish; or to be virtuous and starve on three halfpence a day, having a pauper's burial as reward for your chastity. If you live, your hands must be either soiled or empty. I would die among the clematis if I were you."

But the child, persistently regardless of wise counsel, only laughed still, and strove to struggle from her network of blossom and of moss.

"Your mind is set upon living,— what a pity!" murmured her solitary companion. "When your hair is white, how you will wish you had died when it was yellow; — everybody does, but while the yellow lasts nobody believes it! You want to live? So

Eve wanted the 'fruit of fairest colors.' If I were to help you to have your own way now, you would turn on me thirty years hence as your worst enemy. Were you able to understand reason — but your sex would prevent that, let alone your age. Let us ask Mistigri. Mistigri, is that Waif to live or to die?"

The companion and counselor, who lived in his pocket and was accustomed to be thus appealed to, had swung herself down on to the grass, and was now squatted on the rail beside him. The child, catching sight of the monkey, tried to stretch and stroke her; and Mistigri, who was always of an affable, and when she had eaten sufficient herself, of a generous turn of mind, extended her little black paw, and tendered a nut, as an overture to an acquaintance.

"*You* vote for life too?" cried Tricotrin. "Bah, Mistigri! I thought you so sensible — for your sex! When a discerning mother, above the weakness of womenkind, has arranged everything so neatly, we should be the most miserable sentimentalists to interfere."

As he spoke, the little creature, who had been vainly striving to free herself from her forest-cradle, ceased her efforts and looked up in piteous mute entreaty, her eyes wet and soft with glistening tears, her mouth trembling with an unspoken appeal.

He who saw a wounded bird only to help it, and met a lame dog only to carry it, was unable to resist that pathetic helplessness. He turned and lifted his voice.

"Grand'mère Virelois, are you there? Here is something in your way, not in mine."

In answer to the shout there came out from the low broken door of the ruined tower an old peasant woman, brown and bent and very aged, but blithe as a bird, and with her black eyes as bright as the eyes of a mouse, under the white pent-house of her high starched cap.

"What is it, good Tricotrin?" she asked, in that sweet, singing voice that makes the accent of many French peasant women so lingering and charming on the ear,— the voice that has in it all the contentment of the brave, cheery spirit within.

"A Waif and Stray," answered Tricotrin. "Whether from Mary Magdalene or Madame la Marquise is unknown; probably will never be known. Curses go home to roost, but chickens don't. The Waif is irrational: she thinks a mouthful of black bread better than easy extinction among the ferns. Claudine de

Tencin has left a feminine D'Alembert in a moss-cradle: are you inclined to play the part of the foster-mother?"

Grand'mère Virelois listened to the harangue, comprehending it no more than if he had spoken in Hebrew; but she was used to him, and thought nothing of that.

"What is it I am to see?" she asked again, peering curiously with lively interest among the leaves. Before he could answer she had caught sight of the child, with vehement amaze and ecstatic wonder; the speech had been as Hebrew to her, but the fact was substantial and indisputable. Crossing herself in her surprise, with a thousand expletives of pity and admiration, she bent her little withered but still active form beneath the rail, and stooped and raised the foundling—raised her, but only a little from the ground.

"Holy Virgin! Tricotrin!" she cried, "look here! the child is fastened. Help me!"

He looked quickly as she called him, and saw that the withes of osiers and the tendrils of wild vine had been netted so tightly around the limbs, tied here and there with strong twine, that the infant could never have escaped from its resting-place; it had evidently been so fastened that the child might perish there unseen. His face darkened as he looked.

"Murder, then! not mere neglect. Ah! this is Madame la Marquise at work, not Magdalene!" he murmured, as he slashed the network right and left with his knife, and set the Waif at liberty; while Grand'mère Virelois went into a woman's raptures on the young beauty of the "petit Gésu," and a woman's vehement censures of a sister's sin.

Tricotrin smoked resignedly, while her raptures and her diatribes expended themselves; it was long before either were exhausted.

"Don't abuse the mother," he interposed at last. "Everybody gets rid of troublesome consequences when they can. We've done no good in disturbing her arrangements. We have only disinterred a living blunder that she wished to bury."

"For shame, Tricotrin!" cried Grand'mère, quivering with horror, while she folded the child in her withered arms. "You can jest on such wickedness! You can excuse such a murderess!"

"Paf!" said Tricotrin, lightly blowing away a smoke ring. "The whole system of creation is a sliding scale of murders.

All the world over, life is only sustained by life being extinguished."

Grand'mère Virelois, who was a pious little woman, shuddered and clasped the child nearer.

"Ah—h—h! the vile woman! How will she see Our Lady's face on the last day?"

"How she will meet the world she lives in is more the question with her now, I imagine. An eminently sagacious woman! and you and I are two sentimentalists to interfere with her admirably artistic play. So you *would* live, little one? I wonder what you will make of what you have got! A Jeremiad if you are a good silly woman; a Can-can measure if you are a bad clever one. Which will it be, I wonder?"

"Mon Dieu, it is an angel!" murmured Grand'mère; "such hair, like silk,—such eyes,—such a rose for a mouth! And left to die of hunger and cold! Ah, may the Holy Mary find her out and avenge her crime, the wicked one!"

"The vengeance will come quick if the sinner live in a garret; it will limp very slowly if she shelter in a palace. Well, since you take that child in your arms, do you mean to find her the piece of bread the unphilosophic castaway will want?"

"Will I not! if I go without myself. Oh, the pretty little child! who could have left you? Wherever the mother dwells, may the good God hunt her down!"

"Deity as a detective? Not a grand idea that. Yet it is the heavenly office that looks dearest to man when it is exercised upon others! Grand'mère, answer me: Are you going to keep that Waif?"

The bright, brown, wrinkled, homely face of the good old woman grew perplexed.

"Ah, my friend, times are so bad, it is hard work to get a bit in the pot for one's self; and I stitch, stitch, stitch, and spin, spin, spin, till I am blind many a time. And yet the pretty child—with no one to care for it! I do not know,—she must be brought up hard if she come to me. Not a lentil even to put in the water and make one fancy it is soup, in some days these hard times! But do you know nothing more of her than this, Tricotrin?"

"Nothing."

His luminous eyes met hers full and frankly; she knew—all the nations where he wandered knew—that the affirmative of Tricotrin was more sure than the truth of most men's oaths.

"Then she must be abandoned here by some wretch to starve unseen?"

"It looks like it."

"Ah! the little angel! What does the barbarous brutal heart of stone deserve?"

"What it will get if it lodge in the breast that rags and tatters cover; what it will not get if it lodge in the breast that heaves under silks and laces."

"True enough! but the good God will smite in his own time. Oh, little one, how could they ever forsake thee?" cried Grand'mère, caressing afresh the child, who was laughing and well content in her friendly and tender hold.

"Then you are going to adopt her?"

"Adopt her? Mother of Jesus! I dare not say that. You know how I live, Tricotrin,—how hardly, though I try to let it be cheerfully. If I had a little more she should share it, and welcome; but as it is—not a mouthful of chestnuts, even, so often; not a drop of oil or a bit of garlic sometimes weeks together! She would be better off at the Foundling Hospital than with me. Besides, it is an affair for the mayor of the commune."

"Certainly it is. But if the most notable mayor can do nothing except send this foundling among the others, would you like better to keep her?"

Grand'mère Virelois was silent and thoughtful a minute; then her little bright eyes glanced up at him from under their white linen roofing, with a gleam in them that was between a smile and a tear.

"You know how I lost *them*, Tricotrin. One in Africa, one at the Barricades, one crushed under a great marble block, building the Préfet's palace. And then the grandchild too,—the only little one,—so pretty, so frail, so tender, killed that long bitter winter, because the food was so scarce, like the young birds dead on the snow! You know, Tricotrin? and what use is it to take her to perish like him, though in her laughter and her caresses I might think that he lived again?"

"I know!" said Tricotrin softly, with an infinite balm of pity, and of the remembrance that was the sweetest sympathy, in his voice. "Well, if M. le Maire can find none to claim her, she shall stay with you, Grand'mère: and as for the food, that shall not trouble you; I will have a care of that."

"*You?* Holy Jesus! how good!"

STEEPLE-CHASE.

Photogravure from a painting by Steffeck.

"Not in the least. I abetted her in her ignorant and ridiculous desire to exchange a pleasant death among the clematis for all the toil and turmoil of prolonged existences; I am clearly responsible for my share in the folly. I cut the meshes that her sagacious mother had knotted so hardly. I must accept my part in the onus of such unwarrantable interference. You keep the Waif; and I will be at the cost of her."

"But then, Tricotrin, you call yourself poor?"

"So I am. But one need not be a millionaire to be able to get a few crumbs for that robin. The creature persisted in living, and I humored her caprice. It was mock humanity, paltry sentiment; Mistigri was partly at fault, but I mostly. We must accept the results. They will be disastrous probably,—the creature is feminine,—but such as they are we must make the best of them."

"Then *you* will adopt her?"

"Not in the least. But I will see she has something to eat; and that you are able to give it her if her parents cannot be found. Here is a gold bit for the present minute; and when we know whether she is really and truly a Waif, you shall have more to keep the pot over your fire full and boiling. Adieu, Grand'mère."

With that farewell, he, heedless of the voluble thanks and praises that the old woman showered after him, and of the outcries of the child who called to Mistigri, put his pipe in his mouth, his violin in his pocket, and throwing his knapsack over his shoulder, brushed his way through the forest growth.

"Mock sentiment!" he said to himself. "You and I have done a silly thing, Mistigri. What will come of it?"

THE STEEPLE-CHASE

From 'Under Two Flags'

The bell was clanging and clashing passionately, as Cecil at last went down to the weights, all his friends of the Household about him, and all standing "crushers" on their champion; for their stringent *esprit de corps* was involved, and the Guards are never backward in putting their gold down, as all the world knows. In the inclosure, the cynosure of devouring

eyes, stood the King, with the *sang froid* of a superb gentleman, amid the clamor raging round him, one delicate ear laid back now and then, but otherwise indifferent to the din, with his coat glistening like satin, the beautiful tracery of vein and muscle, like the veins of vine-leaves, standing out on the glossy, clear-carved neck that had the arch of Circassia, and his dark, antelope eyes gazing with a gentle, pensive earnestness on the shouting crowd.

His rivals too were beyond par in fitness and in condition, and there were magnificent animals among them. Bay Regent was a huge raking chestnut, upward of sixteen hands, and enormously powerful, with very fine shoulders, and an all-over-like-going head; he belonged to a colonel in the Rifles, but was to be ridden by Jimmy Delmar of the 10th Lancers, whose colors were violet with orange hoops. Montacute's horse, Pas de Charge, which carried all the money of the Heavy Cavalry,—Montacute himself being in the Dragoon Guards,—was of much the same order: a black hunter with racing blood in him, loins and withers that assured any amount of force, and no fault but that of a rather coarse head, traceable to a slur on his 'scutcheon on the distaff side from a plebeian great-grandmother, who had been a cart mare,—the only stain in his otherwise faultless pedigree. However, she had given him her massive shoulders, so that he was in some sense a gainer by her, after all. Wild Geranium was a beautiful creature enough,—a bright bay Irish mare, with that rich red gloss that is like the glow of a horse-chestnut, very perfect in shape, though a trifle light, perhaps, and with not quite strength enough in neck or barrel; she would jump the fences of her own paddock half a dozen times a day for sheer amusement, and was game to anything.* She was entered by Cartouche of the Enniskillens, to be ridden by "Baby Grafton," of the same corps, a feather-weight, and quite a boy, but with plenty of science in him. These were the three favorites; Day Star ran them close,—the property of Durham Vavassour, of the Scots Grays, and to be ridden by his owner,—a handsome flea-bitten gray sixteen-hander, with ragged hips, and action that looked a trifle stringhalty, but noble shoulders, and great force

* The portrait of this lady is that of a very esteemed young Irish beauty of my acquaintance; she this season did seventy-six miles on a warm June day, and eat her corn and tares afterward as if nothing happened. She is six years old.

in the loins and withers: the rest of the field, though unusually excellent, did not find so many "sweet voices" for them, and were not so much to be feared; each starter was of course much backed by his party, but the betting was tolerably even on these four, all famous steeple-chasers,—the King at one time, and Bay Regent at another, slightly leading in the ring.

Thirty-two starters were hoisted up on the telegraph board, and as the field got at last under way, uncommonly handsome they looked, while the silk jackets of all the colors of the rainbow glittered in the bright noon sun. As Forest King closed in, perfectly tranquil still, but beginning to glow and quiver all over with excitement, knowing as well as his rider the work that was before him, and longing for it in every muscle and every limb, while his eyes flashed fire as he pulled at the curb and tossed his head aloft, there went up a general shout of "Favorite!" His beauty told on the populace, and even somewhat on the professionals, though the Legs kept a strong business prejudice against the working powers of "the Guards' crack." The ladies began to lay dozens in gloves on him; not altogether for his points, which perhaps they hardly appreciated, but for his owner and rider,—who, in the scarlet and gold with the white sash across his chest, and a look of serene indifference on his face, they considered the handsomest man of the field. The Household is usually safe to win the suffrages of the sex.

In the throng on the course, Rake instantly bonneted an audacious dealer who had ventured to consider that Forest King was "light and curby in the 'ock." "You're a wise 'un, you are!" retorted the wrathful and ever eloquent Rake: "there's more strength in his clean fat legs, bless him! than in all the round thick mile-posts of *your* half-breeds, that have no more tendon than a bit of wood, and are just as flabby as a sponge!" Which hit the dealer home just as his hat was hit over his eyes,—Rake's arguments being unquestionable in their force.

The thoroughbreds pulled and fretted and swerved in their impatience; one or two over-contumacious bolted incontinently; others put their heads between their knees in the endeavor to draw their riders over their withers; Wild Geranium reared straight upright, fidgeted all over with longing to be off, passaged with the prettiest, wickedest grace in the world, and would have given the world to neigh if she had dared, but she knew it would be very bad style, so, like an aristocrat as she was, restrained

herself; Bay Regent almost sawed Jimmy Delmar's arms off, looking like a Titan Bucephalus; while Forest King, with his nostrils dilated till the scarlet tinge on them glowed in the sun, his muscles quivering with excitement as intense as the little Irish mare's, and all his Eastern and English blood on fire for the fray, stood steady as a statue for all that, under the curb of a hand light as a woman's, but firm as iron to control, and used to guide him by the slightest touch.

All eyes were on that throng of the first mounts in the Service; brilliant glances by the hundred gleamed down behind hot-house bouquets of their chosen color, eager ones by the thousand stared thirstily from the crowded course, the roar of the Ring subsided for a second, a breathless attention and suspense succeeded it; the Guardsmen sat on their drags, or lounged near the ladies with their race-glasses ready, and their habitual expression of gentle and resigned weariness in nowise altered because the Household, all in all, had from sixty to seventy thousand on the event, and the Seraph mourned mournfully to his cheroot, "That chestnut's no end *fit*," strong as his faith was in the champion of the Brigades.

A moment's good start was caught — the flag dropped — off they went, sweeping out for the first second like a line of cavalry about to charge.

Another moment, and they were scattered over the first field; Forest King, Wild Geranium, and Bay Regent leading for two lengths, when Montacute, with his habitual "fast burst," sent Pas de Charge past them like lightning. The Irish mare gave a rush and got alongside of him; the King would have done the same, but Cecil checked him, and kept him in that cool swinging canter which covered the grass-land so lightly; Bay Regent's vast thundering stride was Olympian; but Jimmy Delmar saw his worst foe in the "Guards' crack," and waited on him warily, riding superbly himself.

The first fence disposed of half the field; they crossed the second in the same order, Wild Geranium racing neck to neck with Pas de Charge; the King was all athirst to join the duello, but his owner kept him gently back, saving his pace and lifting him over the jumps as easily as a lapwing. The second fence proved a cropper to several; some awkward falls took place over it, and tailing commenced; after the third field, which was heavy plow, all knocked off but eight, and the real struggle began in

sharp earnest,—a good dozen who had shown a splendid stride over the grass being done up by the terrible work on the clods.

The five favorites had it all to themselves: Day Star pounding onward at tremendous speed, Pas de Charge giving slight symptoms of distress owing to the madness of his first burst, the Irish mare literally flying ahead of him, Forest King and the chestnut waiting on each other.

In the Grand Stand the Seraph's eyes strained after the Scarlet and White, and he muttered in his mustaches, "Ye gods, what's up? The world's coming to an end! Beauty's turned cautious!"

Cautious indeed—with that giant of Pytchley fame running neck to neck by him; cautious—with two-thirds of the course unrun, and all the yawners yet to come; cautious—with the blood of Forest King lashing to boiling heat, and the wondrous greyhound stride stretching out faster and faster beneath him, ready at a touch to break away and take the lead: but he would be reckless enough by-and-by; reckless, as his nature was, under the indolent serenity of habit.

Two more fences came, laced high and stiff with the Shire thorn, and with scarce twenty feet between them, the heavy plowed land leading to them clotted and black and hard, with the fresh earthy scent steaming up as the hoofs struck the clods with a dull thunder. Pas de Charge rose to the first: distressed too early, his hind feet caught in the thorn, and he came down, rolling clear of his rider; Montacute picked him up with true science, but the day was lost to the Heavy Cavalry men. Forest King went in and out over both like a bird, and led for the first time; the chestnut was not to be beat at fencing, and ran even with him: Wild Geranium flew still as fleet as a deer—true to her sex, she would not bear rivalry; but little Grafton, though he rode like a professional, was but a young one, and went too wildly—her spirit wanted cooler curb.

And now only, Cecil loosened the King to his full will and his full speed. Now only, the beautiful Arab head was stretched like a racer's in the run in for the Derby, and the grand stride swept out till the hoofs seemed never to touch the dark earth they skimmed over; neither whip nor spur was needed. Bertie had only to leave the gallant temper and the generous fire that were roused in their might to go their way and hold their own.

His hands were low; his head a little back; his face very calm, —the eyes only had a daring, eager, resolute will lighting in them: Brixworth lay before him. He knew well what Forest King could do; but he did not know how great the chestnut Regent's powers might be.

The water gleamed before them, brown and swollen, and deepened with the meltings of winter snows a month before; the brook that has brought so many to grief over its famous banks, since cavaliers leaped it with their falcon on their wrist, or the mellow note of the horn rang over the woods in the hunting-days of Stuart reigns. They knew it well, that long dark line, shimmering there in the sunlight,—the test that all must pass who go in for the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon. Forest King scented the water, and went on with his ears pointed and his greyhound stride lengthening, quickening, gathering up all its force and its impetus for the leap that was before; then like the rise and the swoop of a heron he spanned the water, and landing clear, launched forward with the lunge of a spear darted through air. Brixworth was passed; the Scarlet and White, a mere gleam of bright color, a mere speck in the landscape, to the breathless crowds in the stand, sped on over the brown and level grass-land: two and a quarter miles done in four minutes and twenty seconds. Bay Regent was scarcely behind him; the chestnut abhorred the water, but a finer trained hunter was never sent over the Shires, and Jimmy Delmar rode like Grimshaw himself. The giant took the leap in magnificent style, and thundered on neck and neck with the "Guards' crack." The Irish mare followed, and with miraculous gameness, landed safely; but her hind legs slipped on the bank, a moment was lost, and "Baby" Grafton scarce knew enough to recover it, though he scoured on, nothing daunted.

Pas de Charge, much behind, refused the yawner: his strength was not more than his courage, but both had been strained too severely at first. Montacute struck the spurs into him with a savage blow over the head: the madness was its own punishment; the poor brute rose blindly to the jump, and missed the bank with a reel and a crash. Sir Eyre was hurled out into the brook, and the hope of the Heavies lay there with his breast and forelegs resting on the ground, his hind quarters in the water, and his back broken. Pas de Charge would never again see the starting-flag waved, or hear the music of the hounds, or feel the

gallant life throb and glow through him at the rallying-notes of the horn. His race was run.

Not knowing or looking or heeding what happened behind, the trio tore on over the meadow and the plowed land; the two favorites neck by neck, the game little mare hopelessly behind through that one fatal moment over Brixworth. The turning-flags were passed; from the crowds on the course a great hoarse roar came louder and louder, and the shouts rang, changing every second, "Forest King wins," "Bay Regent wins," "Scarlet and White's ahead," "Violet's up with him," "Violet's passed him," "Scarlet recovers," "Scarlet beats," "A cracker on the King," "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are over the fence first," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are beat!"

Were they?

As the shout rose, Cecil's left stirrup-leather snapped and gave way; at the pace they were going, most men, ay, and good riders too, would have been hurled out of their saddle by the shock: he scarcely swerved; a moment to ease the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace up again as though nothing had changed. And his comrades of the Household, when they saw this through their race-glasses, broke through their serenity and burst into a cheer that echoed over the grass-lands and the coppices like a clarion, the grand rich voice of the Seraph leading foremost and loudest,—a cheer that rolled mellow and triumphant down the cold bright air, like the blasts of trumpets, and thrilled on Bertie's ear where he came down the course a mile away. It made his heart beat quicker with a victorious headlong delight, as his knees pressed closer into Forest King's flanks, and half stirrupless like the Arabs, he thundered forward to the greatest riding-feat of his life. His face was very calm still, but his blood was in tumult: the delirium of pace had got on him; a minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the land seemed to fly like a black sheet under him; and in that killing speed, fence and hedge and double and water all went by him like a dream, whirling underneath him as the gray stretched, stomach to earth, over the level, and rose to leap after leap.

For that instant's pause, when the stirrup broke, threatened to lose him the race.

He was more than a length behind the Regent, whose hoofs, as they dashed the ground up, sounded like thunder, and for

whose herculean strength the plow had no terrors; it was more than the lead to keep now,—there was ground to cover, and the King was losing like Wild Geranium. Cecil felt drunk with that strong, keen west wind that blew so strongly in his teeth; a passionate excitation was in him; every breath of winter air that rushed in its bracing currents round him seemed to lash him like a stripe—the Household to look on and see him beaten!

Certain wild blood that lay latent in Cecil, under the tranquil gentleness of temper and of custom, woke and had the mastery: he set his teeth hard, and his hands clinched like steel on the bridle. "O my beauty, my beauty!" he cried, all unconsciously half aloud as they cleared the thirty-sixth fence, "kill me if you like, but don't *fail* me!"

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his hero's heart, the splendid form launched faster out, the stretching stride stretched further yet with lightning spontaneity, every fibre strained, every nerve struggled; with a magnificent bound like an antelope the gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Bay Regent by a quarter-length. It was a neck-to-neck race once more across the three meadows, with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all: that ditch of artificial water, with the towering double hedge of oak rails and of blackthorn that was reared black and grim and well-nigh hopeless just in front of the Grand Stand. A roar like the roar of the sea broke up from the thronged course as the crowd hung breathless on the even race; ten thousand shouts rang as thrice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest, as superb a sight as the Shires ever saw while the two ran together,—the gigantic chestnut, with every massive sinew swelled and strained to tension, side by side with the marvelous grace, the shining flanks, and the Arabian-like head of the Guards' horse.

Louder and wilder the shrieked tumult rose: "The chestnut beats!" "The gray beats!" "Scarlet's ahead!" "Bay Regent's caught him!" "Violet's winning, Violet's winning!" "The King's neck by neck!" "The King's beating!" "The Guards will get it!" "The Guards' crack has it!" "Not yet, not yet!" "Violet will thrash him at the jump!" "Now for it!" "The Guards, the Guards, the Guards!" "Scarlet will win!" "The King has the finish!" "No, no, no, *no!*"

Sent along at a pace that Epsom flat never eclipsed, sweeping by the Grand Stand like the flash of electric flame, they ran side

to side one moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath hot in each other's nostrils, while the dark earth flew beneath their stride. The blackthorn was in front, behind five bars of solid oak, the water yawning on its further side, black and deep, and fenced, twelve feet wide if it was an inch, with the same thorn wall beyond it; a leap no horse should have been given, no Steward should have set. Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer, and worked the gallant hero for the test; the surging roar of the throng, though so close, was dull on his ear; he heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing but that lean chestnut head beside him, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared in his face. Forest King had done so much, could he have stay and strength for this?

Cecil's hands clinched unconsciously on the bridle, and his face was very pale — pale with excitation — as his foot, where the stirrup was broken, crushed closer and harder against the gray's flanks.

"O my darling, my beauty — *now!*"

One touch of the spur — the first — and Forest King rose at the leap, all the life and power there were in him gathered for one superhuman and crowning effort: a flash of time not half a second in duration, and he was lifted in the air higher, and higher, and higher, in the cold, fresh, wild winter wind; stakes and rails, and thorn and water, lay beneath him black and gaunt and shapeless, yawning like a grave; one bound even in mid-air, one last convulsive impulse of the gathered limbs, and Forest King was over!

And as he galloped up the straight run-in, he was alone.

Bay Regent had refused the leap.

As the gray swept to the judge's chair, the air was rent with deafening cheers that seemed to reel like drunken shouts from the multitude. "The Guards win, the Guards win!" and when his rider pulled up at the distance, with the full sun shining on the scarlet and white, with the gold glisten of the embroidered "Cœur Vaillant se fait Royaume," Forest King stood in all his glory, winner of the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon, by a feat without its parallel in all the annals of the Gold Vase.

But as the crowd surged about him, and the mad cheering crowned his victory, and the Household in the splendor of their triumph and the fullness of their gratitude rushed from the drags and the stands to cluster to his saddle, Bertie looked as serenely

and listlessly nonchalant as of old, while he nodded to the Seraph with a gentle smile.

"Rather a close finish, eh? Have you any Moselle Cup going there? I'm a little thirsty."

Outsiders would much sooner have thought him defeated than triumphant; no one who had not known him could possibly have imagined that he had been successful; an ordinary spectator would have concluded that, judging by the resigned weariness of his features, he had won the race greatly against his own will, and to his own infinite ennui. No one could have dreamed that he was thinking in his heart of hearts how passionately he loved the gallant beast that had been victor with him, and that if he had followed out the momentary impulse in him, he could have put his arms round the noble-bowed neck and kissed the horse like a woman!